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OF

CELTIC TRADITION

II.

ARGYLLSHIRE SERIES

LORD ARCHD. CAMPBELL

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Edited,

WITH NOTES ON THE WAR DRESS OF THE CELTS,

BY

LORD ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

LONDON: D. NUTT.

CAMPBELL OF ISLAY.

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WAIFS AND STRAYS OF CELTIC TRADITION.

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Collected, Edited, and Translated

BY

THE REV. D. MACINNES.

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WITH NOTES BY

THE EDITOR AND ALFRED NUTT,

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PREFACE.

THE following Folk Tales, forming a volume by themselves, have been included in the series of *Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition*, through the kindness of my friend, the Reverend D. MacInnes, who has made over the entire collection for this purpose.

Efforts were made to secure the first nine tales of this collection for the late John F. Campbell, of Islay, but they were unsuccessful. When these Tales were narrated, as they were, without a hesitation in their recital, the narrator was in his seventy-fourth year. Like many others possessing fairy-lore, he has passed away within the last few years; and it is probable that before long the land will be ransacked in vain for the legendary folk-lore or for the fairy-lore pure and simple with which it once was teeming.

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

INTRODUCTION.

LET the reader picture to himself a winter night in a Highland cottage seventy years ago. The fire is in the middle of the floor, and the smoke rising from it escapes through a short funnel of wicker-work stuck in an opening in the roof. In a corner, called the peat corner, is a pile of peats, from which the fire is from time to time replenished. Over the fire hangs a pot, which is attached to a chain suspended from one of the cross-beams. On one side of the room is a box-bed, and on the other is a dresser fitted with racks in which plates stand on edge with their hollow sides outwards. Elevated on a table, with the shell-like lamp or the torch-like* grey candle near him, sits a tailor cross-legged, who, while he plies his needle, recites one of the popular tales of the country. Every chair, and stool, and chest, and even the box-bed, are occupied by eager listeners, many of whom have gathered in from the neighbouring cottages. The night is often well advanced before the tale is finished, and if it be too long to be finished at a single sitting, it is resumed on the following night. This scene is repeated night after night during the tailor's stay in the township. Such is the manner in which the

* The grey candle (coinneal ghlas) was composed of the cracklings of tallow wrapped up in a strip of cotton or of home-made linen.

winter nights were wont to be spent in the Highlands within the memory of men still living. It is so no longer, except, perhaps, in some sequestered corner of the Outer Hebrides. The coming in of new ideas from the South, the extension of education, the dissemination of the Scriptures and other religious books, and the influence of ministers of religion, have turned the minds of the people into other channels.

In the beginning of 1859, while there were many still living in whose memories the popular tales survived, the late accomplished J. F. Campbell, of Islay, took steps to collect them, and thus to rescue them from oblivion. The result of his labours appeared in 1860, in the form of two crown 8vo. volumes, other two volumes following in 1862. The tales composing the following collection are but gleanings in the field from which Mr. Campbell gathered so abundant and rich a crop. They were taken down at intervals during the years 1881-2 from the dictation of Archibald MacTavish, shoemaker, Oban, except No. X, which I received from Donald MacLachlann, Oban; No. XI, which I received from Niel Livingstone, Oban; and No. XII, which I received from Donald MacGregor, Bailegarve, Lismore. MacTavish, who was in his seventy-fourth year by the time that our joint labours were over, was a thoughtful, modest, and respectable man. A native of Lagan, Lochbui, Mull, he heard these tales in his youth from a tailor of the name of Hugh MacLachlann, who resided in his neighbourhood. MacTavish and I were in the practice of beginning our work at 11 A.M. and keeping at it till 3 P.M., with only an interval of twenty

minutes for luncheon. I took down a tale every day that we met, except "Koisha Kayn", which took up two days. The tales thus secured lay beside me untouched for years. At length I began to translate them into English, endeavouring to render the idiom of the one language as far as possible into the corresponding idiom of the other.* This work did not go on smoothly throughout: difficulties of interpretation cropped up now and again, and brought me to a stand. When this occurred I had recourse, not to the learned, but to my friends among the people, who seldom if ever failed me. It would be unkind to omit to mention in this connection the help that I received from Archibald MacGillivray, master of the yacht of my oldest living friend, Peter Cumstie, Esq.

There was a time when popular tales received scant favour. They were looked upon as "idle tales" and "old wives' fables", fit only for amusing children and peasants. Labour bestowed upon them was regarded by not a few as labour wasted. All this has passed away. Men of light and leading recognise now the importance of these venerable relics of antiquity, and feel honoured in having their names associated with

* It may be advisable to give an explanation of the alterations that have been made in the translation of the tales on the spelling of Gaelic names. These alterations are phonetic, and intended to help the English reader to pronounce the Gaelic names. For example, *Fayn* is as near an approximation as can be made to the pronunciation of the Gaelic *Féinn*. I acknowledge here my obligation to Lord Archibald Campbell for valuable suggestions in connection with the revision of the proof-sheets of the English version of the tales.

them. Collections of them have been made in all parts of the world and given to the public under the auspices of the learned. Facilities are thus afforded for comparing the folk-tales of different nations and for studying the questions to which the comparison gives rise. Of these questions none are more interesting than those relating to the origin and interpretation of the tales. I may add that there are none more difficult or that have called forth keener discussion. I will make a few remarks upon them, taking up first the question of origin. The following are the principal views entertained on the subject.

1st. It is maintained that most of these tales are to be traced to the remote period when our Aryan ancestors had their home in Central Asia; that on their dispersion they carried them with them to the countries to which they migrated; that they were subjected there to accretions and modifications, from climate, geographical position, religious belief, and the vagaries of narrators; and that in their present form they are composed of two principal elements, the one derived from the tales in their primitive form, which makes them the common property of the race, and the other due to local colouring, which distinguishes the tales of one nation from those of another.

2nd. It is maintained by others that these tales are modern in their origin.

3rd. A third view is that the tales of a nation spring naturally from sources within itself, and that any resemblances that may be traced between them and the tales of other nations are to be ascribed to

identity of mental constitution, combined with similar conditions of life and stages of culture.

When the learned differ as widely as they do here, it is difficult to determine what the exact truth is. Waiving a discussion of their conflicting views, there is one thing of which I feel certain, viz., that the fairy tales originated in Pagan times. That they have, in their transmission to our times, absorbed Pagan elements, is apparent enough ; but it is equally apparent that they are Pagan to the core. Another marked characteristic of these tales is the similarities that obtain among them. The importance attaching to this characteristic requires that I devote some space to the illustrating of it. I go on, therefore, to compare portions of some of the tales in this book with the tales of other nations.

I take up first the tale of "The Herding of Cruachan". This tale resembles the Norse tale of "The Giant who had no Heart in his Body". The main incidents of the Norse tale are as follows. A king's son went in search of his brothers, who had gone from home in order to find wives for themselves. He was helped in his search by a raven, a salmon, and a wolf, which he had met and relieved on the way. The wolf carried him on its back to the castle of a giant who had turned his brothers and their brides into stone. Arrived at the castle, he found a beautiful princess in one of its rooms. The princess agreed to help him to compass the destruction of the giant. With this object in view she asked the giant where his heart was. Twice he misled her, but the third time he revealed his secret to her. "Far, far away, in

a lake", said the giant, "lies an island; in that island stands a church; in that church is a well; in that well swims a duck; in that duck is an egg; and in that egg lies my heart." The wolf carried the king's son to the island, the raven fetched the keys of the church for him, and the salmon fetched up from the bottom of the well the egg that the duck, when caught, let fall into it. After the king's son had squeezed the egg twice, the giant restored his brothers and their brides to life. He then squeezed the egg to pieces, and the giant burst. He found his brothers and their brides alive and well; and they all, with the princess of the castle, went home to the king's house and had a merry wedding.

In the Russian tale of "Coshchei the Deathless" we find another parallel. A king's wife whom a giant had carried off finds out where the giant's death is. "My death is in such and such a place," said the giant. "There stands an oak, and under the oak is a casket, and in the casket is a hare, and in the hare is a duck, and in the duck is an egg, and in the egg is my death." Prince Ivan, the queen's son, with the help of a wolf, a crow, and a pike, found the egg, and crushed it, and Coshchei died. In the tale of "Sodewa Bai", in *Old Deccan Days*, the soul of a princess is in a necklace fastened round her neck. Should the necklace be removed and worn by another, the princess would die.

The closest parallel that I can find to the lady of the castle and the sleeping scenes in the tale of "The Kingdom of the Green Mountains" is the first part of Grimm's "The Golden Castle of Stromberg". The tales

differ in details, but the central idea in the special parts is the same. The journey of the soldier on the eagle's back to the Kingdom of the Green Mountains may be compared to that of the king in the Russian tale of "The Water King and Vasilissa the Wise". The first incident that calls for comment in "The Ship that went to America" is the old grey man's giving the wonderful table-cloth to his visitor on condition of the latter's giving in return the first man or beast that would be born on his possession. The condition here specified occurs in other connections in a number of tales. We find it in Grimm's "The Gold Spinner" and "The Water Sprite", in the Norse tale of "The three Princesses of Whiteland", and in the Russian tale of "The Water King and Vasilissa the Wise". The table-cloth that covered itself with a bottle of wine and several kinds of food occurs twice in the Norse tales—in "The Lad that went to the North Wind" and in "The Best Wish". The removal of the brazen castle by the giant to the end of the king's palace reminds one of "Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp". We find a similar removal in the tale of "The Snake, the Dog, and the Cat", in *Folk-lore of Modern Greece.* The hero of the tale presses a signet ring, and a negro comes, and says to him, "'What are your orders, master?' 'That you bring hither the castle by the sea.' In a moment the negro brought it." The magic water that was fetched by the ravens and restored to life the old grey man when he was in the condition of a dead horse, plays a prominent part in the folk-lore of all nations, under the name chiefly of the water of life. In the Serbian

tale of "The Golden-fleeced Ram", the king's daughter poured the water of life over the young man, and "he arose alive and well as ever". Again, in the Russian tale of "Marya Morevna", the falcon sprinkled the mangled remains of Prince Ivan with the water of life, and "he shuddered, and stood up", and began to converse. The scene in the tale of "Koisha Kayn", where the son of the King of Lochlann thrust the red-hot pointed bar into the eye of the giant, is the Polyphemus story over again; and the scene in the tale of "Lod, the Farmer's Son", where Lod rescued the King's daughter from the giant, cut off the giant's three heads, and received the lady's hand as his reward, has its counterpart in the Norse tale of "Shortshanks".

These are specimens of the many striking parallelisms that occur amongst the tales of different nations. Now the question that the reader has to consider is, Are these parallelisms to be attributed to a common origin, or are they not?

I now pass on to the consideration of another interesting question connected with these tales, viz., their interpretation. Here again we meet with difficulties and diversity of opinion. According to one school of writers, these tales are symbolical of the forces and phenomena of outward nature. The following comment on the well-known tale of Cinderella shows the manner in which this theory is carried out: "Now the story of Cinderella helps us to find out the meaning of our Fairy Tales. . . . It is the story of the Sun and the Dawn. Cinderella, grey, and dark, and dull, is all neglected when she is away

from the Sun, obscured by the envious Clouds, her sisters, and by her step-mother, the Night. She is Aurora the Dawn, and the fairy Prince is the Morning Sun, ever pursuing her to claim her for his bride." I tried to bring my mind to acquiesce in this theory, out of deference to the distinguished names that stand as vouchers for its soundness, but I had to give up the attempt as hopeless. Another, and a more natural and simpler, interpretation has received the approval of the learned. According to this interpretation many of these tales are historical, in germ at least, and the mythical elements pervading them are the creatures of the imagination. I will endeavour to show how this method of interpretation is to be applied, taking the tale of "Koisha Kayn" as the basis of my remarks. This tale seems to bear as evident marks of the historical as it does of the mythical. The leading characters occurring in it exhibit the attributes of humanity. Brian Boru was a veritable King of Ireland down to the year 1014. O'Kroinikeard is a common enough character in all ages—a weak, thoughtless, and impulsive man. Kian-mac-ul-uai appears to have been actuated by the impulses, to have been subject to the accidents, wants, and pains, and to have shared the inquisitiveness, of ordinary mortals. The Son of the King of Lochlann, the hero of the tale, is the embodiment of humanity in its most vigorous form. He was a man of great mental force and of great physical strength, eminently fitted to cope with and overcome difficulties. Like Achilles and other heroes of antiquity, he performed feats of valour that made him renowned in his day,

and that handed his name down with renown to subsequent generations. We are not, however, to believe that he leaped from the ground to the top of a castle, and that after throwing a princess over the walls he intercepted her before she reached the ground; or that he sprang from the shore on board a ship lying off the shore; or that he routed and slew single-handed whole hosts. These are manifest exaggerations, such as the imagination of the people is apt to associate with the names of remarkable men.* But there are other incredibilities in the tale besides these. There are, for instance, the supernatural incidents connected with O'Kroinikeard's wife and brother-in-law. How are these to be accounted for? There is little doubt that they are due to the influence of Pagan superstition on the imagination in an age when there was profound ignorance of science and the laws of causality.

There are tales in this book in which the mythical occupies much more space in proportion than it occupies in "Koisha Kayn". In some of them the mythical has encroached to such an extent on the historical that but little of the latter remains. One of the most characteristic of the tales in this manner is that of "The Ship that went to America". Perhaps it is more accurate to say that some of these tales are purely imaginative from first to last. In this matter each expositor must exercise his own judgment.

I must not bring these notes to a close without

* The idea of this analysis was suggested to me by the fourth essay in Professor Blackie's *Horæ Hellenicæ*.

making a few remarks on the Gaelic of these tales. In English a distinction is made between the language of literature and the every-day speech of the people. The former is the purer and more correct type of the language, while the latter is full of inaccuracies and vulgarisms. In Gaelic the case is reversed, the every-day speech of the people being the standard of excellence. Now, these tales present the every-day speech of the people in all its idiomatic purity. I commend them to the study of all that desire to learn Gaelic. Those interesting young men that are preparing for the work of the ministry in the Highlands will find it their interest to give their days and nights to them. Thus shall they get their minds stored with a vocabulary of words and phrases, and acquire a knowledge of the structure of sentences, that will serve them in good stead in their subsequent labours.*

D. MacInnes.

* For detailed remarks bearing specially on the Highland tales I refer the reader to the learned Notes which Mr. Alfred Nutt has done us the honour of appending to the volume.

ERRATA.

Page 22, six lines from bottom, "guothuch" *for* "gnothach."
„ 24, last line ... ... "ghalbhas" *for* "dh'fhalbhas."
„ 56, six lines from bottom, "an i" *for* "a ni."
„ 82, seven lines from bottom "tha tha" *for* "tha thu."
„ 132, five lines from bottom, "selotachd" *for* "seòltachd."
„ 184, ten lines from bottom, "chiadh" *for* "chaidh."
„ 196, ten lines from top ... "an t-aisg" *for* "an t-iasg."
„ 204, seven lines from top ... omit second "gu'n."
„ 244, nine lines from top ... "skéithe" *for* "sgéithe."
„ 246, last line ... ... "bhala" *for* "bhalla."
„ 256, seven lines from top ... "am domhain" *for* "an domhain."
„ 270, second line ... ... "broillech" *for* "broilleach."
„ 318, ten lines from top ... "dhiubh" *for* "dhuibh."
„ 322, eight lines from top ... "seachd" *for* "seachad."
„ 324, first line ... ... "dhombh-sa" *for* "dhomh-sa."
„ 364, first line ... ... "tigadh" *for* "tigeadh."

OIDHCHEAN GEAMHRAIDH 'S A' GHÀIDHEALTACHD.

WINTER NIGHTS IN THE HIGHLANDS.

I.

MAC RÌGH EIRINN.

Bha aon mhac aig righ Eirinn, 's bha e fìor thoigheach air a bhi' sealgaireachd. Bha e là 'sealgaireachd, agus mharbh e fitheach mòr, dubh. Thog e 'n a làimh am fitheach, agus dh' amhairc e air. Bha fuil a' tighinn a ceann an fhithich far an deachaidh an luaidh ann, agus thubhairt e ris fhéin, "Cha phòs mi té gu bràth ach té 'bhios a falt cho dubh ri iteagan an fhithich, agus a gruaidh cho dearg ri fuil an fhithich."

Chaidh e 'n sin dhachaidh feasgar, agus thubhairt 'athair ris, "An d' rinn thu sealg mhath an diugh ?"

Thubhairt an gille ris, "Cha d' rinn ; cha do mharbh mi ach aon fhitheach. Thubhairt mi rium fhéin nach pòsainn té sam bith nach biodh a ceann cho dubh ri it' an fhithich, 's a gruaidh cho dearg ri fuil an fhithich."

Thubhairt 'athair an sin ris, "Cha 'n 'eil e cho furasd' a leithid sin fhaotainn."

Thubhairt an gille, "Falbhaidh mi air feadh gach àite dh' fheuch am faic mi a leithid."

Thubhairt 'athair, "Tha thu gòrach dol a' dheanamh a leithid sin."

I.

THE SON OF THE KING OF EIRIN.

THE King of Eirin had an only son who was very fond of hunting. He was one day hunting, and killed a big black raven. He took the raven up in his hand, and looked at it. The blood was coming from its head where the lead had entered it; and he said to himself, "I will never marry any woman except one whose hair will be as black as the raven's feathers, and whose cheek will be as red as the raven's blood."

When he went home in the evening his father said to him, "Had you good sport to-day?"

The lad said to him, "I had not; I killed only one raven. I said to myself that I would not marry any woman except one whose hair would be as black as the raven's feathers, and whose cheek would be as red as the raven's blood."

His father said to him, "It is not so easy to find the like of her."

The lad said, "I will travel through all places to try if I can see the like of her."

His father said, "It is foolish of you to do such a thing."

Thubhairt a mhac, "Tha sin 's a roghainn a bhi dha; falbhaidh mi co dhiubh."

Dh' fhàg e 'n sin beannachd aig 'athair, 's dh' fhalbh e. Mar bha e 'gabhail air 'aghaidh 's a' deanamh forfhais mu 'leithid fhuair e fios c' àit an robh a leithid ri 'fhaotainn, agus dh' fheòruich e c' àit an robh i. Thubhairt iad ris gu'm bu nighean do rìgh an domhain mhòir i, gu'n robh triùir pheathraichean ann, agus gu'm b' ise 'n té 'b' òige dhiubh. Ghabh e air 'aghaidh an sin, agus ràinig e ceàrdach anns an robh gobhainn ag obair, agus bhuail e 'n dorus. Dh' fhosgail an gobhainn an dorus, agus thubhairt e ris, "Oh! thig a-stigh; 's e duine sona 'bhios annad."

Thubhairt an gille, "Mata, cha'n 'eil 'fhios agam fhèin co dhiubh. Cia-mar tha 'fhios agad gu'm bi mi sona?"

"Innsidh mi sin duit," ars' an gobhainn. "Tha mise 'g obair an so air snàthaid mhòir, agus dh' fhairlich orm an crò a chur ìnnte gus an do bhuail thusa 'n dorus; an sin chaith agam air a' chrò a dheanamh air an t-snàthaid. Suidh agus innis dhomh do naigheachd. Cia as a thàinig thu, agus co thu?"

Thubhairt an gille ris, "Is mac do rìgh Eirinn mi."

Thubhairt an gobhainn ris, "C' àit am bheil thu 'dol?"

His son said, "Be that as it will, I will go, at any rate."

He then bade his father good-bye, and went away. As he was going on, and making inquiry, he was informed where the like of her was to be found. He was told that the youngest of the three daughters of the King of the Great World was such a person. He went on his way, and arrived at a smithy in which a smith was working, and knocked at the door. The smith opened the door, and said to him, "Oh! come in; you will be a lucky man."

The lad said, "Really I do not know. How do you know that I shall be lucky?"

"I will tell you that," said the smith. "I am working here at a big needle; and it defied me to put the eye in it till you knocked at the door; but when you knocked I managed to form the eye. Be seated, and tell me your news. Whence have you come, and to whom do you belong?"

The lad said to him, "I am a son of the King of Eirin."

The smith said to him, "Where are you going?"

Thubhairt an gille ris, "Innsidh mi sin duit. Chuala mi iomradh air nighean rìgh an domhain mhòir, agus tha mi 'falbh air a tòir los gu'm faic mi sealladh dhi, agus gu'm bruidhinn mi ri h-athair dh' fheuch an toir e dhomh i ri 'pòsadh."

"U!" thubhairt an gobhainn, "tha fios gu'm faigheadh mac rìgh Eirinn nighean rìgh an domhain mhòir. Dh' innis mi dhuit cheana gu'm biodh tu sona. 'S ann do rìgh an domhain mhòir a tha 'n t-snàthad air am bheil mise 'g obair; agus gheibh thu 'n t-aiseg am màireach leotha, agus bruidhnidh mi-fhéin air do shon iad a thoirt duit an aisig. Bithidh tu còmhla rium fhéin a nochd, agus cha bhi dìth bidh no leap' ort."

Chuir e seachad an oidhche sin gu sunndach, gasda leis a' ghobhainn. An là 'r na mhàireach thàinig bàta rìgh an domhain mhòir a dh' iarraidh na snàthaid, agus bhruidhinn an gobhainn riù iad a thoirt an aisig do'n òganach ud. Thubhairt iad gu'n d' thugadh. "Tha sinn anabarrach toilichte gu'n robh an t-snàthad deas 'n uair a thàinig sinn," ars' iadsan, "'s nach ruigeamaid leas a bhi 'feitheamh air a son."

Dh' fhalbh iad an sin agus thill iad dhachaidh a dh' ionnsuidh tigh rìgh an domhain mhòir, agus thug iad an t-snàthad do 'n rìgh. 'N uair a chunnaic an rìgh mac rìgh Eirinn dh' aithnich

The lad said to him, "I will tell you that. I have heard of the daughter of the King of the Great World, and I am going in quest of her that I may get a sight of her, and that I may speak to her father to see if he will give her to me in marriage."

"Oo!" said the smith; "everyone knows that the son of the King of Eirin would get the daughter of the King of the Great World. I have told you already that you will be lucky. The needle at which I am working is for the King of the Great World; and you will get across to-morrow with his people. I myself will ask them to ferry you. Remain with me to-night, and you shall not lack either food or bed."

He spent that night cheerily and comfortably with the smith. On the morrow the King of the Great World's boat came for the needle; and the smith asked those in charge to take the young man across. They said that they would. "We are very much pleased," said they, "that the needle was ready when we came, and that we did not require to wait for it."

They then returned home to the house of the King of the Great World, and gave him the needle. When the king saw the son of the

e nach buineadh e do 'n àite, agus dh' fheòruich e dheth gu 'd é 'bha dhìth air. Thubhairt an gille ris gu'n d' thàinig e 'dh' iarraidh té de na nigheanan aige gu 'pòsadh.

Thubhairt an rìgh ris, "Co leis thu 's cia as a thàinig thu? Feumaidh gu bheil thu de dh' inbhe na's urramaíche na tha mise 'smuaineachadh 'n uair a tha thu air tighinn a dh' iarraidh mo nighinn-sa."

Thubhairt an gille ris, "Is mise mac do rìgh Eirinn."

Thubhairt rìgh an domhain mhòir, "Bha mi 'smuaineachadh gu'n d' thàinig thu urramach mu'n iarradh tu mo nighean-sa. Gheibh thu mo nighean; ach tha trì nithe agad r' a dheanamh mu'm faigh thu i."

Thubhairt mac rìgh Eirinn ris, "Ni mi na nithe sin ma's urrainn domh"; agus dh' fheòraich e gu 'd é na nithe a bh' ann.

Thubhairt an rìgh ris, "Tha bàthaiche mòr agam airson cruidh, agus tha seachd lànainean ann, agus tha thu ri gach salachar a th' ann a chur a-mach an diugh, agus feumaidh e 'bhi cho glan 's gu'n ruith ubhal òir o'n dàrna ceann gu ruig an ceann eile."

Thug an rìgh e 'dh' ionnsuidh a' bhàthaiche, 's leig e fhaicinn da e. Thòisich e 'n sin air a ghlanadh a-mach, agus mar a chuireadh e 'mach e thigeadh a dhà uiread a-stigh. Bha e 'g obair

King of Eirin, he knew that he did not belong to the place, and he asked him what he wanted. The lad said to him that he came to ask one of his daughters in marriage.

The king said to him, "To whom do you belong, and whence have you come? You must be of nobler rank than I suppose, when you have come to ask my daughter."

The lad said, "I am the son of the King of Eirin."

The King of the Great World said, "I thought that you were nobly come when you took upon you to ask my daughter. You shall get my daughter, but you have three things to do before you get her."

The son of the King of Eirin said, "I will do these things if I can"; and he asked him what they were.

The King of the World said, "I have a big byre in which there are seven couples; and you must put out to-day all the filth that is in it; and it must be so clean that a gold ball will run from end to end of it."

The king brought him to the byre and showed it to him. He then began to clean it out, but twice as much would come in as he would put out. He kept working at it, and

air an sin, 's e 'g a shàrachadh, 's cha b'urrainn e 'ghlanadh, agus thubhairt e ris 'fhéin, "B' fheàrr leam nach d' thàinig mi riamh a dh' iarraidh nighean rìgh an domhain mhòir."

Mu dhà uair dheug a là thàinig triùir nigheanan an rìgh an rathad a ghabhail sràid, agus thubhairt an té 'bu shine ris, "Tha thu 'g ad shàrachadh, a mhic rìgh Eirinn."

"Tha," ars esan.

"Na'n soilinn," ars' ise, "gur h-ann air mo thòir-sa 'thàinig thu chartainn am bàthaiche air do shon."

Thubhairt an té mheadhonach an ni ceudna, agus thubhairt an té òg, "Co dhiubh is ann no nach h-ann air mo thòir-sa 'thàinig thu cartaidh mise 'm bàthaiche, 'mhic rìgh Eirinn." An sin thubhairt i, "Cart, cart, a chromain; cuir amach a shluasaid." Chaidh am bàthaiche a chartadh an sin gu grinn gus an ruitheadh ubhal òir o cheann gu ceann deth. Thill triùir nigheanan an rìgh, agus dh' fhàg iad esan aig a' bhàthaiche.

An là sin fhéin thàinig an rìgh a 'dh' ionnsuidh a' bhàthaiche, agus thubhairt e, "A mhic rìgh Eirinn, am bheil am bàthaiche glan?"

"U! tha," arsa mac rìgh Eirinn.

"Tha mi ro bhuidheach dhiot cho glan 's a rinn thu e," ars' an rìgh.

was distressed with the toil; but he could not clean the byre; and he said to himself, "I wish that I had never come to ask the daughter of the King of the Great World."

About twelve o'clock in the day the king's three daughters came the way to take a walk; and the eldest of them said to him, "You are harassed, son of the King of Eirin."

"Yes," said he.

"If I thought," said she, "that it was for me that you came, I would clean the byre for you."

The middle one said the same; but the young one said, "Whether it was for me that you came or not I will clean the byre, son of the King of Eirin." She then said, "Clean, clean, crooked graip, put out shovel." The byre was cleaned so thoroughly that a gold ball would run from end to end of it. The king's three daughters returned home, and left the son of the King of Eirin at the byre.

That same day the king came to the byre, and said, "Son of the King of Eirin, is the byre clean?"

"Oo yes!" said the son of the King of Eirin.

"I am very much pleased with you for making it so clean," said the king.

Thubhairt mac rìgh Eirinn an sin, "Am faigh mi 'nis do nighean ?"

Thubhairt rìgh an domhain mhòir, "Tha tuilleadh agad ri 'dheanamh am màireach. Tha 'm bàthaiche agad ri 'thubhadh am màireach le iteagan ian. Bithidh bun gach iteig a-stigh 's a bàrr a-mach. Bithidh aon snàthainn suarach sìoda 'cumail dìon a dhroma ris an tigh."

Thubhairt mac rìgh Eirinn, "An toir sibh-fhéin dhomh na h-iteagan ?"

"Cha toir," ars' an rìgh ; "ach feumaidh tu-fhéin an trusadh anns gach àit am faigh thu iad."

An là'r na mhàireach thòisich e air trusadh nan iteag feadh a' chladaich. 'N uair a thrusadh e làn an dùirn, 's a chuireadh e air a' bhàthaiche e thigeadh oiteag ghaoithe, agus sguabadh e air falbh e. Thubhairt e ris fhéin, "B' fheàrr leam nach d' thàinig mi riamh a dh' iarraidh nighean rìgh an domhain."

Mu dhà uair dheug a là thàinig triùir nigheanan rìgh an domhain a ghabhail sràid an rathad a bha e. Thubhairt an té 'bu shine dhiubh, "A mhic rìgh Eirinn, tha thu 'g ad shàrachadh fhéin a' tubhadh a' bhàthaiche. Na'n saoilinn gur h-ann air mo thòir fhéin a thàinig thu thubhainn am bàthaiche air do shon." Thubhairt an té mheadhonach an ni

The son of the King of Eirin then said, "Shall I get your daughter now?"

The King of the Great World said, "You have more to do to-morrow. You have to thatch the byre to-morrow with birds' feathers. The stem of each feather shall be inwards, and its point shall be outwards. A slender silk thread shall be keeping the covering on the roof of the house."

The son of the King of Eirin said, "Will you give me the feathers?"

"No," said the king, "you must gather them yourself wherever you can find them."

On the morrow he began to gather the feathers in the shore. When he would gather a handful, and put it on the byre, a breeze of wind would come and sweep it away. He said to himself, "I wish I had never come to ask the daughter of the King of the World."

About twelve o'clock in the day the three daughters of the King of the World came his way to take a walk. The eldest of them said, "Son of the King of Eirin, you are harassing yourself thatching the byre. If I thought that it was for me that you came, I would thatch the byre for you." The middle one said the same. The young one said, "Whether it was for me

ceudna. Thubhairt an té òg, "Co dhiubh is ann no nach ann air mo thòir-sa 'thàinig thu, 'mhic rìgh Eirinn, tubhaidh mise 'm bàthaiche air do shon." Chuir i 'làmh 'n a pòca, 's thug i 'mach feadag, agus shéid i 'n fheadag; agus thàinig na h-eòin agus chrath iad iad-fhéin os ceann a' bhàthaiche, agus bha 'm bàthaiche air a thubhadh le iteagan nan ian, bun gach aon it' a-stigh is bàrr gach aon it' a-mach, agus aon snàthainn suarach sìoda 'cumail dìon a dhroma ris.

Thill clann an rìgh dhachaidh, 's dh' fhàg iad esan aig a' bhàthaiche. Thàinig an rìgh an rathad an là sin fhéin far an robh e, agus thubhairt e ris, "A mhic rìgh Eirinn, tha mi 'faicinn gu'n do thubh thu 'm bàthaiche; tha mi fad' ad chomain, ach cha'n 'eil mi buidheach de'n aon a dh' ionnsaich dhuit e."

Thubhairt mac rìgh Eirinn ris an rìgh, "An toir thu dhomh a nis do nighean?"

"Cha'n fhaigh thu i an diugh fhathast," ars' an rìgh; "tha tuilleadh agad ri 'dheanamh am màireach." An sin thill an rìgh dhachaidh.

Am màireach chunnaic mac rìgh Eirinn rìgh an domhain, agus thubhairt rìgh an domhain ris, "Tha còig ealachan agam; agus théid thu g' an gleidheil; agus ma leigeas tu air falbh iad théid do chrochadh; ach ma gheidheas tu iad gheibh thu mo nighean."

that you came or not, son of the King of Eirin, I will thatch the byre for you." She put her hand in her pocket, and took out a whistle, and blew it; and the birds came and shook themselves over the byre; and it was thatched with the birds' feathers. The stem of each feather was inwards and its tip was outwards. A slender silk thread was keeping the covering on the roof.

The king's children returned home, and left him at the byre. That same day the king came where he was, and said to him, "Son of the King of Eirin, I see that you have thatched the byre. I am much obliged to you; but I am not pleased with your teacher."

The son of the King of Eirin said to the king, "Will you give me your daughter now?"

"You shall not get her to-day yet," said the king; "you have more to do to-morrow." The king then returned home.

On the morrow the son of the King of Eirin saw the King of the World, who said to him, "I have five swans, and you shall go to keep them; if you let them away you shall be hanged, but if you keep them you shall get my daughter."

Chaidh e 'n sin a bhuachailleachd nan ealachan, agus dh' fhairslich air an gleidheadh ; theich iad air falbh air. Dh' fhalbh e, 's shuidh e mar a bh' aige, agus thubhairt e ris fhéin, "Is bochd gu'n d' fhàg mi tigh m' athar a dh' iarraidh a' bhoirionnaich. Shoirbhich gach ni leam gus a so, ach tha 'n ni so air tighinn ann am aghaidh."

Mu dhà uair dheug a là thàinig triùir nigheanan an rìgh a ghabhail sràid an rathad a bha e; agus thubhairt an té 'bu shine dhiubh, "Tha na h-ealachan air teicheadh ort, a mhic rìgh Eirinn."

"Tha," arsa mac rìgh Eirinn, "agus cha 'n urrainn domh-sa am faotainn ; chaidh iad a-mach air an loch orm gun taing."

Thubhairt ise ris, "Mata, a mhic rìgh Eirinn, na'n saoilinn gur h-ann air mo thòir a thàinig thu gheibhinn-sa na h-ealachan duit." Thubhairt an té mheadhonach an ni ceudna. Thubhairt an té òg, "Co dhiubh is ann no nach ann air mo thòir-sa' thàinig thu gheibh mise na h-ealachan dhuit." An sin shéid i 'n fheadag a bh' aice, agus thill na h-ealachan dhachaidh.

Bha e 'n sin 'g an gleidheadh ; agus thàinig an rìgh feadh an là far an robh e, agus thubhairt e ris, "Tha mi 'faicinn gu'n deachaidh agad air na h-ealachan a ghleidheadh, a mhic rìgh Eirinn."

He went to herd the swans, but it defied him to keep them; they ran off from him. In his plight he sat down, saying to himself, "It is a pity that I left my father's house to seek the woman. Everything has prospered with me till now; but this thing has gone against me."

About twelve o'clock in the day the king's three daughters came his way to take a walk; and the eldest of them said, "The swans have run away from you, son of the King of Eirin.

"Yes," said he, "and I cannot find them; they have gone out on the sea in spite of me."

She then said to him, "Well, son of the King of Eirin, if I thought that it was for me that you came, I would find the swans for you." The middle one said the same. The young one said, "Whether it was for me that you came or not, I will find the swans for you." With this she blew her whistle; and the swans returned home.

As the King of Eirin's son was keeping them the King of the World came to him in the course of the day, and said to him, "I see that you have managed to keep the swans, son of the King of Eirin."

"U! Chaidh," ars esan. "Am faigh mi do nighean a-nis?"

"Cha 'n fhaigh," ars an rìgh: "tha rud beag fhathast agad r' a dheanamh, agus 'n uair a ni thu e gheibh thu i."

An sin thill mac rìgh Eirinn agus rìgh an domhain dhachaidh a dh' ionnsuidh a' phailis. Thubhairt rìgh an domhain ri mac rìgh Eirinn, "Tha mise 'dol a dh' iasgach am màireach; agus an t-iasg a gheibh mi feumaidh tusa 'ghlanadh, 's a bhruicheadh dhomh."

An là 'r na mhàireach fhuair an rìgh iasg, agus thug e do mhac rìgh Eirinn e g' a ghlanadh 's g' a bhruicheadh. "Tha mise 'dol a dheanamh greis chadail," arsa rìgh an domhain, "agus biodh an t-iasg bruich agad-sa 'n uair a dhùisgeas mise."

Thòisich e air an iasg a ghlanadh, agus mar bha na lannan a' tighinn dheth bha 'dhà uiread a' dol air; agus cha b'urrainn da' n gnothuch a dheanamh air. An sin thàinig an té 'bu shine de na h-igheanan, agus thubhairt i ris, "Na'n saoilinn gur h-ann air mo thòir-sa 'thàinig thu ghlanainn an t-iasg air do shon"; agus thubhairt an té mheadhonach an ni ceudna. Thubhairt an té òg, "Co dhiubh is ann no nach ann air mo thòir-sa 'thàinig thu glanaidh mise 'n t-iasg air do shon."

"Oo! yes," said he. "Shall I get your daughter now?"

"No," said the king; "you have a small thing to do yet; and when you do it you shall get her."

They then returned home to the palace. The King of the World said to the son of the King of Eirin, "I am going to fish to-morrow, and you must clean and boil for me the fish that I catch."

On the morrow the king caught a fish, and gave it to the son of the King of Eirin to clean and boil. "I am going to sleep for a while," said the King of the World, "and you must have the fish boiled when I waken."

He began to clean the fish; and as the scales came off it twice as many went on it: and he was beat. Then the eldest of the daughters came, and said to him, "If I thought that it was for me that you came, I would clean the fish for you"; and the middle one said the same. The young one said, "Whether it was for me that you came or not I will clean the fish for you."

Thòisich i, 's ghlan i 'n t-iasg, agus chaidh a chur air an teine g' a bhruich. An sin thug i mac an rìgh an uaigneas a bhruidhinn ris, agus thubhairt i ris, "Feumaidh tusa 's mise teicheadh còmhla mu'n dùisg m' athair." Chaidh steud an t-aon 'fhaotainn doibh a stàbull a h-athar. Theich iad an sin air falbh còmhla. Thubhairt an nighean òg ri mac rìgh Eirinn, "Cho luath's a dhùisgeadh m' athair mharbhadh e thu-fhéin is mise."

'N uair a dhùisg an rìgh dh' fheòraich e c' àit an robh mac rìgh Eirinn agus a nighean. Thubhairt iad ris gu'n do theich iad air falbh còmhla. Ghabh mac rìgh Eirinn is nighean an rìgh air an aghaidh cho luath's a bheireadh casan an steud iad. Dh' fhalbh an rìgh as an déigh dh' fheuch am beireadh e orra. Mhothaich iadsan tartaraich mhòr as an déigh; agus thubhairt nighean an rìgh ri mac rìgh Eirinn, "Seall am faic thu ni sam bith an cluais an steud."

Thubhairt esan, "Chì mi bioran droighinn an so."

"Tilg 'ad dhéigh e," ars' ise. Rinn am bioran coille mhòr anns an robh seachd mìl' air fad agus tri mìl air leud. Bha mac rìgh Eirinn air an dàrna taobh de 'n choille agus rìgh an domhain air an taobh eile dhi. Cha b' urrainn

She cleaned the fish, and it was put on the fire. She then took the king's son aside, and said to him, "You and I must take to flight together before my father wakens." A steed each was got for them from the king's stable: and they fled together. The young daughter said to the son of the King of Eirin that her father would kill them both as soon as he would waken.

When the king awoke, he asked where the son of the King of Eirin and his daughter were. He was told that they had fled together. They went on as fast as their steeds' legs would carry them. The king went after them to see if he could overtake them. Hearing a great noise behind them, the king's daughter said to the son of the King of Eirin, "Look if you can see anything in the steed's ear."

He said, "I see in it a little bit of thorn."

"Throw it behind you," said she. He did so: and the little bit of thorn formed a great wood seven miles long and three miles wide. The son of the King of Eirin was on the one side of it, and the King of the World was on

rìgh an domhain faotainn troimh 'n choille leis cho tiugh 's a bha i. B' fheudar dha tilleadh dhachaidh agus an tuagh fhaotainn a ghearradh rathaid troimpe. An sin fhuair e rathad a dheanamh troimpe. Mhothaich mac rìgh Eirinn 's an nighean òg do 'n rìgh a' tighinn as an déigh a rìs. Bha iad-fhéin sgìth, 's leig iad an anail greis; agus leis a so bha 'n tuilleadh ùin' aig an rìgh gu tighinn a suas riutha. 'N uair a mhothaich iad e 'tighinn dh' fhalbh iad. 'N uair a bha e 'dlùthachadh orra gu math thubhairt an nighean ri mac rìgh Eirinn, "Feuch 'd e 'gheibh thu ann an cluais na steud."

"Chì mi clachag bheag ann," ars' esan.

"Tilg 'ad dhéigh i," ars' ise. Rinn e sin, is dh' fhàs a' chlach bheag 'n a creig mhoir, àird. Bha seachd mìl' air fad innte agus mìl' air àirde. Bha 'n rìgh aig bun na creige is iad-san air a mullach. Thug iad sùil thar bile na creige dh' fheuch am faiceadh iad cia-mar a rachadh dha. Sheall e 'n àird os a cheann; agus 'n uair a chunnaic e nach deanadh e 'n guothuch thill e dhachaidh. Ghabh iadsan air an aghaidh gu tilleadh do dh' Eirinn. 'N uair a fhuair iad thairis do dh' Eirinn, 's iad mar bheagan astair do phailis rìgh Eirinn thubhairt ise ris, "Cha téid mise 'dh' ionnsuidh an tighe car tacan.

the other. The wood was so thick that the king could not get through it. He had to return home to get an axe to cut a path through it. He succeeded in making a path with the axe. The son of the King of Eirin and the young daughter perceived the king pursuing them again. Being tired, they had rested for a while ; and thus the king had the more time to overtake them. When they noticed him coming they set off. When he was drawing pretty near them the daughter said to the son of the King of Eirin, "Try what you can find in the steed's ear."

"I see a small stone in it," said he.

"Throw it behind you," said she. He did so : and the stone became a big high rock seven miles long and a mile high. The king was at the foot of the rock, and they were on the top of it. They looked over the edge of the rock to see how it would fare with him. He looked up ; and when he saw that he could make nothing of it he returned home. They pursued their journey back to Eirin. When they got across to Eirin, and were but a short distance from the palace of the King of Eirin, the king's daughter said, "I will not go to the house for a

'N uair a théid thusa dhachaidh bithidh an cuilean a' leum suas ri d' bhroilleach le sodan. Feuch thusa an cum thu dhiot e; oir ma bheanas e ri d' eudan cha bhi cuimhn' agad gu'm fac thu mise riamh."

An sin dh' fhàg iad beannachd aig a chéile, 's chaidh ise dh' fhuireach le gobhainn a bh' anns an àite. Cheannaich i eudach firionnaich, 's chuir i orr' e. Ràinig i 'n gobhainn, 's dh' fheòruich i 'n robh gille dhìth air. Thubhairt an gobhainn gu n robh, oir gu'n d' fhalbh an gille 'bh' aige an dé. Thòisich an gill' ùr an so air ionnsachadh na goibhneachd, 's bha e 'g ionnsachadh gu h-anabarrach math, 's a h-uile duine 'g iomradh air cho briagh 's a bha e. Thug e bliadhn' aig a' ghobhainn an sin ag obair. Cha d' fhuair an gobhainn riamh gille 'bha cho teòm' air ionnsachadh agus cho math ris air a h-uile dòigh.

An sin thàinig iomradh gu'n robh mac rìgh Eirinn 'dol a phòsadh nighean rìgh Fhara-fo-thuinn. Còmhla ris a h-uile duine a fhuair cuireadh gu banais mhic an rìgh fhuair an gobhainn cuireadh; agus thubhairt e ris a' ghille gu'm feumadh e dol còmhla ris a dh' ionnsuidh na bainnse. Thubhairt an gille ris, "Tha rud agam ri 'dheanamh 's a' cheàrdaich a bu mhath leam a bhi agam 'n uair a ghalbhas mi. An

while. When you go home the dog will be leaping up to your breast with joy. Try to keep it off you; for if it touch your face you will forget that you ever saw me."

They then bade each other good-bye: and she went to reside with a smith that was in the place. Having bought men's clothes and put them on, she went to the smith, and asked him if he was in want of a servant. The smith said that he was, the servant that he had having left him on the previous day. The new servant then began to learn the smith trade, and made excellent progress, and everyone remarked how fine-looking he was. He was working with the smith for a year. The smith never had a servant so apt at learning, and so good in every way.

Word came that the son of the King of Eirin was going to marry the daughter of the King of Farafohuinn. Among those invited to the wedding was the smith, and he insisted on his servant accompanying him. The servant said to the smith, "I have something to make in the smithy that I wish to have with me when

toir sibh dhomh 'a cheàrdach a nochd?" "Bheir," ars' an gobhainn. Rinn gille 'ghobhainn cearc òir agus coileach airgid 's a' cheàrdaich. Air là na bainnse dh' fhalbh e-fhéin 's an gobhainn a dh' ionnsuidh na bainnse. Chuir e gràinneanan de spiligeanan cruineachd 'n a phòca mu'n d' fhalbh e. Ràinig iad tigh na bainnse, pailis an rìgh. 'N uair a chaidh iad a-stigh bha làn seomair de dhaoine air thoiseach orra. Dh' aithnich mòran diubh an gobhainn, 's chuir iad fàilt air. Dh' fheòraich iad dheth am b' urrainn e fearas-chuideachd a dheanamh a chuireadh an ùine seachad. "Cha 'n urrainn," ars' esan, "ach dhaoite gu'n dean an gill' agam an so tacan dibhearsain a thoirt duinn."

Dh' fheòraich iad an sin de 'n ghille am b' urrainn da 'dheanamh, is thubhairt e gu'm feuchadh e ris. An sin chuir e 'mach air an ùrlar a' chearc òir 's an coileach airgid, agus thilg e trì spiligeanan cruineachd g' an ionnsuidh. Thog an coileach a dhà dhiubh 's cha d' fhuair a' chearc ach a h-aon. Thubhairt a' chearc, "Gog! gog!" 's thubhairt an coileach, "'D é 'th' ort?"

Thubhairt a' chearc, ris a' choileach, "Am bheil cuimhn' agad-sa an là 'chart mise 'm bàthaiche mòr air do shon-sa?"

Thòisich a' chuideachd air gàireachdaich 's air dibhearsain. An sin thilg gill' a' ghob-

I go. Will you give me the smithy to-night ?" The smith consented ; and the servant made a gold hen and a silver cock. On the day of the wedding the smith and he went to the wedding. Before going he put grains of wheat in his pocket. When they arrived at the wedding-house, the king's palace, there was a roomful of people before them. Many of them knew the smith, and welcomed him. They asked him if he could make sport to pass the time. "I cannot," said he ; "but perhaps my servant here will afford us diversion for a while."

They asked him if he could do so ; and he said that he would try. He then put out on the floor the gold hen and the silver cock, and threw three grains of wheat to them. The cock picked up two of them, and the hen got but one. The hen said, "Gok ! gok !" and the cock said, "What is the matter with you ?"

The hen said to the cock, "Do you remember the day when I cleaned the big byre for you ?"

The company began to laugh and make fun. The smith's servant threw out other three

hainn trì spiligeanan eile 'mach. Thog an coileach a dhà dhiubh, 's cha d' fhuair a' chearc ach a h-aon. "Gog! gog!" thubhairt a' chearc. "'D é 'th' ort?" ars' an coileach.

Thubhairt a' chearc ris a choileach, "Na'm biodh cuimhn' agad-sa an là 'thubh mi 'm bàthaiche mòr air do shon-sa le iteag nan ian, le bun gach aon it' a-stigh, 's le bàrr gach aon it' a-mach, snathainn suarach sìoda 'cumail dìon a dhroma ris, cha'n itheadh tusa 'dhà 's mise air a h-aon."

Sheall mac an rìgh air gill' a ghobhainn agus thàinig an rud 'n a chuimhne, agus thubhairt e ris, "Feuch am bheil tuilleadh agad a thilgeas tu g' an ionnsuidh." Chuimhnich e 's a' mhionaid mar a dh' éirich dha-san 'n uair a chaidh e 'dh' iarraidh nighean an rìgh, agus thubhairt e ris-fhéin, "Ma gheibh mi dearbh-adh eil' air an rud bithidh mi na's cinntiche." An sin thilg an gille spiligeanan eile 'mach, agus thog an coileach a dhà, s' cha d' fhuair a' chearc ach a h-aon. Thubhairt a' chearc an sin, "Gog! gog!" 's thubhairt an coileach, "'D é 'th' ort?"

Thubhairt a' chearc, "Am bheil cuimhn' agad-sa an là fhuair mi na h-ealachan dhuit-sa? Na'm biodh cha'n itheadh tusa 'dhà agus mis' air a h-aon."

grains. The cock picked up two of them, and the hen got but one. "Gok! gok!" said the hen. "What is the matter with you?" said the cock.

The hen said to the cock, "If you remembered the day when I thatched the byre for you with birds' feathers, the stem of each feather being inwards and its tip outwards, and a slender silk thread keeping the cover on the roof, you would not eat two grains while I had but one."

The king's son looked at the smith's servant, and said to him, "Try if you have more to throw to them." He recollected at once how it fared with him when he went to ask the king's daughter, and he said to himself, "If I get another proof of the matter I shall be more assured." The servant then threw out more grains; and the cock picked up two of them, and the hen got but one. The hen said, "Gok! gok!" and the cock said, "What is the matter with you?"

The hen said, "Do you remember the day when I found the swans for you? If you did you would not eat two grains while I had but one."

Thuig mac an rìgh mar bha 'chùis, agus chaidh e 'nunn, agus chuir e dhà làimh mu'n cuairt air gille 'ghobhainn, agus thubhairt e, "A chiall de na mnathan, 's tu 'th' ann"; agus dh' fhosgail e broilleach gille 'ghobhainn an làthair na cuideachd, agus leig e 'fhaicinn doibh gur h-e boirionnach a bh' ann. Gun tuilleadh dàlach chaidh a toirt a-stigh do sheòmar eile, agus deise boirionnaich a chur orra. Chaidh slabhruidh òir a chur mu 'muineal, fàinne òir air a làimh, agus uaireadair òir a thoirt dhi.

Thubhairt e ris an té bha e 'dol a phòsadh, "So an té 'chaidh mi a dh' iarraidh, 's cha ghabh mi té eil' ach i, a chionn thàinig mi troimh mhòran dheuchainnean is chunnartan air a son. Ma thogras tusa fan, agus gheibh thu do chuid de dh' fhearas-chuideachd na bainnse; 's mar togair, faodaidh tu falbh, oir cha 'n 'eil ceangal agad orm." Ghabh an té 'bha e 'dol a phòsadh an toiseach 'n a àrdan 's 'n a thàmailt mhòir e, is dh' fhalbh i. An sin chaidh mac rìgh Eirinn is nighean rìgh an domhain a phòsadh air an là sin fhéin leis a' mhinnistear a bha 'stigh.

The king's son perceiving how the matter stood, went over, and put his two hands round the smith's servant, and said, "Dearest of women, it is you"; and he opened the breast of the smith's servant in presence of the company, and showed them that it was a woman. Without further delay she was taken to another room, and had a woman's dress put on her. A gold chain was put about her neck, a gold ring was put on her finger, and a gold watch was given her.

He said to the woman that he was going to marry, "This is the woman that I went in quest of; and I will take none but her, because I passed through many trials on her account. If you choose to stay you may, and you will participate in the wedding amusements; but if you do not so choose you may go, for you have no hold on me." She whom he was going to marry first, taking the treatment that she received as an affront, was deeply offended, and went away. The son of the King of Eirin and the daughter of the King of the World were married on that day by the minister that was in the house.

II.

FIONN MAC CHUMAIL 'S AN GILLE CROM, GLAS.

Bha Fionn's a dhaoine an Eirinn, agus bu bhidheanta leotha 'bhi 'sealgaireachd. Bha'n t-sealg aig an àm so glé ghann orra agus duilich 'fhaotainn. Là de na làithean sin dh' fhalbh iad, agus rinn iad sealg ghasda. Feasgar an là sin thill iad dhachaidh le eallachan de shithionn ıhiadh agus eallachan connaidh airson teine dheanamh a bhruicheadh na sìthne. Thàinig fras throm orra de chloich-mheallain, is ghabh iad fasgadh aig taobh gàraidh. Ann an deireadh na froise chunnaic iad an gille crom, glas a' tighinn far an robh iad, agus e ceann-ruisgte, cas-ruisgte. An ine 'bh' air òrdaig na coise deise bha seachd òirlich air fad innte, agus bha pìos de ropa aige 'n a achlais. Thubhairt e ri Fionn Mac Chumhail, "Fàilte dhuit," agus thubhairt Fionn, "Fàilte dhuit-fhéin,'ille chruim, ghlais. Cia as a thàinig thu ?"

"As a h-uile àite 's an robh mi riamh, co dhiubh a thig no nach tig mi as a so," ars' an gille crom, liath.

II.

FEUNN MAC CÜAIL AND THE BENT GREY LAD.

FEUNN and his men were in Eirin, and were often out hunting. Game was very scarce at the time, and difficult to find. They set off one day and had excellent sport. They returned in the evening with burdens of venison, and burdens of fuel to make a fire to boil the venison. A heavy shower of hailstones came upon them, and they took shelter at the side of a dyke. When the shower was over they saw the bent grey lad coming towards them; and he was bareheaded and barefooted. The nail of the big toe of his right foot was seven inches long; and he had a piece of rope under his arm. He said to Feunn Mac Cüail, "Hail to you"; and Feunn said, "Hail to yourself, bent grey lad. Whence have you come?"

"From every place in which I have ever been, whether I shall get away from this place or not," said the bent grey lad.

Thubhairt Fionn an sin ris, "Co diubh a th' annad òlach a tha 'g iarraidh gleachd no còmhraig no òlach a tha 'g iarraidh maighstir ?"

Thubhairt an gille crom, glas ris, "Is òlach mi 'tha 'g iarraidh maighstir math na 'm faighinn e."

Thubhairt Fionn ris, "Tha gille dhìth ormsa; agus ma ni thu muinntearas rium gabhaidh mi thu."

"Ni mi," ars' an gille crom, glas.

Thubhairt Fionn ris, "Gu 'd é 'cheàird air am bheil thu math ?"

Thubhairt an gille crom, glas, "Tha mi math air eallachan a ghiùlan agus air teineachan fhadadh."

Thubhairt Fionn ris, "Cha robh an Fhéinn riamh na 's feumaiche air do leithid na tha sinn an diugh. Gu 'd é 'n tuarasdal a bhios tu 'g iarraidh gu ceann là 's bliadhna ?"

Thubhairt an gille ris, "'S e 'n tuarasdal 'tha mise 'g iarraidh gu faigh mi suidhe aig an aon bhòrd riut-fhéin."

"Tha thu dona," arsa Fionn, "mar fhiach thu sin a thoirt duit. Tha mi cinnteach gu 'n cual thu iomradh iomadh uair air Fionn Mac Chùmhail. Is mise 'n duine sin."

"'S mi 'chuala," ars' an gille crom, glas, "agus is mòr an onoir dhomh-sa gu 'm faigh

Feunn then said to him, "Whether are you a fellow who is in quest of wrestling or combat, or a fellow who is in quest of a master?"

The bent grey lad said, "I am a fellow who is in quest of a good master if I could find such."

Feunn said, "I am in want of a servant, and will take you if you will engage with me."

"I will do so," said the bent grey lad.

Feunn said to him, "What trade are you good at?"

"I am good at carrying burdens and kindling fires."

Feunn said, "The Fayn never were more in want of the like of you than we are to-day. What wages do you ask till the end of a day and a year?"

The lad said to him, "The wages that I ask is permission to sit at the same table with yourself."

Feunn said, "If you are not worthy of being granted that, you are bad indeed. I am sure that you have often heard of Feunn Mac Cüail. I am that man."

"That I have," said the bent grey lad; "and it is a great honour to me to be permitted

mi suidhe aig an aon bhòrd agus an aon chopain ris." Rinn e 'n sin muinntearas ri Fionn.

Thubhairt Fionn ris, "'Nis bheir thu leat greis de dh' eallachan fear mu seach de na daoine, oir tha iad sgìth."

"'S mi 'bheir," ars' an gille. Thug e 'n sin an ròpa a-mach o 'achlais, agus shìn e air a' bhlàr e, agus ghlaodh e, "Fear sam bith a tha sgìth cuireadh e 'eallach an so." Ghlaodh fear an sin, "Tha mise sgìth"; 's chuir e 'eallach anns an ròpa. Ghlaodh an gille, "Am bheil gin tuilleadh agaibh sgìth? Cuireadh e eallach an so." Ghlaodh fear eile, "Tha mise sgìth"; agus chuir e 'eallach 's an ròpa. Ghlaodh e an robh gin tuilleadh aca sgìth; ma bha e 'chur 'eallaich 's an ròpa; agus chuir an treas fear 'eallach 's an ròpa. An sin rug an gille crom, glas air an ròpa agus tharruing e 'mach e fhad eile 's a bha e. Chaidh a h-uile eallach a bha 'n am measg uile 'chur 's an ròpa. Rug e air an ròpa, agus theannaich e na h-eallachan air a chéile gu teann, cruaidh, agus thubhairt e ri Fionn, "Thig a nall, agus tog an eallach air mo mhuin."

"Cha téid," arsa Fionn: "cha 'n urrainn mise 'togail."

"Mata," ars' an gille, "tha ainm dhaoine làidir agaibh, agus is iongantach nach urrainn sibh an eallach a thogail orm." Dh' fhalbh e-

to sit at the same table and cup with him." He then took service with Feunn.

Feunn said to him, "You will now take a spell at carrying by turns the burdens of the men, for they are tired."

"That I will," said the lad. He then took the rope from under his arm, and stretched it on the ground, and called, "Whoever is tired let him put his burden here." A man called, "I am tired," and he laid his burden on the rope. The lad called, "If any other is tired let him put his burden here." Another called, "I am tired," and he laid his burden on the rope. He called to them again if any more of them were tired, to lay their burdens on the rope; and a third man laid his burden on the rope. Then the bent grey lad caught the rope and drew it out till it was double the length that it was before; and all their burdens were laid upon it. He caught the rope and drew the burdens together tightly and firmly, and said to Feunn, "Come here and lift the burden on my back."

"I will not," said Feunn, "I cannot lift it."

"Well," said the lad, "you have the name of being strong men, and it surprises me that you cannot lift the burden on me." He took

fhéin agus rug e air an ròpa, agus thug e 'n spìonadh air an eallaich 's chuir e air a' mhuin i. An sin thubhairt e ri Fionn, "C' àit am math leat mi 'chur suas teine ?"

Thubhairt Fionn ris, "Ann am beinn Eidinn."

Thubhairt an gille crom, glas ri Fionn, "'S fhearra dhuit fhéin toiseach an rathaid a ghabhail o 'n tha thu eòlach." Rinn Fionn sin. Bha 'n ìne 'bh' air òrdaig na coise deise aig a' ghille cho fada 's gu 'n robh i 'srachdadh an eudaich a bh' air Fionn, 's cha b' urrainn da e-fhéin a thoirt as air leis cho luath 's a bha 'n gille 'coiseachd. An sin thubhairt an gille ri Fionn, "'S fhearra dhuit mi-fhéin a leigeil air thoiseach oir tha mi 'n déigh do mhilleadh."

Thubhairt Fionn, "Tha mi ro thoilichte dheth sin." Dh' fhalbh an gille mòr an sin is ghabh e-fhéin an toiseach. Bha fear 's an Fhéinn ris an abradh iad Caoilte, agus 's e sin fear a bu luaithe 'bh' ann, ach luath 's g' an robh e cha bheireadh e air a' ghille mhòr. Ràinig an gille mòr beinn Eidinn, agus dh' fhadaidh e teine, agus chuir e 'n coire air an teine agus an t-sithionn 's a' choire, 's bha goil air mu 'n d' ràinig Caoilte. Mu 'n d' ràinig na daoine uile bha 'n t-sithionn bruich ; agus bha cuid a h-uile dithis agus cuid a h-uile triùir air a chur còmhla, agus a chuid fhéin agus cuid

hold of the rope himself, gave the burden a tug, and put it on his back. He then said to Feunn, "Where do you wish me to set up a fire?"

"On Ben Eidinn," said Feunn.

The bent grey lad said to Feunn, "You had better lead the way, as you are acquainted with it." Feunn did so. The nail of the big toe of the lad's right foot was so long that it tore Feunn's clothes; and so swiftly did the lad walk that Feunn could not get out of the way. The lad then said to Feunn, "You had better let myself lead, for I have done you harm."

Feunn said, "I am very well pleased with that proposal." The big lad then went and took the lead. There was one of the Fayn called Caoilte, who was the swiftest among them; but swift though he was he could not overtake the big lad. The big lad reached Ben Eidinn, kindled a fire, put the cauldron on the fire, and put the venison in the cauldron, and it was boiling before Caoilte arrived. Before all the men arrived the venison was boiled; and the share of every two and the share of every three were put together; and his own share and Feunn's share were put together.

Fhinn còmhla. Ghabh iad an sin an dìnneir de shithionn an fhéidh agus d' a sùgh.

Bha fear beag, lebideach aig Fionn ris an abradh iad Conan, agus bha e anabarrach crosda. Dh' éirich Conan 'n a sheasamh, agus thubhairt e, "Cha bhi mise beò ma bhios an gille crom, glas air an aon bhòrd agus aon chopan ri m' rìgh saoghalta gu ceann là 's bliadhna."

Thubhairt Fionn ris, "Cuist! a' bhiast; cum do theangadh; cha robh thu riamh ach crosda: 's e sin tuarasdal a' ghille, agus feumaidh e 'fhaotainn; agus is math an airidh air e. Ni 'n gille rud nach dean sibh uile gu léir."

"Cha 'n ann mar sin a bhios," arsa Conan, "ach mar so. Innsidh mise dhuit, 'Fhinn mhic Chumhail, mar a ni sinn air."

Thubhairt Fionn, "Tha e tàmailteach leamsa a chur air falbh, agus nach d' rinn e ach tighinn an diugh fhéin; agus cha d' fhuair mise gille riamh ach e-fhéin a rinn an diugh a leithid de ghnìomh 's a rinn esan. Gu 'd é 'tha sinn 'dol a dheanamh ris?"

Thubhairt Conan, "Cuiridh sinn e 'dh' iarraidh cupa ceithir-cheàrnach na Féinne gu ruig Lochlann. Tha 'fhios agad fhéin gu 'n d' thug rìgh Lochlainn uainn an cupa o cheann sheachd bliadhna, agus gu bheil e daonan a' gealltainn a chur dhachaidh. 'S iomadh là

They then had their dinner of the venison and its juice.

Feunn had a little paltry fellow called Conan, who was very cross. Conan stood up, and said, "I shall not live if the bent grey lad be at the same table and cup with my worldly king till the end of a day and a year."

Feunn said to him, "Whisht! you insignificant creature; hold your tongue; you were ever cross; that is the lad's wages, and he must get it, and well worthy he is of it. The lad can do a thing that all of you together cannot do."

"It shall not be so, but thus," said Conan. "I'll tell you, Feunn Mac Cüail, what we will do to him."

Feunn said, "I think it disgraceful to send him away, seeing that he came only to-day. I never had a servant but himself who performed the feat that he performed to-day. What are we going to do to him?"

Conan said, "We will send him to Lochlann for the quadrangular cup of the Fayn. You know yourself that the King of Lochlann took it from us seven years ago, and that he is always promising to send it back. We have

blàir agus batailt a thug sinn 'g a thoirt a-mach, agus dh' fhairslich e oirnn ; agus cuiridh sinn an gille crom, glas a dh' iarraidh a' chupain ; agus tha 'fhios agam nach tig e as a sin gun 'bhi air a mharbhadh."

Thubhairt Fionn, "Leigidh sinn mar sin fhéin a' chùis." An sin thubhairt Fionn ris a' ghille chrom, ghlas, "Tha mi 'nis 'dol g' ad chur air ghnothuch."

"Gu 'd é 'n gnothuch a th' ann ?" ars' an gille crom, glas.

"Tha," thubhairt Fionn, "gu 'n téid thu dh' iarraidh cupa ceithir-cheàrnach na Féinne."

Thubhairt an gille, "'S iomadh là blàir agus batailt a bh' agaibh fhéin 'g a thoirt a-mach, agus dh' fhairslich oirbh. 'S math a' bharail aon duine 'th' agad orm-sa. Co aige 'tha 'n cupa ?"

Thubhairt Fionn, "Tha aig rìgh Lochlainn, agus theagamh gu 'n coinnich thu e 'tighinn air an rathad leis." Chaidh iad an sin a luidhe anns na bùithean a bh' aca air beinn Eidinn ; agus 'n uair a thàinig an là dh' éirich an gille crom, glas, 's chuir e uime 'chuid eudaich is dh' fhalbh e. Fhuair e 'n t-aiseg freagarrach dha gus an d' ràinig e Lochlann, agus ràinig e pailis rìgh Lochlainn ann an dorcha na h-oidhche, agus bhuail e 'n dorus le 'bhois. Thubhairt an dorsair ris, "Co thusa ?"

had many a day of battle to recover it; but we were baffled. We will send the bent grey lad for the cup, and I know that he will not escape with his life."

"We will leave it so," said Feunn. Feunn then said to the bent grey lad, "I am going to send you on an errand."

"What is the errand?" said the lad.

"It is," said Feunn, "that you go for the quadrangular cup of the Fayn."

The lad said, "Many a day of battle you have had yourselves to recover it; but you were baffled. You have a good opinion of me! Who has the cup?"

Feunn said, "The King of Lochlann has it, and he will perhaps meet you on the way coming with it." They then went to sleep in their tents on Ben Eidinn. At daybreak the bent grey lad rose, and put on his clothes, and went away. He had a favourable passage to Lochlann, arrived at the king's palace in the darkness of night, and struck the door with the palm of his hand. The door-keeper said to him, "Who are you?"

Thubhairt esan, " Is gille math coinnle mi."

Dh' fhalbh an dorsair, agus dh' innis e do 'n rìgh gu 'n robh gille coinnle aig an dorus, agus thubhairt an rìgh, " Is math sin ; 's ann an diugh fhéin a dh' fhalbh gille na coinnle ; leig a-stigh e." Leig an dorsair a-stigh e, agus thug e suas e do 'n t-seòmar 's an robh an rìgh 's na h-uaislean. An sin fhuair e 'choinneal g' a gleidheadh 'n a làimh. Bha na h-uaislean ag itheadh 's ag òl an sin ; agus 'n uair a bha esan a' fàs sgìth a bhi gleidheadh na coinnle thubhairt e, " 'S iomadh cùirt rìgh is ridire a shuidh agus a sheas mi ; ach leithid cùirt rìgh Lochlainn cha do suidh 's cha do sheas mi riamh—cho mi-mhothail rithe."

Thubhairt rìgh Lochlainn ris, " Gu 'd é 'm mi-mhodh a tha thu 'faicinn am chùirt-sa ?"

" Innsidh mi sin duit," ars' an gille. " Tha sibh ag itheadh 's ag òl an sin ona thàinig mise 'stigh, agus cha d' fheòraich sibh de ghille na coinnle an d' fhuair e biadh no deoch fhathast."

" 'S fhìor sin," ars' an rìgh ; " tha thu glé cheart : thugaibh dha deoch."

Thug iad dha cupa ceithir-cheàrnach na Féinne, ach cha robh deur ann. Thubhairt an gille mòr, " 'S e so a 's mi-mhodhaile air fad, soitheach falamh a thoirt do dhuine."

Thubhairt an rìgh ris, " 'S e sin cupan ceithir-

He said, "I am a good candle-holder."

The door-keeper went and told the king that there was a candle-holder at the door. The king said, "That is well. It was to-day that our candle-holder left us. Let the man in." The door-keeper let him in, and brought him up to the room where the king and the gentry were. He then got the candle to hold in his hand. The gentry were eating and drinking there; and when he was getting tired of holding the candle he said, "I have sat and stood in many a king's and knight's court, but I have never sat and stood in so unmannerly a court as that of the King of Lochlann."

The King of Lochlann said to him, "What unmannerliness do you see in my court?"

"I'll tell you that," said the lad. "You are eating and drinking there since I came in, and you have not asked the candle-holder if he has had any food and drink yet."

"That is true," said the king. "You are quite right; give him a drink."

They gave him the quadrangular cup of the Fayn, but there was not a drop in it. The big lad said, "The most unmannerly thing of all is to give a man an empty vessel."

The king said to him, "That is the quad-

cheàrnach na Féinne, agus deoch sam bith a mhiannaicheas tu-fhéin bithidh e ann." Smuainich an gille air a làn uisge. 'N uair a fhuair e 'n t-uisge 's a' chupa thum e 'choinneal 's an uisge 's chuir e as i. A sìos ghabh e 'dh' ionnsuidh an doruis, agus rug e air an dorsair air chaol choise, agas spad e ris an ursainn e, agus dh' fhalbh e, agas dh' fhalbh e gu math, agus as a dhéigh ghabh iad ; ach cha robh de dhaoine an Lochlann na bheireadh air. An sin thug e 'aghaidh dhachaidh air Eirinn. 'N uair a fhuair e air tìr an Eirinn choisich e gu ruig beinn Eidinn far an robh Fionn 's a chuid daoine. 'N uair a bha e faisg do 'n àite co 'thachair air ach Conan ?

Thubhairt Conan ris, " Thàinig thu 'nis, agus bithidh tu ro mhòr asad fhéin. An d' fhuair thu 'n cupa ?"

" Fhuair," ars' esan ; " 's mar a faigheadh cha b' urrainn duibh-se, 'fhaotainn."

Thubhairt Conan, " Feumaidh tu-fhéin is mise feuchainn co againn a 's fhaide 'leumas."

Thubhairt an gille, " Tha mise sgìth gu leòir a' gearradh leum ona dh' fhàg mi sibhse mu dheireadh. C' àit an téid sinn a leum ?"

Thubhairt Conan, " Tha lochan uisge shuas an so, agus feuchaidh sinn co 's fheàrr a leumas thairis air."

rangular cup of the Fayn ; and any drink that you desire shall be in it." He thought of its fill of water. When he got the water in the cup he dipped the candle in it, and extinguished it. Down he rushed to the door, and caught the door-keeper by the ankles, and brained him against the door-post. He made off rapidly, and was pursued ; but all the men in Lochlann could not overtake him. He then set his face homewards to Eirin. After landing in Eirin he walked to Ben Eidinn where Feunn and his men were. When he was near the place who should meet him but Conan!

"You have come," said Conan, "and will be very big of yourself. Have you got the cup ?"

"I have," said the lad ; "and if I had not, you could not get it."

Conan said, "You and I must try which of us will leap farthest."

The lad said, "I am tired enough leaping since I left you last. Where shall we go to leap ?"

Conan said, "There is a little lake up here ; and we will try which of us will leap best over it."

Ràinig iad an lochan an sin, agus thubhairt an gille mòr, "Leum fhéin an toiseach dh' fheuch am faic mi cia-mar a ni thu."

Ghabh Conan an sin roid mhòr an coinneamh a' chùil, agus leum e, agus cha deachaidh e na b' fhaide na teis-meadhon an loch, 's cha robh an uachdar dheth ach an ceann. Leum an gille mòr an sin, agus anns an leum rug e air fhalt air Conan, agus thug e leis gu tìr air an taobh eil' e.

An sin thubhairt Conan ris, "Ah! mar sleamhnaicheadh mo chasan leumainn-sa cho math riut fhéin. Feumaidh tu-fhéin is mise dol a dh' fheuchainn cara-gleachd." Chaidh iad an sin an caraibh a chéile, 's chuir an gille mòr fodha e.

Thubhairt Conan an sin, "Mar sleamhnaicheadh mo chasan cha leagadh tu mi; ach feumaidh sinn 'fheuchainn fhathast." Chaidh iad an caraibh a chéile a rìs, is leag an gille mòr e, agus cheangail e le ròpa a cheithir chaoil, is dh' fhàg e 'n sin e. An sin ràinig e Fionn Mac Chumhail agus thug e dha 'n cupa agus thubhairt e ris, "Gleidh gu math a-nis e ona fhuair thu e. Tha mise 'dol g' ad fhàgail; cha 'n fhan mi na's fhaide leat."

Thubhairt Fionn, "Cha dealaich mi riut mar sin."

When they had reached the lake the big lad said, "Leap you first that I may see how you will acquit yourself."

Conan then took a big race backwards, and leaped; but he did not go farther than the middle of the lake, and there was nothing of him above water but the head. The big lad then leaped, and in leaping he caught Conan by the hair, and brought him to land on the other side.

"Ah!" said Conan, "if my feet had not slipped I would have leaped as well as you have done yourself. You and I must have a turn of wrestling." They grappled each other, and the big lad put Conan under.

"If my feet had not slipped you could not have thrown me down; but we will have another trial." They grappled each other again, and the big lad threw Conan down and tied his four smalls with a rope, and left him there. He then went to Feunn Mac Cüail, and gave him the cup, and said, "As you have now got it keep it well. I am going to leave you, and will not remain longer with you."

Feunn said, "I will not part with you in that way."

Thubhairt an gille mòr, " Cha 'n fhan mi idir, idir, a chionn ged nach biodh ann ach Conan fhéin cha 'n urrainn mi cur suas leis." Dh' fhàg an gille mòr beannachd aige 'n sin, is dh' fhalbh e.

An sin dh' fhàg Fionn 's a dhaoine beinn Eidinn, 's thàinig iad gu taobh na fairge, 's chuir iad a suas bùithean anns am biodh iad a' fuireach lamh ri coille far am faigheadh iad connadh goireasach. Là 'bha 'n sin bha Fionn a' gabhail sràid taobh na tràgha leis fhéin, agus chunnaic e 'tighinn a- stigh a dh' ionnsuidh na tràgha bàta, agus aon duine 'g a h-iomram, agus dh' éirich an duine 'n a sheasamh anns a' bhàta, agus thubhairt e, " Fàilte dhuit, 'Fhinn Mhic Chumhail."

Fhreagair Fionn is thubhairt e, " Na 'm faiceadh tu Fionn Mac Chumhail! Cha deanainn-sa gille 'ghlanadh a bhròg."

Thubhairt am fear a bha 's a' bhàta ris, " Is tu Fionn Mac Chumhail. Tha sgàthan agamsa 'n so, agus feumaidh tu amharc ann, oir cha 'n éirich ìomhaigh duine sam bith ann ach ìomhaigh Fhinn Mhic Chumhail." An sin thàinig e as a' bhàta, agus chaidh e far an robh Fionn, agus thug e air sealltuinn anns an sgàthan, agus dh' éirich ìomhaigh Fhinn anns an sgàthan. " 'Fhianuis ort-fhéin a-nis gur tu Fionn Mac Chumhail."

The big lad said, "I will not remain on any account whatever; for though there were nothing but Conan I could not put up with him." The big lad bade him farewell, and went away.

Then Feunn and his men left Ben Eidinn, and came to the seaside, and set up tents to dwell in, near a wood where they could conveniently get fuel. As Feunn was one day taking a walk along the shore he saw a boat coming in to the shore. It was rowed by one man, who stood up in it, and said, "Hail to you, Feunn Mac Cüail."

Feunn answered and said, "If you only saw Feunn Mac Cüail! I am not fit to be a servant to clean his shoes."

The man in the boat said, "You are Feunn Mac Cüail. I have a mirror here; and you must look into it; for the only likeness that will rise in it is that of Feunn Mac Cüail." He came out of the boat, and went where Feunn was, and made him look in the mirror: and his likeness rose in it. "You are yourself witness that you are Feunn Mac Cüail," said the man.

Thubhairt Fionn ris, "Cha 'n thaod mi ràdhainn nach mi."

Thubhairt am fear a bha 's a' bhàta ri Fionn, "Feumaidh tu 'bhi agam-sa nochd air cuirm agus cuid oidhche"; agus thubhairt Fionn ris, "C' àit am bheil do thigh 's am bheil thu 'fuireach ?"

Thubhairt fear a' bhàta ris, "Is duine glic thu-fhéin, 's bi 'faotainn sin a-mach"; agus phut e 'm bàta air falbh leis na ràimh, agus ghlac e 'n cuan. Ghabh Fionn air 'aghaidh a ghabhail sràid taobh a' chladaich, agus chunnaic e 'tighinn 'n a choinneamh seachdnar ghillean, 's iad as an léintean. Thubhairt Fionn riù, "Fàilte dhuibh, 'illean òga"; agus thubhairt iadsan ris, "Fàilte dhuibh fhéin."

Thubhairt Fionn riù, "C' àit am bheil sibh a' dol ?" Fhreagair iadsan, "Tha sinn a' falbh dh' fheuch am faigh sinn cosnadh. Thubhairt esan riù 'n sin, "An bheil ceàird agaibh ?" Thubhairt iadsan gu 'n robh ceàird aig a h-uile fear aca. Thubhairt e ris a' cheud fhear, "'D é 'cheàird a th' agad-sa ?" Thubhairt am fear eile ri Fionn, "Tha mi ann am shaor." Thubhairt Fionn ris, "Gu 'd é 'n t-saorsainneachd a 's fheàrr a ni thu ?" Thubhairt am fear eile ri Fionn. "Ni mi long cho math 's a chaidh air sàile riamh le trì buillean de bhàrr

"I cannot deny that I am," said Feunn.

"You must come to feast and lodge with me to-night," said the man.

Feunn said to him, "Where is your dwelling-house?"

The man of the boat said to him, "You are yourself a wise man, and find that out"; and he pushed the boat away with the oars, and embraced the ocean. Feunn went on walking along the shore, and saw seven lads bare to their shirts, coming to meet him. He said to them, "Hail to you, young lads"; and they said to him, "Hail to yourself."

Feunn asked them where they were going; and they answered that they were going in search of employment. He asked them if they had a trade; and they answered that every one of them had a trade. Feunn said to the first of them, "What trade have you?" The lad said to Feunn, "I am a carpenter." Feunn said to him, "What carpenter-work are you most expert at?" The lad said to Feunn, "I can make as good a ship as ever went on salt water with three blows with the point of my

mo bhròige air stoc feàrna." Thubhairt Fionn, "Tha sin ro mhath : cha ruig thu leas dol na 's fhaide 'dh' iarraidh maighstir : gabhaidh mi-fhéin thu." An sin thubhairt Fionn ris an dara fear, "Gu 'd é 'cheàird a th' agad-sa?" Thubhairt an gille ri Fionn, "Tha mi ann am fhiosaiche math." Thubhairt Fionn ris, "Gu 'd é 'n fhiosachd a ni thu?" Thubhairt an gille ris, "Ni mi fiosachd air an rud a thàinig 's air an rud nach d' thàinig." Thubhairt Fionn ris, "Cha ruig thusa leas dol na 's fhaide a dh' iarraidh maighstir : gabhaidh mi-fhéin thu." Thubhairt Fionn ris an treasa fear, "Gu 'd é 'cheàird a th' agad-sa?" Thubhairt esan, "Tha mi am fhear-luirge math." Thubhairt Fionn ris, "Gu 'd é 'n luirg a's fheàrr a ni thu?" Thubhairt an gille ri Fionn, "Gabhaidh mi luirg lacha fad thrì siùil-mhara air an t-snàmh." Thubhairt Fionn, "Cha ruig thu leas dol na's fhaide a dh' iarraidh maighstir : gabhaidh mise thu." An sin thubhairt Fionn ris a' cheathramh fear, "Gu 'd é 'cheàird a th' agad-sa?" Thubhairt an gille ri Fionn, "Tha mi ann am mheàrlach math." Thubhairt Fionn ris, "Gu 'd e 'mhèirle 's fheàrr a ni thu?" Thubhairt an gille ris, "Goididh mi an t-ubh o'n chorra-ghriodhaich ged bhiodh a dà shùil ag amharc air." "Mata," thubhairt Fionn, "tha thu math.

shoe on an alder stock." Feunn said, "That is very good; you need not go farther in quest of a master: I will take you myself." Feunn said to the second, "What trade have you?" The lad said, "I am a soothsayer." Feunn said to him, "What can you divine?" The lad said, "I can divine that which has come and that which has not come." Feunn said to him, "You need not go farther in quest of a master: I will take you myself." Feunn said to the third, "What trade have you?" The lad said, "I am a good tracker." Feunn said to him, "What kind of tracking are you most expert at?" The lad said, "I can follow the track of a duck swimming during three tides." Feunn said, "You need not go farther: I will take you myself." Feunn then said to the fourth, "What trade have you?" The lad said, "I am an expert thief." Feunn said, "What kind of theft are you most expert at?" "I can steal an egg from the crane though her two eyes were looking at it," said the lad. "Well! you are expert!" said Feunn, "I will find use for a

Cuiridh mi feum air meàrlach cuideachd, agus cha ruig thu leas dol na's fhaide a dh' iarraidh maighstir: gabhaidh mi-fhéin thu." An sin thubhairt Fionn ris a' chòigeamh fear, "Gu 'd é 'cheàird a th' agad-sa?" Thubhairt an gille ri Fionn, "Tha mi ann am streapadair math." "Gu 'd é," arsa Fionn, "an streap a's fheàrr a ni thu?" "Streapaidh mi," ars' an gille, "ri caisteal ged bhiodh mìl' air àird' ann, 's e air a chùrainneachadh le craicionn easgann." "Gabhaidh mi thusa cuideachd," arsa Fionn; "cha ruig thu leas dol na's fhaide." Thubhairt e 'n sin ris an t-seathamh fear, "Gu 'd é 'cheàird a th' agad-sa?" "Tha mi," ars' esan, "am fhearcuimse math le bogha 's saighead." Thubhairt Fionn ris, "Gu 'd é 'chuimse 's fheàrr a ni thu?" "Bristidh mi ubh air a cheann caol," ars' an gille, "ged bhiodh e trì cheud slat bhuam." Thubhairt Fionn rìs, "Cha ruig thu leas dol na's fhaide: gabhaidh mi-fhéin thu." An sin thubhairt Fionn ris an t-seachdamh fear, "Gu 'd e 'cheàird a th' agad-sa?" Thubhairt an gille, "Tha mi 'm fhear an i greim math air rud sam bith. Cha do leig mi riamh as mo ghreim ge b 'air bith cho làidir an spionnadh a bha am aghaidh." Thubhairt Fionn, "Gabhaidh mi thusa cuideachd"; agus thubhairt e riu uile, "Ma chuala sibh riamh iomradh air Fionn Mac

thief also; so that you need not go farther to seek a master: I will take you myself." Feunn said to the fifth lad, "What trade have you?" The lad said to Feunn, "I am a good climber." "What kind of climbing are you best at?" said Feunn. "I can climb a castle though it be a mile high, and covered with eel-skin." I will take you also," said Feunn; "you need not go farther." Feunn said to the sixth, "What trade have you?" "I am," said he, "a good marksman with a bow and arrow." Feunn said to him, "What marksmanship are you most expert at?" "I can break an egg on its small end," said the lad, "though it be three hundred yards from me." Feunn said to him, "You need not go farther: I will take you myself." Then Feunn said to the seventh, "What trade have you?" The lad said, "I am a man who takes a firm hold of anything. I have never let go my hold, however great the strength put forth against me." Feunn said, "I will take you also"; and he said to them all, "If you

Chumhail is mise an duine." Thubhairt iadsan, "Is sinn a chuala; 's fhada uaith sin; agus is mòr an onoir dhuinn a bhi 'n ar gillean aig Fionn Mac Chumhail."

An sin thubhairt Fionn ris an fhiosaiche, "An innis thu dhomh-sa gu 'd é 'm fear a bha 'bruidhinn rium an diugh a bh' anns a' bhàta ?"

Thubhairt am fiosaiche, "'Se 'm fear a bha 'n sin rìgh mòr"; agus an sin thubhairt Fionn ris, "Gu 'd é 'm feum a bh' aig orm ?" Thubhairt am fiosaiche, "Tha 'bhean ri bhi 'n a leabaidh shiùbhladh a nochd, agus tha mac òg ri bhi aice. Bha triùir aice roimhe sin, agus chaidh an goid air falbh, agus chaidh 'innseadh do 'n rìgh nach b' urrannear leanabh a bhiodh aice 'chumail gus am faigheadh e Fionn Mac Chumhail agus a sheachdnar ghillean leis a chumail caithris no faire air a' bhàruinn an oidhche sin. 'S e sin am feum a th' ort, agus feumaidh tu 'bhi 'n sin a nochd."

Thubhairt Fionn an sin ris an t-saor, "Falbh, agus dean long cho luath 's is urrainn thu." Dh' fhalbh an saor do 'n choille, 's gheàrr e stochd mòr feàrna, 's thug e leis air a ghualainn e, agus chuir e aig beul an làin e air an tràigh, agus bhuail e trì buillean de bhàrr a bhròige air, 's rinn e long dheth. An sin chuir iad a-mach air an loch i, agus rinn e stiùir g' a deireadh agus

have ever heard of Feunn Mac Cüail, I am that man." "That we have, long ago," said they; "and it is a great honour to us to be servants to Feunn Mac Cüail."

Feunn then said to the soothsayer, "Will you tell me who is the man that was in the boat and that spoke to me to-day?" The soothsayer said, "That is a great king." Feunn then said, "What does he want with me?" The soothsayer said, "His wife is to be brought to bed to-night, and is to have a young son. She had three children before, but they were stolen; and the king has been told that no child that she may have can be kept unless he get Feunn Mac Cüail and his seven lads to watch her on that night. That is the reason why you are wanted, and you must be there to-night."

Feunn then said to the carpenter, "Go, and make a ship as fast as you can." The carpenter went to the wood, and cut a large alder stock, and carried it on his shoulder, and laid it at the margin of high-water; and he gave it three blows with the point of his shoe and made a ship of it. The ship was then put out on the sea; and the carpenter made a helm for its

beairt g' a bùilsgean. An sin chaidh Fionn 's a sheachdnar ghillean air bòrd orra. Thog iad na siùil bhreaca, bhaidealach ris na crannan caola, fulangach, fiùbhaidh, nach fàgadh ball gun tarruing no fuar bhòrd gun sàrachadh. An fhaochag chrom, chiar, a bha bho cheann sheachd bliadhna air grunnd an aigeil, bheireadh i fead air a beul-mòr is cnag air a h-ùrlar, lùbartaich easgan is feadartaich fhaoileann, a' bhéist bu mhò ag itheadh na béiste 'bu lugha, 's a' bhéist a bu lugha 'deanamh mar a dh' fhaodadh i, brìosan beag laghach mar a thogradh 's mar a dh' iarradh iad-ıhéin, a bheireadh fraoch a beinn 's duilleach a coille, 's seileach òg as a bhun 's as a fhriamhaich. An coinlean, cruaidh coirce nach do chuireadh an uiridh 's nach do bhuaineadh am bliadhna ghearradh i le ro fheabhas a stiùraidh, croin àrda 'g an lùbadh, 's siùil ùra 'g an reubadh, a' caitheamh na fairge fiolcanaich, falcanaich, leobhar-ghuirm, leabhar-uaine, 's leabhar-dheirge Lochlannaich. Ràinig iad an sin Lochlann, agus thug iad an long air tìr, agus chaidh iad suas gu pailis rìgh Lochlainn, 's chaidh rìgh Lochlainn a-mach an coinneamh Fhinn Mhic Chumhail, agus chuir e fàilte shuilbhir air, is thubhairt e ris, "'S math a rinn thu tighinn." An sin thug e 'stigh e do 'n phailis, 's chaidh bòrd a chur air a' bheulaobh,

stern and tackle for its middle; and Feunn and his seven lads went on board of it. They hoisted the spotted, towering sails to the slender, tough, arrowy masts, which would leave no rope undrawn or weather-board unstrained. The spiral, dusky periwinkle which was for seven years in the bottom of the deep, made a hissing noise on its gunwale and a cracking noise on its floor. Eels were swimming about with serpentine motion. The bigger beast was eating the smaller beast, and the smaller beast was doing as best it could. They had a little, pleasant breeze, such as they would choose and desire, which would take heather from a hill, foliage from a wood, and young willow from its base and roots. The hard oat stalks which were not planted last year nor reaped this year, the ship cut by the great excellence of its steering. Tall masts were bent and new sails were rent while it was cleaving the dashing, splashing, light-blue, light-green, light-red, Scandinavian sea. They reached Lochlann, and hauled the ship ashore, and went up to the palace of the King of Lochlann. The King of Lochlann went out to meet Feunn, and gave him a cheerful welcome, and said to him, "You have done well to come." He then took him into the

de na h-uile seòrsa béidh. Bha iad a cur seachad na h-oidhche mar a b' fheàrr a dh' fhaodadh iad; agus dh' fhàs a' bhàruinn tinn, agus thàinig mac òg thun an t-saoghail dhi 'n sin. Chaidh Fionn 's a sheachdnar ghillean a chur g' a faireadh. 'S e sin a thàinig an t-aon cheòl a bu bhinne 'chualas riamh, agus chuir e 'h-uile duine 'n an cadal. Gillean Fhinn Mhic Chumhail thuit iad 'n an cadal. Bha Fionn e-fhéin an impis tuiteam leis a' chadal, agus cha robh 'fhios aige gu 'd é dheanadh e. An sin chuir e 'n *poker* 's an teine, 's rinn e gu math teth e, agus ghleidh e ri 'smig e, air chor is an uair a chromadh e 'cheann a sìos gu 'm beanadh e ris a' *phoker;* agus bha so 'g a chumail 'n a fhaireachadh. An sin thug e sùil uair de na h-uaireanan mu'n cuairt, agus chunnaic e làmh mhòr a' tighinn a-nuas a bràigh an t-seòmair 's a' deanamh dìreach air a' phàiste 'bh' aig a' bhàruinn chum a thogail leatha. Ghlaodh Fionn, "A ghramaiche, am bheil thu 'd chadal?"

Ghlaodh an gramaiche, "Cha 'n 'eil a-nis."

Thubhairt Fionn ris, "Ma rinn thu gramadachd riamh tha agad ri dheanamh a-nis."

Dh' éirich an gramaiche 'n sin, 's rug e air chaol dhùirn air an làimh, agus thug an làmh a sùas e gus an d' ràinig e mullach an t-seòmair, agus dh' fhorc e 'dhà chois gu h-àrd ri mullach

"FIRMHOLDER."

palace, where a table was set before him, on which there was every kind of food. They were spending the night as they best could when the queen became unwell, and a young son was born to her. Feunn and his seven lads were sent to watch her. Then came the sweetest music that was ever heard; and it sent them all asleep. Feunn Mac Cüail's men fell asleep. Feunn himself was like to fall with sleepiness, and did not know what to do. At last he put the poker in the fire and made it pretty hot, and held it to his chin, so that when he would bend his head it would touch the poker; and this kept him awake. Happening to look round, he saw a large hand coming down from the roof of the room, and making straight for the queen's child in order to carry it away. Feunn called, "Are you asleep, firm-holder?"

The firm-holder called, "I am not now."

Feunn said to him, "If you have ever taken a firm hold, you have to take it now."

The firm-holder rose, and grasped the hand by the wrist, and the hand drew him up to the roof of the room. He planted his feet firmly

an t-seòmair, agus thug e nuas an làmh gus na bhuail e 'dhruim fhéin air an ùrlar, agus thug esan an dara spìonadh orra, agus thug e as an t-slinnean i; agus ma chaidil iad le ceòl binn dhùisg iad le sgreadail 's le sgreuchail uamhasaich. Bha' n so an tigh air a dhùsgadh, agus thòisich greadhnachas anabarrach 's toil-inntinn gus an robh an là ann. Fhuair iad biadh is deoch gu leòir airson am braiceas an là'r na mhàireach; agus thubhairt an rìgh ri Fionn, "Gu 'd é 'nis am paigheadh a tha thu 'g iarraidh orm-sa?"

Thubhairt Fionn, "Cha 'n 'eil mi 'g iarraidh paigheadh sam bith, na 'm faighinn claidheamh math."

"Bheir mi sin duit," thubhairt an rìgh. Thug an rìgh an sin e do sheòmar nan arm, agus thubhairt e ris, "Claidheamh sam bith an sin a roghnaicheas tu-fhéin gheibh thu e." Bha Fionn a' làimhseachadh 's a' feuchainn nan claidhean, ach cha robh e 'faotainn gin a bha 'g a thoileachadh. Thug an rìgh an sin a-nall an claidheamh mòr a bh' aig a sheanair, 's chuir e 'n làimh Fhinn e, 's chòrd e gu math ri Fionn. An sin thubhairt Fionn ri 'ghillean, "Nach fhearra dhuinn a-nis a bhi tilleadh dhachaidh!" "'S fheàrr," thubhairt na gillean. Ghabh iad an sin thun a' chadaich, 's chuir iad a-mach an

against the roof, and pulled the hand down till he struck his back against the floor. He gave it a second pull, and took it from the shoulder. If they were before set asleep by sweet music, they were now wakened by horrible screeching and shrieking. The house was roused, and great festivity and merriment began and were kept up till daybreak. They had abundance of food and drink to breakfast on the morrow ; and the king said to Feunn, "What payment do you now ask of me ?"

Feunn said, "I ask no payment if I get a good sword."

"I'll give you that," said the king. The king brought him to the armoury, and said to him that he would get any of the swords in it that he might select. He was handling and trying the swords, but he found none that pleased him. The king then fetched his grandfather's claymore, and put it in Feunn's hand ; and Feunn was well pleased with it. Then Feunn said to his lads, "Had we not better be returning home ?" "Yes," said the lads. They

long, 's thàinig iad a h-uile ceum do dh' Eirinn leatha, 's chaidh iad a dh' ionnsuidh an àite far an robh na bùithean aige, agus a dhaoine. Phàigh e 'n so tuarasdal nan gillean, agus dh' fhalbh, is dh' fhàg iad e.

then set off to the shore, launched the ship, came with her all the way to Eirin, and went to the place where the tents and men were. Feunn paid the lads their wages, and they left him.

III.

RÌGH A BH' AIR ALBAINN.

Bha aon mhac agus nighean aig an rìgh so. Thàinig famhair mòr, agus thug e leis an nighean gun taing. Bha còmhnuidh an fhamhair so ann an uaimh mhòir. Bhuail galar a' bhàis an rìgh, agus shiubhail e. Chaidh an sin a thìodhlacadh, agus bha 'mhac ri bròn 's ri caoidh as a dhéidh. Bu bhidheanta leis dol a dh' ionnsuidh na lice 's a' chladh a chaoineadh, agus uaireanan a chadal. Là 'bha 'n sin chaidil e aig an lic, agus thàinig gille mòr, fuathasach gràndа ri amharc air far an robh e, agus thubhairt e ris an rìgh òg, "Feumaidh mise 'bhi agad-sa am gille gu ceann là 's bliadhna."

Thubhairt an rìgh òg ris, "Cha bhi a leithid de dhuine gràndа agam-sa 'n a ghille, a chionn 'n uair a chì mo sheirbheisich thu 's ann a ghabhas iad eagal romhad."

"Tha sin 's a roghainn a bhi dha; feumaidh mise 'bhi am ghille agad," ars' an gille mòr. "Feumaidh tu sgur a bhi caoidh t-athar, oir éiridh na's miosa dhuit. Théid mise ad ionnsuidh am màireach."

III.

A KING OF ALBAINN.

This king had one son and one daugher. A big giant, who dwelt in a big cave, came and took the daughter with him by force. The king was seized with a mortal illness, and died. He was buried ; and his son was mourning and lamenting for him. He was in the habit of going to the grave-stone in the burying-ground to cry, and at times to sleep. One day, when he slept at the stone, a big and very ugly lad came to him, and said, "I must be a servant with you till the end of a day and a year."

The young king said to him, "I will not have so ugly a man as a servant, for when my servants see you they will become afraid of you."

"Be that as it will, I must be a servant with you," said the big lad. "You must give over lamenting your father, or worse will befall you. I will join you to-morrow."

Dh' fhalbh an rìgh an so ,'s chaidh e dhachaidh, agus e fìor dhuilich a leithid de ghille 'thachairt air. Anns a' mhaduinn an là 'r na mhàireach chaidh an dorus a bhualadh, 's dh' éirich an rìgh, 's dh' fhosgail e 'n dorus, agus thàinig gille briagh a-stigh far an robh e, agus thubhairt e ris, "Am bheil gille 'dhìth ort an diugh, a rìgh Albainn?"

"Cha 'n 'eil," ars' an rìgh; "fhuair mi gille gràndа 'n dé, agus mur bhi sin ghabhainn thu."

Dh' fhalbh an gille mòr agus chuir e car dheth air an ùrlar, is 'd e bh' aig an rìgh ach an gille gràndа 'fhuair e 'n dé! Thubhairt an gille 'n sin ris an rìgh, "An e so e?"

"'S tu," ars' an rìgh; "ach fàs ad ghille briagh a rìs, agus bithidh mi ro thoilichte t-fhaotuinn."

Dh' fhalbh an gille, agus chuir e 'n car ud dheth fhéin, agus dh' fhàs e 'n a ghille briagh mar a bha e 'n uair a thàinig e 'stigh. Thubhairt e 'n sin ris an rìgh, "Bha mi 'g iarraidh ort sgur a bhi caoidh t-athar na's fhaide."

Chaidh an rìgh an là so ris a dh' ionnsuidh na lice fo 'n robh 'athair air a thìodhlacadh, agus chaidil e, agus thàinig guth g' a ionnsuidh, agus thubhairt e ris, "Am bheil thu ad chadal, a rìgh og Albainn?" 's thubhairt an rìgh, "Cha 'n eil a-nis," 's e 'dùsgadh. Thubhairt an guth so ris, "Feumaidh tu 'innseadh dhomh-sa gu 'd é

The king went home, very grieved that he had fallen in with such a servant. Next morning the door was struck; and the king rose, and opened it; and a fine-looking lad entered, and said, "Are you in want of a servant to-day, King of Albainn?"

"I am not," said the king; "I got an ugly servant yesterday. Were it not for that I would take you."

The big lad went, and gave himself a turn on the floor; and whom should the king have but the ugly lad that he got yesterday! The lad said to the king, "Is this he?"

"Yes, yes," said the king; "but become a fine-looking lad again, and I shall be very glad to get you."

The lad went and gave himself another turn, and became fine-looking as he was when he came in. He then said to the king, "I requested you to give over lamenting your father."

The king went this day again to the stone beneath which his father was buried, and he slept; and a voice came to him and said, "Are you asleep, young King of Albainn?" The king, wakening, said, "I am not now." The voice said to him, "You must tell me what has

'chum rìgh Eirinn gun ghean, gun ghàire o cheann sheachd bliadhna." Thubhairt an rìgh ris a'ghuth, "Cha'n urrain domh-sa fios fhaotainn air a sin." Thubhairt an guth, " Mur h-urrainn thig an ceann dhiot-sa."

Thill an rìgh dhachaidh an là so 'dh' ionnsuidh a thighe, agus e fuathasach duilich ; agus choinnich an gill' aig' e, agus thubhairt an gille ris, "Gu 'd é 'th' oirbh an diugh, a rìgh Albainn ? oir tha sibh ag amharc ro bhrònach."

Thubhairt an rìgh ris, "Cha 'n iongantach sin"; agus thubhairt an gille ris, " Innsibh dhomh gu 'd é 'th' oirbh"; 's thubhairt an rìgh, " Tha gu'm feum mi falbh a dh' fhaotuinn fios gu 'd é 'chum rìgh Eirinn gun ghean, gun ghàire o cheann sheachd bliadhna."

" Mata," thubhairt an gille, " nach d' iarr mis' oirbh sgur a bhi 'caoidh ur n-athar. 'S iomadach gaisgeach foghainteach a chaidh a dh' iarraidh sgeòil air a sin, agus cha 'n fhacar gin riamh dhiubh a' tilleadh air an ais. Co dhiubh feumaidh tu falbh, agus falbhaidh mise leat ; agus mur fheàird thu mi cha mhisd thu mi."

An là'r na mhàireach dh' fhalbh iad ; agus 'n uair a bha e teann air deireadh an là thubhairt rìgh Albainn ris à' ghille, " C' àit am bi sinn a nochd ?"

Agus thubhairt an gille ris an rìgh, " Bithidh

kept the King of Eirin cheerless and laughterless for the last seven years." The king said to the voice, "I cannot find that out." The voice said, "If you cannot the head will come off you."

The king returned home this day exceedingly grieved; and his servant met him, and said to him, "What is the matter with you to-day, King of Albainn? for you look very sad."

The king said, "That is not to be wondered at"; and the lad said to him, "Tell me what is the matter with you." "It is," said the king, "that I must go to find out what has kept the King of Eirin cheerless and laughterless for the last seven years."

"Well!" said the lad, "did I not request you to give over lamenting your father? Many a doughty hero has gone to seek information as to that, but not one of them has ever been seen returning. You must go, at all events; and I will go with you. If you will not be the better of me you shall not be the worse of me."

They set off on the morrow; and when it was near the end of the day the King of Albainn said to the lad, "Where shall we be to-night?"

"With your sister and the big giant," said the lad.

sinn a nochd còmhla ri d' phiuthair agus an fhamhair mhòr."

Thubhairt an rìgh, " Cha bhi, oir marbhaidh e sinn."

Thubhairt an gille mòr ris an rìgh, " Dà thrian 'eagail air fhéin, agus trian oirnn-ne dheth."

Ràinig iad uamh an fhamhair air an fheasgar sin, agus cha robh am famhair a-stigh 'n uair a ràinig iad ; agus 'n uair a chunnaic a phiuthar a bràthair chuir i a dà làimh mu'n cuairt air, agus phòg i e, agus thòisich i air caoinedh. Bha gàirdeachas orra a bràthair fhaicinn air an dàrna dòigh, agus bròn orra air an dòigh eile ; oir bha eagal orra gu marbhadh am famhair e ; agus dh' iarr i orra a bhi 'falbh mu 'n tigeadh am famhair. Dh' fheòraich an gille mòr dhi c' àit an robh e, agus thubhairt i ris, " Tha anns a' bheinn shìne is sheilg." Thubhairt esan an sin ris an rìgh, " Fanaidh tusa còmhla ri d' phiuthair, agus théid mise 'n coinneamh an fhamhair."

Dh' fhalbh an gille 'n sin, agus choinnich e' 'm famhair a' tighinn, agus thubbairt am famhair ris, " Thig a nall làmh rium, agus feuch an seinn thu ceòl dhomh."

Chaidh e null làmh ris, agus tharruing e 'chlaidheamh, agus thug e 'n ceann de 'n fham-

"Not so," said the king, "for he will kill us."

The big lad said to the king, "Two-thirds of his fear on himself, and a third of it on us."

They arrived at the giant's cave on that evening; but the giant was not at home, and when his sister saw her brother, she put her two hands round him, and kissed him, and began to cry. In one way she was rejoiced to see him, but in another she was sorry, for she was afraid that the giant would kill him, and she requested them to go away before the giant would come. The big lad having asked her where he was, she told him that he was in the hill of game and hunting. He then said to the king, "You will remain with your sister, and I will go to meet the giant."

The lad went off, and met the giant coming; and the giant said to him, "Come over near me, and try if you can play me music."

He went over near him, and drew his sword, and took off the giant's head. He took the

hair, agus thug e dhachaidh leis an ceann, agus thìlg e ann an cùil de 'n uaimh e, agus thubhairt e rithe, "Sin agad ceann an fhamhair."

Thug ise sùil air, agus rinn i lasan beag caoinidh, agus thubhairt i ris, "Dh' aithnich mi gu'm bu ghaisgeach thu. Feumaidh tu 'nis 'innseadh dhomh-sa c' àit am bheil mo bràthair 's tu-fhéin a 'dol."

Thubhairt an gille rithe, "Tha sinn a' dol dh' fhaotuinn fios gu 'd é' chum rìgh Eirinn gun ghean, gun ghàire o chéann sheachd bliadhna."

"Mata," ars' ise, "'s iomadh aon a chunnaic mise a dh' fhalbh dh' fheuch am faigheadh iad fios air a sin, agus cha 'n fhaca mi riamh gin a' tilleadh dhiubh."

An sin chuir i 'n òrdugh biadh dhoibh, agus chuir i 'luidhe iad, agus anns a' mhaduinn dh' éirich i gu math tràthail, 's rinn i 'm braiceas. Bha ian geal, anabarrach briagh ri 'fhaicinn aig an fhamhair, agus sheinneadh e 'h-uile seòrsa ceileir a bhiodh aig ian sam bith eile a thuilleadh air a cheileiribh fhéin. Thubhairt an gille an so ri piuthar an rìgh, "Bheir sinn leinn an t-ian; agus ma gheibh rud sam bith bruidhinn de rìgh Eirinn 's e 'n t-ian a bhi againn."

Agus thubhairt ise, "Uh! geibh sibh an t-ian, ach sibh a ghabhail curaim mhaith dheth."

Thubhairt an gille, "Ma thilleas sinne sàbhailte dhachaidh tillidh an t-ian."

head home with him, and threw it in a corner of the cave, and said to the king's sister, "There is the giant's head for you."

She gave it a look and took a little fit of crying, and said to him, "I knew that you were a hero. You must tell me where my brother and you are going."

The lad said to her, "We are going to find out what has kept the King of Eirin cheerless and laughterless for the last seven years."

"Well!" said she, "I have seen many going to try to find that out, but I have never seen any of them returning."

She then prepared food for them, and sent them to bed, and rose pretty early in the morning, and made breakfast for them. The giant had a very beautiful white bird that could warble the various notes of any other bird as well as its own; and the lad said to the king's sister, "We will take the bird with us; for if anything will procure for us speech of the king, it is our having the bird with us."

She said, "You shall get the bird on condition of your taking good care of it."

The lad said to her, "If we return safely home the bird shall."

Thubhairt ise, "An saoil sibh c' uin a dh' fhaodas fiughair a bhi agam-sa ruibh air ur n-ais ?"

Thubhairt an gille rithe, "Ma bhios sinn beò ris biodh fiughair agad ruinn an ceann bliadhna."

An sin dh' fhàg iad beannachd aig piuthar an rìgh, agus thog iad orra, agus ràinig iad baile mòr rìgh Eirinn, agus an sin ràinig iad pailis an rìgh, agus bha 'n oidhche ann 'n uair a ràinig iad, agus bha balla àrd, mòr mu 'n cuairt pailis an rìgh, air alt 's nach faigheadh duine a-stigh gus an rachadh na geatachan fhosgladh 's a' mhadiunn. Dh' fhuirich iad taobh a' bhalla sin gus an d' thàinig a' mhaduinn, a' sràid-imeachd 's a' cumail blàiths orra fhéin. Am balla mòr a bh' ann an so bha bioran iaruinn taobh ri taobh air a mhullach, agus ceann duine air a h-uile bior dhiubh ach an dà bhior. B' iad sin cinn na feadhnach a bha 'dol a dh' iarraidh sgeòil mu chor an rìgh. Thubhairt an gille 'n sin ris an rìgh, "Am faic thu sin ? 'S iad na cinn againn-ne, ma dhaoite, 'théid air an dà stop sin."

Thubhairt an rìgh, "Cha 'n 'eil atharrach air. Tha mise 'creidsinn gur h-ann mar sin a bhios."

Thubhairt an gille mòr an sin, "'Dean air t-athais ; cha 'n 'eil thu cinnteach"; agus dh' fhalbh an gille mòr, agus chuir e 'n t-ian air aon de na stuib, agus thubhairt e ris, "Seinn a-nis ma rinn thu riamh e."

She said, "When, think you, may I expect you back?"

The lad said, "If we be alive you may expect us at the end of a year."

They then bade the king's sister good-bye and set off, and arrived at the King of Eirin's big town. It was night when they reached the king's palace. This palace was surrounded by a big, high wall, so that no one could get in till the gates were opened in the morning. They remained beside the wall till morning, walking about, and trying to keep themselves warm. This wall was surmounted by a row of iron spikes; and on each of them, except two, was a man's head. These were the heads of those that had gone to inquire about the king's condition. The lad then said to the king (of Albainn), "Do you see that? Our heads, perhaps, are those that are to go on these two spikes."

The king said, "It cannot be helped. I believe that it will be so."

The big lad said, "Take it easy: you are not sure"; and he went and put the bird on one of the spikes, and said to it, "If you have ever sung, sing now."

Thòisich an t-ian air seinn, agus chualaig rìgh Eirinn e, agus air leis nach cual e riamh ceòl cho taitneach ris; agus thog e suas an uinneag, agus chunnaic e dithis dhaoine 'n an seasamh taobh a-mach a 'bhalla, agus chunnaic e 'n t-ian bòidheach so air fear de na bioran, agus thubhairt e ris a' ghille aige, "Falbh a-mach, agus abair ris na daoin' ud tighinn a-stigh an so, agus thugadh iad a-stigh leò 'n t-ian chum gu 'n cluinn mise tacan d' a cheòl, agus gheibh iad pàigheadh math air a shon, agus their thu riutha gun duin' air bith' 'g am faicinn a' tighinn a-stigh ach iad-fhein."

Chaidh an gille 'n sin a-mach, agus thubhairt e riutha gu'n robh rìgh Eirinn 'g an iarraidh a-stigh, agus gun duine 'g am faicinn a 'dol a-stigh ach iad-fhéin, agus ars' esan riutha, "Thugaibh an t-ian a-stigh leibh."

"Ud! ud! ni sinn sin," ars' an gille mòr

A stigh ghabh iad an so, agus bha dorsair a-stigh a' feitheamh an doruis, agus rug an gille mòr air dhà chois air, agus spad e ris an ursainn e, agus chaidh gille rìgh Eirinn, agus dh' innis e dha gu'n do spad an gille mòr an dorsair. "Falbh 's abair riutha tighinn a-stigh an so," ars' an rìgh, "chum gu'n cluinn mise tacan de cheileireadh an eòin."

Thubhairt an gille mòr, "Gheibh e sin airson a phàigheadh mhath fhéin."

The bird began to sing; and the King of Eirin heard it, and thought that he had never heard such charming music. He lifted the window, and saw two men standing on the outside of the wall, and the beautiful bird on one of the spikes; and he said to his man-servant, "Go out, and ask yon men to come in here with the bird, that I may hear its music for a while; tell them that they shall be well paid for it, and charge them to let no one see them going in but themselves."

The servant went out, and said to them that the king wished them to go in, and that no one was to see them going in but themselves; and, said he, "Bring the bird in with you."

"Certainly," said the big lad.

In they went, and the big lad caught the doorkeeper (who was within, attending the door) by the legs, and brained him against the door-post. The King of Eirin's servant went and told the king that the big lad had brained the doorkeeper "Go, and tell them to come in here," said the king, "that I may hear the bird's warbling for a while."

The big lad said, "He shall hear that for his own good payment."

Chaidh iad an sin a-stigh do sheòmar an rìgh, agus thubhairt an rìgh riutha, "Nach sibhse na daoine ladurna, mi-mhodhail dol a spadadh an dorsair agam-sa?"

"Nach ann agad fhéin a bha 'choire?" ars' an gille mòr.

"Cia-mar a bha 'choire agam-sa dheth?" ars' an rìgh.

"Innsidh mi sin duit," ars' an gille mòr. "Nach do chuir thu fios le d' ghille gun duine 'g ar faicinn a' tighinn a-stigh ach esan? Mur bhi sin cha do bhean mise ri d' dhorsair."

Thubhairt an rìgh, "Leigidh sinn sin seachad an dràst. Tha toil agam tacan de cheileireadh an eòin a chluinntinn, agus pàighidh mi thu air a shon." Thubhairt an rìgh ris, "Cuir an t-ian gu h-àrd air a' *phreas* an sin."

Chuir an gille mòr an t-ian an sin air a' *phreas* a suas, agus thòisich an t-ian an sin air ceileireadh, agus thaitinn e ris an rìgh gu h-anabarrach math, agus thubhairt an rìgh ris, "Gu 'd é 'nis am pàigheadh a tha tha 'g iarraidh?"

Thubhairt an gille mòr, "'S e 'm pàigheadh a tha mi 'g iarraidh gu 'n innis thu dhomh-sa gu 'd é 'chum thu gun ghean, gun ghàire o cheann sheachd bliadhna."

"Ah!" ars' an rìgh, "am bheil thu-fhéin a' smuaineachadh gu 'n innsinn-sa sin dhuit-sa?

They then went into the king's room; and the king said to them, "What presumptuous and rude men you are to have brained my doorkeeper!"

"Are you not yourself to blame?" said the big lad.

"How am I to blame?" said the king.

"I'll tell you that," said the big lad. "Did you not send word with your servant that no one was to see us going in but he? Were it not for that I would not have touched your doorkeeper."

The king said, "We will let that pass for the present. I wish to hear the warbling of your bird for a while, and will pay you for it. Put the bird up on the press there."

The big lad put the bird up on the press; and it began to warble; and the king was very much pleased with it, and said, "What payment do you now ask?"

The big lad said, "The payment that I now ask is that you tell me what has kept you cheerless and laughterless for the last seven years."

"Ah!" said the king, "do you think that I would tell you that? Many a man has come

'S iomadh fear a thàinig a dh' fheuchainn am faigheadh iad fios air a sin nach do thill dhachaidh a dh' innseadh sgeòil, agus 's ann mar sin a dh' éireas dhuit-sa agus do d' mhaighstir. Cha 'n 'eil bior air a bhall' ud air nach 'eil ceann duine ach an dà bhior, agus 's e do cheann-sa agus ceann do mhaighstir a théid orra sin aig dà uair dheug an diugh."

Thubhairt an gille mòr ris an rìgh, "Cha 'n 'eil thu uile gu léir cinnteach. 'S fhearra dhuit innseadh dhomh-sa, agus mur innis thu ad dheòin e innsidh tu gun taing e."

"A bheadagain bhalaich! an ann mar sin a fhreagaras tu rìgh Eirinn?"

Agus thubhairt an gille mòr, "'S ann dìreach mar sin, agus mur innis thu ad dheòin e innsidh tu gun taing e."

Dh' fhalbh an gille mòr an sin, is rug e air dhà chois air an rìgh, agus thilg e thar nan seachd spàrran a sìos e, agus air 'ais thar nan seachd spàrran a nìos e. Ghlaodh an rìgh an sin ris a' ghille mhòr, "Oh! leig leam-sa mo bheatha, agus gheibh thu fios air an ni 'tha 'dhìth ort."

Thubhairt an gille mòr, "Tha sin cho glic dhuit."

Thubhairt an rìgh ris, "Dean suidhe a-nis. Bha mise agus daoin' uaisle còmhla rium an so

to try to find out that who has never returned home to tell a tale; and it will fare thus with you and your master. On every one of the spikes on yonder wall, except two, there is a man's head: and your head and your master's will be placed on these two at twelve o'clock to-day."

The big lad said to the king, "You are not quite sure. You had better tell it to me; for if you do not tell it willingly, you will be forced to tell it."

"You impertinent fellow! is that the way you answer the King of Eirin?"

"That is just the way," said the big lad; "and if you do not tell it willingly, you will be forced to tell it."

The big lad then caught the king by the legs, and threw him forward over the seven cross-beams, and backward over the seven cross-beams. Upon this the king called out to the big lad, "Oh! spare my life, and you shall be informed of what you wish to know."

The big lad said, "That is as wise for you."

The king said to him, "Be seated now. I had gentlemen dining with me here seven years

aig dìnneir o cheann sheachd bliadhna, agus 'n uair a bha 'n dìnneir seachad againn bha sinn a-mach 'a sealgaireachd, agus chunnaic sinn maigheach, agus chaidh sinn as a déigh le 'r coin dh' fheuch am faigheadhmaid a marbhadh, agus lean sinn i gus an d' ràinig sinn aoineadh mòr anns an robh mòran de dh' uamhachan, agus char i sinn, agus chaidh i stigh feadh nan toll 's nan uamhachan, agus dh' éirich dhuinn an sin gu 'n deachaidh sinn a-stigh do 'n cheud uaimh a thachair oirnn, agus an uair a chaidh sinn a-stigh bha famhair mòr a-stigh agus dà mhac dheug leis 'n an suidhe, agus thubhairt am famhair ruinn, 'Failte dhuit, a rìgh Eirinn. Dean suidhe air an taobh ud thall de 'n uaimh.' Shuidh mise an sin agus an dà dhuin' uasal deug a bha còmhla rium, agus thubhairt am famhair rium, 'Co dhiubh is fheàrr leat cluich air an ubhal-neamha no air a' ghreidil theth?' agus thubhairt mi ris, 'Feuchaidh sinn an t-ubhal-neamha fhéin.' Cha robh uair a thilgeadh esan an t-ubhal-neamha 'nall nach marbhadh e aon de na h-uaislean, agus 'n uair a thilginn-sa 'null i cheapadh e i le roinn sgine pinn, agus mharbh e leis an ubhal an dà dhuin' uasal dheug, agus rug iad orm-sa 'n sin, agus bha iad 'g am chum-ail mu'n cuairt air teine mòr a bh' aca de dharach gus an robh mi ach beag loisgte, agus thilg iad a-mach as an uaimh mi, agus thàinig

ago. After dinner we went out to hunt, and saw a hare, and chased it with our dogs in order to kill it, and followed it till we reached a big *aoineadh* where there were many caves. The hare doubled upon us, and went in amongst the holes and caves. It happened that we entered the first cave that we met, and when we entered we found sitting there a big giant and his twelve sons. The giant said, 'Hail to you, King of Eirin. Be seated on the other side of the cave.' Then I and the other gentlemen that were with me sat down: and the giant said to me, 'Whether do you like best to play at the venomous apple or at the hot gridiron?' and I said, 'We will try the venomous apple.' Every time that he threw the venomous apple across he killed one of the gentlemen; and when I threw it back he intercepted it with the point of a penknife. He killed the twelve gentlemen with the venomous apple. I was then caught and kept round a large fire of oak till I was almost burnt; and I was thrown out of the cave, and was barely able to get home. My

mi dìreach air éigin dhachaidh"; agus thubhairt an rìgh, "'Ille mhaith 's iomadh fear a thàinig a dh' fhaotuinn fios an sgeòil so nach d' fhuair i, ach fhuair thus' i. 'S e sin a chum mise gun ghean, gun ghàire o cheann sheachd bliadhna."

Thubhairt an gille mòr, "B' fheàrr leam gu'm b' e 'n diugh an là 'bha 'n sin, agus gheibhadh tusa dibhearsainn. Nach fhearra dhuinn dol a-mach an diugh tacan a shealgaireachd dh' fheuch am faic sinn a' mhaigheach?"

"Cha téid," ars' an rìgh: "fhuair mise gu leòir dhi, agus cha téid mi ann."

Thubhairt an gille, "Bheir mis' ort gu'n téid thu ann air neo 's e do cheann a 's ballaiomaineach dhomh-sa sìos an staidhir."

Is ghlaodh an rìgh, "Oh! 'ille mhaith, leig leam-sa mo beatha, agus falbhaidh mi leat taobh sam bith a thogras tu."

Dh' fhalbh an so rìgh Eirinn, rìgh Albainn, agus an gille mòr, agus chaidh iad a-mach a shealgaireachd, agus thachair maigheach orra, agus thubhairt an gille mòr ri rìgh Eirinn, "Saoil thu an e so a' mhaigheach a thachair ort roimhid?"

Thubhairt an rìgh, "Cha 'n urrainn domh-sa a ràdh co dhiubh is i no nach i, ach tha i coltach rithe."

Dh' fhalbh a' mhaigheach an sin, agus lean iad as a déigh, agus ghabh i a dh' ionnsuidh an

good lad! many a man has come to find out these things who has not found them out, but you have. That is what has kept me cheerless and laughterless for the last seven years."

The big lad said, "I wish that to-day was that day: if it was, you would get sport. Had we not better go out to-day to hunt for a while to try if we can see the hare?"

"No," said the king: "I had enough of the hare, and will not go."

The lad said, "I will make you go; for if you do not I will toss your head downstairs like a shinty-ball."

The king cried, "Oh! my good lad, spare my life, and I will go with you wherever you wish."

Then the King of Eirin, the King of Albainn, and the big lad went out to hunt: and a hare met them: and the big lad said to the King of Eirin, "Do you think that this is the hare that you met before?"

The king said, "I cannot say whether it is or not, but it resembles it."

The hare then made off; and they followed it; and it made for the *aoineadh* as before; and

aoinidh mar a rinn i riomhid, agus chaill iad sealladh dhi am measg nan toll 's nan uamhachan a bha 'n sin. Ghabh iad a-stigh do 'n uaimh 's an robh am famhair mòr 's a dhà mhac dheug, agus an uair a chaidh iad a-stigh thubhairt am famhair mòr, "Oh! a rìgh Eirinn an d' thàinig thu 'rìs g' am shealltuinn?"

Thubhairt an gille mòr ris an fhamhair, "Dà thrian t-eagail ort fhéin is trian oirnn-ne dheth. Co dhiubh is fheàrr leat-sa an diugh dol a chliuch air an ubhal-neamha no air a' ghreidil theth?"

Thubhairt am famhair, "Feuchaidh sinn an t-ubhal-neamha fhéin."

Rug am famhair air un ubhal-neamha, 's thilg e null air a' ghille mhòr i, agus cheap an gille mòr i air roinn sgine pinn; agus 'n uair a thilgeadh an gille mòr a null an ubhal-neamha mharbhadh e fear de mhic an fhamhair ri' ghualainn, agus dheanamh rìgh Eirinn gàire éibhinn bho ghrunnd a chridhe. Ma bha e iomadh bliadhna gun ghàire a dheanamh fhuair e gàire an là sin. Mharbh an gille mòr dà mhac dheug an fhamhair leis an ubhal-neamha. An sin rug iad air an fhamhair, 's thug iad dheth a chuid aodaich, agus dh' fhadaidh iad teine mòr de ghlas-darach, agus ròsd iad ris an tein' e, agus thilg iad e taobh a-mach na h-uamha, 's cha b' urrainn e gluasad no carachadh. An sin thug

they lost sight of it among the holes and caves that were there. They went into the cave in which the big giant and his twelve sons were; and when they entered the big giant said, "Oh! King of Eirin, have you come to see me again?"

The big lad said to the giant, "Two-thirds of your fear on yourself and a third of it on us. Whether do you like best to-day to play at the venomous apple or to play at the hot gridiron?"

The giant said, "We will try the venomous apple.'

The giant caught the venomous apple, and threw it across at the big lad; and the big lad intercepted it with the point of a penknife. When the big lad threw the venomous apple back he killed one of the giant's sons who stood at his shoulder; and the King of Eirin gave a gleeful laugh that came from the bottom of his heart. If many a year had elapsed since he laughed he got a good laugh that day. The big lad killed the giant's twelve sons with the venomous apple. They then caught the giant, took his clothes off him, kindled a big fire of peeled oak, and roasted him at the fire, and threw him outside the cave; and he could not move. They took away all the gold and silver

iad leo na bha de dh' òr 's de dh' airgiod aig an fhamhair mhòr, is thill iad dhachaidh gu tigh rìgh Eirinn. Thug iad an oidhche sin còmhla ri rìgh Eirinn, agus bha e anabarrach uile caoimhneil riutha, agus bha e airson gu'm fanadh an gille mòr aige fhéin tuilleadh.

An là'r na mhàireach thog rìgh Albainn 's an gille mòr orra gu tilleadh do dh' Albainn, 's cha do stad iad gus an d' thàinig iad gu tigh piuthar an rìgh, an té 'bh' aig an fhamhair pòsda a thug an gille mòr an ceann deth mu'n d' fhalbh iad do dh' Eirinn. Bha piuthar an rìgh ann am bròn mòr an déigh a bràthar, is eagal orra nach tilleadh e tuilleadh; agus 'n uair a chunnaic i e chuir i 'dà làimh mu'n cuairt air le toil-inntinn, agus chuir iad an oidhche sin seachad anns an uaimh. Dh' fhalbh an rìgh, a phiuthar, agus an gille mòr an là'r na mhàireach, agus thàinig iad dhachaidh a dh' ionnsuidh tigh an rìgh ann an gàirdeachas mòr. Thubhairt an gille mòr an sin ris an rígh, "Tha mise' nis dol g' ad fhàgail, agus ma chuala tu riamh iomradh air Muracha Mac Brian 's e sin m' ainm-sa, agus bha e mar fhiachaibh orm an uiread ud de sheirbheis a dheanamh riut-sa. Sguir tuilleadh a bhi caoidh t-athar, 's cha 'n 'eil eagal duit. Tha mi 'fàgail beannachd agad a-nis, agus bithidh mi 'falbh."

that the big giant had, and returned home to the King of Eirin's house. They spent that night with the King of Eirin, who was exceedingly kind to them, and wished the big lad to stay with him permanently.

Next day the King of Albainn and the big lad set off to return to Albainn; and they did not halt till they reached the dwelling of the king's sister—she who was married to the giant, whose head the big lad took off before they started for Eirin. The king's sister was very sad after her brother, fearing that he would never return; and when she saw him she put her two hands round him with delight; and they passed that night in the cave. The king, his sister, and the big lad set off next day, and arrived at the king's house with great rejoicing. The big lad then said, "I am now going to leave you. If you have ever heard of Murdoch Mac Brian, that is my name. I was under obligation to do you the amount of service that I have done. Give over lamenting your father, and there will be no fear of you. I now bid you good-bye, and will be going away."

IV.

BUACHAILLECHD CHRUACHAIN.

Bha triùir mhac aig buachaille Chruachain, agus dh' fhàs e tinn an galar a bhàis, agus chuir e fios air a mhac a bu shine 'thighinn a bhruidhinn ris. Thàinig a mhac an sin a bhruidhinn ris; agus thubhairt 'athair ris, "A mhic, 's e mu'n do chuir mi fios ort gu bheil a' choltas orm-sa nach bi mi fada 's an t-saoghal so, agus tha mi toileach, gu'n gabhadh tusa buachailleachd Chruachain."

Thubhairt a mhac ris, "Cha ghabh mi no taing dhuit-s' air a shon"; agus thubhairt 'athair, "Abair ri d' bhràthair meadhonach tighinn an so a bhruidhinn rium-sa."

An sin thàinig am mac meadhonach, agus thubhairt e, "'Athair gu 'd é 'm feum a th' agad orm-sa ?"

Thubhairt 'athair ris, "Tha dh' fheuch an gabh thu buachailleachd Chruachain ?"

Thubhairt a mhac, "Cha gabh no buidheachas dhuibh air a shon."

Thubhairt 'athair ris, "Abair ri d' bhràthair òg tighinn an so."

IV.

THE HERDING OF CRUACHAN.

The herdsman of Cruachan had three sons. He became sick with a mortal disease, and sent for his eldest son to come to speak to him. The son came; and his father said to him, "My son, the reason why I have sent for you is that I am likely not to be long in this world, and that I wish you to take the herding of Cruachan."

His son said to him, "I will not take it nor thank you for the offer of it"; and his father said, "Bid your middle brother come here to speak to me."

The middle son came, and said, "Father, what do you want with me?"

His father said, "I wish to ascertain if you will take the herding of Cruachan?"

His son said, "I will not, nor thank you for the offer of it."

His father said to him, "Bid your young brother come here."

Thàinig am mac òg an sin, 's thubhairt e ri 'athair, "Gu 'd é 'm feum a th' agaibh orm an diugh, a dhuine?" agus thubhairt 'athair ris, "Tha 'choltas orm-sa gu bheil am bàs dlùth orm a-nis."

Agus thubhairt a mhac, "Gabhaidh mise buachailleachd Chruachain."

Agus thubhairt 'athair an sin, "'N uair a shiùbhlas mise, 's a thìodhlaiceas sibh mi théid thu an ceann là no dhà a chuairteachadh Chruachain; agus cuairtichidh tu Cruachan mu 'h-aon agus Cruachan mu 'dhà, agus suidhidh tu air tulachan taitneach, taobh-uaine air an éireadh grian gu moch agus air an luidheadh i gu h-anamoch; agus an sin thig far am bi thu gruagach òg, casurlach, donn le ball òir 's le caman airgid, agus their e riut, 'Feumaidh tu dol a chluich an diugh rium, a mhic òig. Chaill thu Cruachan.' Their thusa ris an sin, 'Co 'theireadh nach imireadh?' agus cluichidh sibh an là sin, agus their esan riut, 'Tog brìgh do chluiche'; agus their thusa 'n sin, ''S e brìgh mo chluiche-sa 'bhean a's fheàrr a th' ann ad fhearann-sa.' An sin bheir e gu 'fhearann thu, is leigidh e fhaicinn duit mnathan cho briagh 's a chunnaic thu riamh ach cha ghabh thusa gin diubh sin. Chì thu té bheag, loireach, odhar a' cartadh a' bhàthaiche, agus their thu

His young son came, and said to his father, "What do you want with me to-day, father?" and his father said to him, "To all appearance death is near me."

The son said, "I will take the herding of Cruachan."

His father then said, "When I die and you have buried me, you shall in a day or two set out to go round Cruachan, and you shall go round it once and go round it twice, and you shall sit on a pleasant, green-sided hillock on which the sun rises early and sets late: and there will come to you a young, curly, brown-haired wizard-champion with a gold ball and silver shinty, who will say to you, 'You must go to play with me to-day, young son. You have lost Cruachan.' You shall then say to him, 'Who would say that I must not?' and you will play together on that day; and he will say to you, 'Take the reward of your play'; and you shall say, 'The reward of my play is the best woman on your land.' He will then bring you to his land, and show you women as beautiful as you ever saw, but you shall take none of them. You will see a little, untidy, swarthy woman cleaning the byre, and you shall say to the wizard-champion,

ris a' ghruagach, "'S i sin a' bhean a bhios agam-sa' ; agus bheir e dhuit i, agus pòsaidh tu i, agus bheir thu leat dhachaidh i ; agus innsidh ise dhuit a h-uile nì is còir dhuit a dheanamh. Mo bheannachd leat a-nis, agus gu ma math a shoirbhicheas Cruachan duit."

Shiubhail 'athair an sin, agus thìodhlaic iad e; agus a' cheud là 'chaidh esan a chuairteachadh Chruachain chuartich e mu 'h-aon e agus chuairtich e mu 'dhà e, agus shuidh e air tulachan taitneach, taobh-uaine air an éireadh grian gu moch 's air an luidheadh i gu h-anamoch ; agus thàinig an gruagach òg, casurlach, donn far an robh e le ball òir 's le caman airgid, agus thubhairt e ris, "An imir thu dol a chluich an diugh rium, a mhic oig ? Chaill thu Cruachan."

Thubhairt am buachaill' òg, "Co 'theireadh nach imireadh ?"

Chluich iad an là gu teth, togarrach. Bhuidhinn mac òg rìgh Chruachain, agus thubhairt an gruagach, "Tog brìgh do chluiche" ; agus thubhairt esan ris, "'S e brìgh mo chluiche a' bhean a's fheàrr a th' ann ad fhearann."

Thug e 'n sin e gu mnathan cho briagh 's a ghabhadh faicinn ; agus chunnaic e té bheag, loireach, odhar a' cartadh a' bhàthaiche, agus

'That is the woman that I will have'; and he will give her to you; and you shall marry her, and bring her home; and she will tell you everything that you should do. Farewell now: and may Cruachan turn out prosperously for you."

His father then died, and was buried; and the first day that he set off to go round Cruachan he went round it once and went round it twice, and he sat on a pleasant, green-sided hillock on which the sun rises early and sets late: and the young, curly, brown-haired wizard-champion came where he was with a gold ball and a silver shinty, and said to him, "Must you play with me to-day, young son? You have lost Cruachan."

The young herdsman said, "Who would say that I must not?"

They played that day hotly and keenly. The son of the King of Cruachan won; and the wizard-champion said, "Take the reward of your play"; and the herdsman said, "The reward of my play is the best woman on your land."

The wizard-champion then brought him to women as beautiful as could be seen; and he saw a little, untidy, swarthy woman cleaning

thubhairt e, "Sin an té 'bhios agam-sa." Thug e 'n sin dhachaidh i, 's phòs e i.

An là 'r na mhàireach chaidh e 'chuairteachadh Chruachain a rìs, agus chuairtich e mu 'h-aon e, agus chuairtich e mu 'dhà e, agus shuidh e air tulachan taitneach, taobh-uaine air an éireadh grian gu moch 's air an luidheadh i gu h-anamoch ; agus thàinig an gruagach òg, casurlach, donn far an robh e le ball òir 's le caman airgid, agus thubhairt e ris, "An imir thu dol a chluich an diugh rium, a mhic òig ? Chaill thu Cruachan."

Thubhairt am buachaill' òg, "Co theiradh nach imireadh ?"

Chluich iad an là gu teth, togarrach. Bhuidhinn mac rìgh Chruachain, agus thubhairt an gruagach, "Tog brìgh do chluiche," agus thubhairt esan ris, "'Se brìgh mo chluiche an loth a 's fheàrr ann ad fhearann."

An sin thug an gruagach e 'dh' ionnsuidh lothan cho briagh 's a b' urrainn da 'fhaicinn ; agus chunnaic e loth loireach, odhar, agus thubhairt e, "Sin an té 'bhios agam-sa." Thug e leis an loth, 's thill e dhachaidh.

Thubhairt a bhean ris, "Cia-mar a chaidh dhuit an diugh ?"

"Chaidh gu math," ars' esan ; "bhuidhinn mi 'n là."

the byre, and said, "That is the woman that I will have." He then brought her home and married her.

Next day he set off to go round Cruachan again; and he went round it once and went round it twice, and he sat on a pleasant, green-sided hillock on which the sun rises early and sets late; and the young, curly, brown-haired wizard-champion came where he was with a gold ball and silver shinty, and said to him, "Must you go to play with me to-day, young son? You have lost Cruachan."

The young herdsman said, "Who would say that I must not?"

They played that day hotly and keenly. The son of the King of Cruachan won; and the wizard-champion said to him, "Take the reward of your play"; and he said, "The reward of my play is the best filly on your land."

The wizard-champion then took him to fillies as beautiful as he could see; and he saw a shaggy dun filly, and said, "That is the filly that I will have." He took the filly with him and went home.

His wife said to him, "How did it fare with you to-day?"

"Well," said he; "I have won the day."

An là 'r na mhàireach thog e air a chuairteachadh Chruachain, agus chuairtich e Cruachan mu 'h-aon, agus chuairtich e mu 'dhà e, agus shuidh e air tulachan taitneach, taobh uaine air an éireadh grian gu moch 's air an luidheadh i gu h-anamoch, agus thàinig an gruagach òg, casurlach, donn far an robh e, agus thubhairt e ris, "An imir thu dol a chluich rium an diugh ? Chaill thu Cruachan."

Thubhairt am buachaille ris, "Co 'theiradh nach imireadh ?"

Chluich iad an là sin gu teth, togarrach ; agus chaill buachaille Chruachain an là, agus thubhairt e ris a' ghruagach, "Tog brìgh do chluiche."

Thubhairt an gruagach ris, "'S e brìgh mo chluiche gu'm faigh thu dhomh-sa 'n claidheamh geal soluis a th' aig rìgh na Sorcha."

Chaidh am buachaille dhachaidh feasgar an là sin ; agus an uair a ràinig e 'n tigh cha robh a bhean no 'n loth loireach, odhar r' am faotainn aige. Thàinig am famhair mòr, rìgh na Sorcha, agus ghoid e leis a bhean 's an loth. Chuir e seachad an oidhche so 'n a thigh fhéin, chaidh e 'luidhe. 'N uair a thàinig a' mhaduinn thàinig e 's rinn e 'bhraiceas, agus thog e air as déigh na mnà agus na lotha dh' fheuch am faigheadh e iad. Dheasaich e bonnach a bhiodh

On the morrow he set off to go round Cruachan; and he went round it once and went round it twice, and he sat on a pleasant, green-sided hillock on which the sun rises early and sets late; and the young, curly, brown-haired wizard-champion came where he was and said to him, "Must you go to play with me to-day? You have lost Cruachan."

The herdsman said, "Who would say that I must not?"

They played that day hotly and keenly. The herdsman of Cruachan lost the day, and said to the wizard-champion, "Take the reward of your play."

"The reward of my play is," said the wizard-champion, "that you get for me the white sword of light that the King of Sorcha has."

The herdsman went home in the evening of that day; and when he reached his house neither his wife nor the shaggy dun filly was to be found. The big giant, King of Sorcha, came, and stole away his wife and the shaggy dun filly. He passed that night in his own house, and went to bed. When morning came he made breakfast for himself, and set off in quest of his wife and the filly. He baked a bannock to take with him, and departed.

aige 'n a chuideachd, agus tharruing e air falbh. Bha e 'falbh an sin fada cian, agus trian, agus tamull gus an robh dubhadh air a bhonnaibh agus tolladh air a ghruaidhean, gach ian ceannabhuidhe a' gabhail tàimh am bun nam preas 's am bàrr nan dos, neula dorcha na h-oidhche 'tighinn air, agus neula an là 'dol dheth ; agus chunnaic e tigh fada bhuaithe, 's ge b' fhada bhuaithe cha b' fhada 'g a ruighinn e. Chaidh e 'stigh, is shuidh e ann an ceann uachdair an tighe, 's cha robh duine 'stigh ; agus bha tein' air ùr-fhadadh, 's tigh air ùr-sgubadh, 's leab' air ùr-chàradh ; agus co 'thàinig a-stigh ach seobhag Ghlinne-cuaiche? 's thubhairt i ris, "Am bheil thu 'n so, a mhic òig Chruachain ?"

"Tha," ars' esan.

Thubhairt ise ris, "Am bheil 'fhios agad co 'bha 'n so an raoir ?"

"Cha 'n eil," ars esan.

"Bha," ars' ise, "am famhair mòr, rìgh na Sorcha, do bhean, agus an loth loireach, odhar, agus bha e 'maoidheadh ort gu fuathasach na'm faigheadh e greim ort gu 'n d' thugadh e dhiot an ceann."

"Mata tha mise 'g ad chreidsinn gu math," ars' esan.

Thug i dha biadh is deoch an sin, 's chuir i 'luidhe e. Dh' éirich i 's a' mhaduinn, 's rinn i

He was going on for a long time, till at last his soles were blackened and his cheeks were sunken, the yellow-headed birds were going to rest at the roots of the bushes and the tops of the thickets, and the dark clouds of night were coming and the clouds of day were departing: and he saw a house far from him, but though far from him he did not take long to reach it. He went in, and sat in the upper end of the house; and there was no one within: and the fire was newly kindled, the house newly swept, and the bed newly made; and who came in but the hawk of Glencuaich, and she said to him, "Are you here, young son of Cruachan?"

"I am," said he.

The hawk said to him, "Do you know who were here last night?"

"I do not," said he.

"There were here," said she, "the big giant, King of Sorcha, your wife, and the shaggy dun filly; and the giant was threatening terribly that if he could get hold of you he would take the head off you."

"I well believe it," said he.

She then gave him food and drink, and sent him to bed. She rose in the morning, made

dha 'bhraiceas, agus dheasaich i bonnach dha a bhiodh aig' air an rathad, agus dh' fhalbh e. Feasgar chunnaic e tigh fada bhuaithe, 's ge b' fhada bhuaithe cha b' fhada 'g a ruighinn e. Chaidh e 'stigh, 's shuidh e 'n ceann uachdrach an tighe : 's bha tein' air ùr-fhadadh, 's tigh air ùr-sguabadh, 's leab' air ùr-chàradh. Thàinig a-stigh lach a' chinn uaine, 's thubhairt i ris, "Am bheil thu 'n so a' bhuachaille Chruachain?"

"Tha mi," ars' esan.

"Am bheil 'fhios agad," ars' ise, "co 'bha 'n so an raoir ?"

"Cha 'n 'eil," ars' esan.

"Bha 'n so," ars' ise, "am famhair mòr, rìgh na Sorcha, agus do bhean, agus an loth loireach, odhar, agus e 'maoidheadh ort na'm biodh tu aige gu 'n cuireadh e 'n ceann diot."

"'S mi 'tha 'g ad chreidsinn," ars' esan.

Rinn i biadh 's deoch dha, 's chuir i 'luidhe e. 'S a' mhaduinn an là 'r na mhàireach dh' éirich i, 's rinn i 'bhraiceas, agus dheasaich i bonnach a chuir i leis airson an astair. Dh' fhalbh e 'n sin, is tharruing e. Bha e 'coiseachd air aghaidh fad an là, agus 's an fheasgar chunnaic e tigh beag fada bhuaithe, 's ge b' fhada bhuaithe cha b' fhada 'g a riughinn e. Chaidh e 'stigh, 's shuidh e 'n ceann uachdrach an tighe, agus bha tein' air ùr-ıhadadh, 's tigh

breakfast for him, and baked a bannock for him that he would have on his journey ; and he went away. In the evening he saw a house far from him, but though far from him he did not take long to reach it. He went in, and sat in the upper end of the house : and the fire was newly kindled, the house newly swept, and the bed newly made. The green-headed duck came in, and said to him, "Are you here, herdsman of Cruachan ?"

"I am," said he.

"Do you know," said she, "who were here last night ?"

"I do not," said he.

"There were here," said she, "the big giant, King of Sorcha, your wife, and the shaggy dun filly ; and the giant was threatening that if he had you he would take your head off."

"I thoroughly believe you," said he.

She prepared food and drink for him, and sent him to bed. She rose next morning, and made breakfast for him, and baked a bannock, which she sent with him for the journey. He then set off, and went on. He was walking on all day, and in the evening he saw a little house far from him, but though far from him he did not take long to reach it. He went in, and sat in the upper end of the house : and the fire was

air ùr-sguabadh, 's leab' air ùr-chàradh. An sin thàinig a-stigh mada-ruadh na coille crìonaich, agus thubhairt e ris, "Am bheil thu 'n so a' bhuachaille Chruachain?"

"Tha mi," ars' esan.

"Am bheil 'fhios agad-sa," thubhairt am mada-ruadh, "co 'bha 'n so an raoir?"

"Cha 'n 'eil," ars' esan.

"Bha 'n so," ars' am mada, "am famhair mòr, rìgh na Sorcha, agus do bhean, agus an loth loireach, odhar, agus bha e 'maoidheadh ort gu fuathasach na'm biodh tu 'n so gu 'n cuireadh e 'n ceann dhiot."

"'S mise 'chreideas," arsa buachaille Chruachain.

Thug e biadh dha 'n sin, biadh is deoch, 's chuir e 'luidhe e. 'S a' mhaduinn dh' éirich am mada-ruadh, 's dheasaich e bonnach a chuir e leis airson an astair. Dh' fhalbh e 'n sin, is tharruing e. Feasgar chunnaic e tigh fada bhuaithe, 's ge b' fhada bhuaithe cha b' fhada 'g a ruigheachd e. Chaidh e 'stigh, 's shuidh e 'n ceann uachdrach an tighe. Bha tein' air ùr-fhadadh, tigh air ùr-sguabadh, 's leab air ùr-chàradh, agus thàinig a-stigh dòran donn an ùillt, 's thubhairt e ris, "Am bheil thu 'n so a' bhuachaille Chruachain?"

"Tha," ars' esan.

newly kindled, the house newly swept, and the bed newly made. The fox of the scrubwood then came in, and said to him, "Are you here, herdsman of Cruachan?"

"I am," said he.

"Do you know who were here last night?" said the fox.

"I do not," said he.

"There were here," said the fox, "the big giant, King of Sorcha, your wife, and the shaggy dun filly; and the giant was threatening terribly that if you were here he would take your head off."

"I do believe it," said the herdsman of Cruachan.

He gave him food and drink, and sent him to bed. The fox rose in the morning, and baked a bannock, which he sent with him for his journey. He then set off, and went on. In the evening he saw a house far from him, but though far from him he did not take long to reach it. He went in, and sat in the upper end of the house. The fire was newly kindled, the house was newly swept, and the bed was newly made; and the brown otter of the burn came in, and said to him, "Are you here, herdsman of Cruachan?"

"I am," said he.

"Am bheil 'fhios agad-sa," arsa dòran donn an ùillt, "co 'bha 'n so an raoir?"

"Cha 'n 'eil," ars' am buachaille.

"Bha 'n so," ars' an dòran donn, "am famhair mòr, rìgh na Sorcha, agus do bhean, agus an loth loireach, odhar, agus bha e 'maoidheadh na'm biodh tus' aige 'n so gu 'n d' thugadh e 'n ceann dhiot."

"'S mi chreideas sin," arsa buachaille Chruachain.

Thug e dha biadh is deoch an sin, 's chuir e 'luidhe e; agus a cheud dùsgadh a rinn e 's a' mhaduinn chunnaic e seobhag Ghlinne Cuaiche, lach a' chinn uaine, mada-ruadh na coille crìonaich, agus dòran donn an ùillt, agus *bal* danns' aca air an ùrlar. An sinn rinn iad a' bhraiceas a chur an òrdugh, 's ghabh iad am braiceas uile còmhla, agus thubhairt iad ris, "Ma thig éigin sam bith ort cuimhnich oirnn-ne, agus cuidichidh sinn thu." Dh' fhàg e beannachd ac' an sin, is dh' fhalbh e.

Feasgar an là sin ràinig e' n uamh 's an robh am famhair mòr, rìgh na Sorcha, 'fuireach; agus co 'bha 'stigh roimhe ach a bhean fhéin? Bha 'm famhair mòr air falbh a' sealgaireachd. Thug ise dha biadh an sin, agus chuir i 'm falach e 'n ceann-uachdair na h-uamha, agus aodaichean thairis air 'g a chumail am falach.

"He saw the hawk of Glencuaich, the green-headed duck, the fox of the scrubwood, and the brown otter of the burn, dancing together on the floor."

"Do you know," said the brown otter of the burn, "who were here last night?"

"I do not," said the herdsman.

"There were here," said the brown otter, "the big giant, King of Sorcha, your wife, and the shaggy dun filly; and the giant was threatening that if he had you here he would take your head off."

"I do believe it," said the herdsman of Cruachan.

He gave him food and drink, and sent him to bed; and when he first wakened in the morning, he saw the hawk of Glencuaich, the green-headed duck, the fox of the scrubwood, and the brown otter of the burn dancing together on the floor. They then prepared breakfast, and had it together, and said to him, "Should you be at any time in straits, think of us, and we will help you." After that he bade them farewell, and went away.

On the evening of that day he arrived at the cave where the big giant, King of Sorcha, was dwelling; and who was in before him but his own wife? The big giant was from home, hunting. She gave her husband food, and hid him in the upper end of the cave, and put clothes over him to keep him hid. The big

Thàinig am famhair mòr dhachaidh, 's thubhairt e, "I! O! hoghagaich! tha boladh an fharbhalaich a-stigh."

"Cha 'n 'eil, a ghaoil 's a ghràidh; cha 'n 'eil ann ach ian beag adhair a ròsd mi, agus 's e sin fàile 'tha thusa 'faireachduinn."

"U! ma 's e sin a th' ann," ars' esan, "tha mi coma."

An sin thubhairt i ris, "B' fheàrr leam gu'n innseadh tu dhomh c' àit am bheil do bheatha 'g a gleidheil 's gu'n gabhainn cùram math dhi."

"Tha i ann an cloich ghlais," ars' esan, "a tha thall an sin."

'N uair a dh' fhalbh esan am màireach thug i 'stigh a' chlach ghlas agus *dhress* i gu math i, 's chuir i ann an ceann uachdrach na h-uamha i. 'N uair a thàinig am famhair dhachaidh 's an fheasgar thubhairt e rithe, "Gu 'd é 'th' agad air a *dhressadh* an sin?"

Thubhairt ise ris, "Do bheatha fhéin, agus feumaidh sinn a bhi curamach uimpe."

"Tha mi 'faicinn gu bheil thu ro thoigheach orm; ach cha 'n ann an sin a tha i fhathast," ars' esan.

"C' àit am bheil i?" ars' ise.

"Tha i ann an caora ghlais a th' air a' bhruthach sin thall," ars' esan.

giant came home, and said, "I! O! hohag-aich! the smell of a stranger is in the cave."

"No, my love," said she; "it is only a little bird of the air that I have roasted that you smell."

"Oo! if it be that I don't care," said he.

She then said to him, "I wish that you would tell me where your life is kept, that I may take good care of it."

"It is in a grey stone over there," said he.

When he went away next day, she took in the grey stone, and dressed it well, and placed it in the upper end of the cave. When the giant came home in the evening he said to her, "What is it that you have dressed there?"

"Your own life," said she; "and we must be careful of it."

"I perceive that you are very fond of me; but it is not there that it is yet," said he.

"Where is it?" said she.

"It is in a grey sheep on yonder hillside," said he.

'N uair a dh' fhalbh esan an là 'r na mhàireach fhuair i greim air a' chaora ghlais, 's thug i 'stigh i, 's *dhress* i gu math i, 's chuir i ann an ceann uachdrach na h-uamha i. 'N uair a thàinig esan dhachaidh 's an fheasgar thubhairt e rithe, "Gu 'd é a th' agad air a *dhressadh* an sin ?"

Thubhairt ise, "Tha, 'ghaoil, do bheatha fhéin"; agus thubhairt esan, "Cha 'n ann an sin a tha i fhathast."

"Mata," ars' ise, "tha thu 'g am chur-sa gu dragh mòr a ghabhail curaim dhi, agus cha d' innis thu 'n fhìrinn an dà uair so."

Thubhairt esan an sin, "Tha mi 'smuaineachadh gu'm faod mi innseadh dhuit a-nis. Tha mo bheatha-sa fo chasan an eich mhòir anns an stàbull ; agus tha àite gu h-ìosal ann an sin 's am bheil lochan uisge, agus air muin sin tha seachd seicheanan glasa, agus air muin nan seicheanan seachd fòidean réisg, agus fòpa sin uile tha seachd *plancaiche* daraich. Tha breac air an loch sin, agus tha lach am broinn a' bhric agus tha ubh am broinn na lacha, agus tha bior de dhroighionn dubh am broinn an uibhe, agus gus an téid am bior sin a chagnadh gu mìn cha n urrainn iad mise 'mharbhadh. Aon uair 's gu'm bean iad do na seachd seicheanan glasa, na seachd fòidean réisg, 's na seachd planc-

When he went away on the morrow she got hold of the grey sheep, took it in, and dressed it well, and placed it in the upper end of the cave. When he came home in the evening he said to her, "What is it that you have dressed there?"

She said, "Your own life, my love"; and he said, "It is not there that it is yet."

"Well!" said she, "you are putting me to great trouble taking care of it, and you have not told me the truth these two times."

He then said, "I think that I may tell it to you now. My life is below the feet of the big horse in the stable. There is a place down there in which there is a small lake. Over the lake are seven grey hides, and over the hides are seven sods from the heath, and under all these are seven oak planks. There is a trout in the lake, and a duck in the belly of the trout, an egg in the belly of the duck, and a thorn of blackthorn inside of the egg: and till that thorn is chewed small I cannot be killed. Whenever the seven grey hides, the seven sods from the heath, and the seven oak planks are touched I shall feel it wherever I shall be. I

aichean daraich mothaichidh mise e ge b' e àit am bi mi. Tha tuagh agam-sa bràigh an doruis, agus mur téid na bheil an sin a ghearradh troimhe le aon bhuille cha ruigear an loch, agus 'n uair a ruigear mothaichidh mise e."

Dh' fhalbh esan an sin do 'n beinn shìthne is sheilg an là 'r na mhàireach, agus thubhairt a bhean ri buachaille Chruachain, "Nach fhearra dhuinn a-nis oidheirp a thoirt leis an tuaigh air sin a ghearradh."

"'S feàrr," ars' esan.

An sin chaidh iad a-mach do 'n stàbull, agus rug buachaille Chruachain air an tuagh a dhol a bhualadh an àite, agus thubhairt an t-each breac, mòr, "Cum thusa 'n tuagh, 's buailidh mis' i." Chum buachaille Chruachain an tuagh air muin nan seachd seicheanan glasa, nan seachd fòidean, agus nan seachd plancaichean daraich. Dh' éirich an t-each breac, mòr air a chasa toisich, agus chuir e i trompa gus an d' ràinig i 'n loch. Thug am breac leum a-mach as an loch ann an amhainn a bha dol seachad; agus cha b' urrainn iad breith air.

"Ah! na'm biodh agam-sa dòran donn an ùillt cha biodh e fada 'breith air a' bhreac."

Thàinig dòran donn an ùillt, 's thubhairt e, "'D é 'tha dhìth ort, a mhic òig? Chaill thu Cruachan."

have an axe above the door; and unless all these are cut through with one blow of it the lake will not be reached; and when it will be reached I shall feel it."

When he went off next day to the hill of game and hunting, his wife said to the herdsman, "Had we not better make an attempt to cut through the hides, sods, and planks with the axe?"

"We had better," said he.

They then went out to the stable; and the herdsman took hold of the axe in order to strike the spot with it, when the big dappled horse said, "Hold you the axe, and I will strike it." The herdsman of Cruachan held the axe on the top of the seven grey hides, the seven sods, and the seven oak planks; and the big dappled horse rose on his fore-legs, and drove the axe through them till it reached the lake. The trout then sprang out of the lake into a river that was passing; and they could not catch it.

"Ah!" said the herdsman, "if I had the brown otter of the burn it would not take long to catch the trout."

The brown otter of the burn came, and said, "What do you wish, young son? You have lost Cruachan."

" Tha dhìth orm am breac a leum a-mach s an amhainn gu 'm faigh thu dhomh e."

A-mach air an amhainn ghabh an dòran donn, agus fhuair e 'm breac, agus thug e do bhuachaille Chruachain e. Dh' fhosgail buachaille Chruachain am breac, agus leum lach a broinn a' bhric, 's thug i na speuran orra air a sgiathan, 's cha b' urrainn da' faotainn ; agus thubhairt e, " Na 'm biodh agam-sa seobhag Glinne Cuaiche cha bhiodh i fada 'breith air an lach."

Thàinig an t-seobhag, 's thubhairt i ris, "'D é 'tha thu 'g iarraidh, a bhuachaille Chruachain ?"

" Tha mi 'g iarraidh gu'm beir thu air an lach 'tha 'falbh air a sgiathan an sin," ars' am buachaille.

Dh' fhalbh an t-seobhag an sin, 's chaidh i as déigh na lacha, 's rug i orra. Dh' fhosgail esan broinn na lacha an sin, 's leum ubh as a suas do na speuran. Thubhairt an sin buachaille Chruachain, " Na 'm biodh agam-sa lach a' chinn uaine cha bhiodh i fada 'faotainn an uibhe dhomh."

Thàinig i, 's thubhairt i ris, "'D é 'tha dhìth ort, a bhuachaille Chruachain ?"

Thubhairt esan, " Falbh is faigh an t-ubh a leum suas 's na speuran cho luath 's is urrainn duit : tha 'm famhair mòr a' tighinn an so."

Dh' fhalbh lach a' chinn uaine, 's fhuair i 'n

"I wish that you would get for me the trout that has sprung into the river," said the herdsman.

Out into the river went the brown otter; and he found the trout, and gave it to the herdsman of Cruachan. The herdsman of Cruachan opened the trout; and a duck sprang out of its belly, and flew into the air; and he could not find it, and said, "If I had the hawk of Glencuaich it would not take long to catch the duck."

The hawk came, and said to him, "What do you wish, herdsman of Cruachan?"

"I wish that you would catch the duck that is flying away there."

The hawk went after the duck, and caught it. The herdsman opened the belly of the duck, and an egg sprang out of it into the air. He then said, "If I had the green-headed duck it would not take long to find the egg for me."

The duck came, and said to him, "What do you wish, herdsman of Cruachan?"

He said, "Go as fast as you can, and get the egg that has sprung into the air. The big giant is coming here."

The green-headed duck went, and got the

t-ubh, 's dh' fhalbh esan, agus bhris e 'n t-ubh, agus leum am bior droighinn a-mach, agus chaidh e ann an tom droighinn a bha làmh ris ; agus cha 'n aithneadh esan am bior seach bior eile de 'n droighinn 'n uair a thòisich e air iarraidh. Bha 'm famhair a' tighinn, 's a' casadh air ; agus thubhairt am buachaille, " Ah ! na 'm biodh agam-sa mada-ruadh na coill' uaine cha biodh e fada 'faotainn a' bhior dhomh."

Thàinig am mada-ruadh, 's thubhairt e ris, "'D é 'tha dhìth ort, a bhuachaille Chruachain?"

Thubhairt esan ris, " Falbh is faigh dhomh cho luath 's a rinn thu riamh am bior droighinn a leum as an ubh ; tha e 's an tom droighinn sin."

Dh' fhalbh am mada-ruadh, 's fhuair e 'm bior, agus thug e do bhuachaille Chruachain e, agus chagainn buachaille Chruachain am bior, agus bha 'm famhair cho teann air ri fichead slat, agus thuit e fuar, marbh ann an sin. Chuir am buachaille 's a bhean an oidhche sin seachad 's an uaimh mar bh' aca : agus thug iad leò na bha de dh' òr 's de dh' airgiod aig an fhamhair, agus an claidheamh geal soluis a bh' aige ; agus thug iad leò an t-each breac, mòr, agus an loth loireach, odhar ; agus mharcaich ise dhachaidh air an loth, agus mharcaich esan air an each do Chruachan.

egg; and he broke it; and the thorn sprang out of it, and went into a thorn-bush that was near him: and he could not distinguish it from any other thorn when he began to search for it. The giant was coming, and drawing near him; and he said, "Ah! if I had the fox of the green-wood he would not take long to find the thorn for me."

The fox came, and said to him, "What do you wish, herdsman of Cruachan?"

He said to the fox, "Go as fast as you ever went, and find for me the thorn that has sprung out of the egg: it is in that thorn-bush."

The fox went, and got the thorn, and gave it to the herdsman of Cruachan; and he chewed it; and the giant, who was within twenty yards of him, fell down there cold and dead. The herdsman and his wife spent that night in the cave; and they took away with them all the gold and silver that the giant had, his white sword of light, the big dappled horse, and the shaggy dun filly. She rode the filly, and he rode the horse home to Cruachan.

An là 'r na mhàireach bha iad a' dol a chuairteachadh Chruachain, 's thug e leis an claidheamh geal soluis, agus thubhairt a bhean ris 'n uair a bha e 'falbh, "Thig an gruagach òg 'ad choinneamh, agus sìnidh tu dha an claidheamh, agus their esan an sin riut-sa, 'C' àit a-nis am bheil leithid mo chlaidheimh an roinnean ruadh an domhain'; agus their thusa, 'Cha 'n 'eil mur bhi aon mheang bheag a th' ann'; agus their esan riut, 'Leig fhaïcinn am meang.' A chionn gu 'n cuir esan an ceann diot beiridh tu air a' chlaidheamh a dhol a leigeil fhaicinn a' mheang' a' th' ann, agus tàirnidh tu 'n claidheamh, 's bheir tu 'n ceann deth, agus their thu, 'Sin agad am meang a th' ann.'"

Dh' fhalbh e 'n là so, 's chuairtich e Cruachan mu' h-aon, is Cruachan mu 'dhà, 's shuidh e air tulachan taitneach, taobh-uaine air an éireadh grian gu moch 's air an luidheadh i gu h-anamoch; agus chunnaic e 'n gruagach casurlach, donn a' tighinn. "An d' thàinig thu, a bhuachaille Chruachain?" thubhairt an gruagach.

"Thàinig mi an t-aon uair so fhathast," ars' am buachaille.

"An d' fhuair thu 'n claidheamh geal soluis dhomh?" ars' an gruagach.

"Fhuair," ars' esan, 's shìn e dha e.

They were to go round Cruachan next day: and he took with him the white sword of light. When he was setting off his wife said to him, "The young wizard-champion will come to meet you; and you shall hand him the sword; and he will say to you, 'Where now is there the like of my sword in the red divisions of the world?' and you will say to him, 'There is nowhere, were it not for one small flaw that it has'; and he will say to you, 'Show me the flaw.' As he intends to take your head off, you shall catch the sword to show him the flaw, and you shall draw it, and take his head off, and say, 'That is the flaw that it has.'"

He set off this day, and went round Cruachan once and went round it twice, and he sat on a pleasant, green-sided hillock on which the sun rises early and sets late, and he saw the curly, brown-haired wizard-champion coming. "Have you come, herdsman of Cruachan?" said the wizard-champion.

"I have, once more," said the herdsman.

"Have you got for me the white sword of light?" said the wizard-champion.

"I have," said he; and he handed it to him.

Thubhairt an gruagach, "C' àit a-nis am bheil leithid mo chlaidheimh an ceithir roinnean ruadh an domhain ?"

"Cha 'n 'eil," ars' an buachaille, "mur bhi aon mheang bheag a th' ann."

"Leig fhaicinn domh am meang," ars' an gruagach.

"Thoir dhomh-s' am làimh an claidheamh," ars' am buachaille, "'s leigidh mi fhaicinn duit e."

Tharruing am buachaille 'n sin an claidheamh, 's thilg e 'n ceann deth, 's thubhairt e ris, "Sin agad am meang a th' ann." Dh' fhàg e marbh an sin e, 's thill e dhachaidh ; agus bha buachailleachd Chruachain aige fhad 's a bha e beò.

The wizard-champion said to him, "Where now is there the like of my sword in the four red divisions of the world?"

"There is nowhere," said the herdsman, "were it not for one small flaw that it has."

"Show me the flaw," said the wizard-champion.

"Give me the sword in my hand," said the herdsman, "and I will show it to you."

The herdsman then drew the sword, and swept the giant's head off, and said, "That is the flaw that it has." He left him dead there, and returned home; and he enjoyed the herding of Cruachan as long as he lived.

V.

RÌOGHACHD NAM BEANN GORMA.

Bha triùir shaighdearan ann, agus rinn iad suas am measg a chéile gu'n teicheadh iad, agus thubhairt iad ri 'chéile, "Cha 'n fhalbh sinn còmhla 'n ar triùir idir ; gabhaidh a h-uile fear againn rathad dha fhéin." An sin thubhairt an triùir, "Dhaoite gu'n coinnich sinn a chéile uair-eigin." Bha fear 'n a *shergeant* dhiubh, fear 'n a *corporal*, agus fear 'n a shaighdear singilte. Thug iad an cùl ri 'chéile an sin, is ghabh gach fear a rathad fhéin ; agus mar sin dhealaich na càirdean.

An ceann dà là aig feasgar thàinig an *sergeant* a dh' ionnsuidh *pailis* mhòr, bhriagh, agus e sgìth, acrach, a' coiseachd ; agus dh' fheòraich e aig an dorus a-mach am faigheadh e fuireach. Thàinig bean uasal, òg, a-mach, agus bhruidhinn i ris, agus thubhairt i ris gu'm faigheadh, "a chionn," ars' ise, "gu bheil iad ag ràdh rium gu'm bi mòran naigheachdan aig saighdearan 's aig seòladairean." Thug i 'stigh e, agus thubhairt i ris, "Bithidh do dìnneir a nìos an ceann beagan ùine. Tha fhios gu bheil thu glé fheumach air biadh 's air deoch."

V.

THE KINGDOM OF THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.

THERE were three soldiers who arranged with each other that they would desert, and who said to each other, "We three will not set off in company at all: each of us shall take a separate road." The three then said, "Perhaps we shall meet sometime." One of them was a sergeant, another a corporal, and another a private. The friends separated; and each took his own way.

On the evening of the second day after this the sergeant came walking to a big and splendid palace: and he was tired and hungry. He asked at the outer door if he would be allowed to remain. A young lady came out, and spoke to him, and said that he would, "because," said she, "it is said that soldiers and sailors have many stories." She brought him in, and said to him, "Your dinner will be down in a short time. I know that you are very needful of food and drink."

Thàinig an oidhche, agus thàinig a dhìnneir a nìos air a' bhòrd dha ; a h-uile seòrsa béidh a' smuainicheadh e ; agus thubhairt i ris, "A-nis cha ghabh thu gu don' e : cha bhi solus againn a' gabhail ar béidh an so idir ; agus gabhaidh tu beachd air a' mhèis a 's taitniche leat fhéin.

"Hu !" ars' esan, "ma 's e sin fasan an àite ni mise sin."

Dh' fhalbh ise 'n sin, 's chuir i as a' choinneal, agus thòisich esan air a' mhèis a chunnaic e-fhéin iomchuidh. Dh' fhalbh ise 'n sin, agus bhuail i cas air an ùrlar, agus ghlaodh i nuas air dà mhaor, agus thubhairt i, "Beiribh air an t-slaightear so, agus cuiribh am prìosan e." Thug iad leò e, 's chuir iad a-stigh 's a' phrìosan e. Bha e 'n sin air a bheathachadh le aran 's le uisge.

Feasgar an ath-oidhche thàinig an *corporal* a dh' ionnsuidh a' cheart tighe, agus dh' fheòraich e am faigheadh e fuireach an oidhche sin ; agus thàinig a' bhean-uasal a-mach, agus thubhairt i ris gu'm faigheadh. "Tha mi tuigsinn," ars' ise, "gur h-e saighdear a th' annad ; agus is minic a bha naigheachd aig saighdear is seòladair." Thug i 'stigh e, 's thubhairt i ris suidhe air cathair, agus thubhairt i ris, "Tha fhios agam gu bheil thu feumach

Night came, and dinner came down, and was placed on the table for him ; every kind of food that he could think of: and she said to him, "You will not take it amiss that we have no light at our meals here, and you will mark the dish that is most acceptable to you."

"Hoo," said he, "if that is the custom of the place, I will do as you bid."

She then extinguished the candle : and he set to work on the dish that he saw proper to select. She struck her foot on the floor, and called down two officers, and said, "Seize this rascal, and put him in prison." The officers took him away, and put him in prison ; and he was fed there on bread and water.

On the following evening the corporal came to the same house, and asked if he would be allowed to remain for the night. The lady came out, and said that he would. "I understand," said she, "that you are a soldier : and a soldier and a sailor have often had a story." She brought him in, and requested him to sit on a chair, and said to him, "I know that you are

air biadh 's air deoch ; bithidh do dhìnneir a nuas 'ad ionnsuidh an ùine ghoirrid."

Thàinig an oidhche, 's bha e 'gabhail fadail nach robh an dìnneir a' tighinn, agus an t-acras air. Mu dheireadh thàinig an dìnneir, agus chuireadh air a' bhòrd i. Thàinig ise nuas an sin, agus solus aice, agus thubhairt i ris, "'S e fasan an àite so nach bi solus idir aca 'gabhail am béidh ; agus gabhaidh tu beachd air a' mhèis a's taitniche leat fhéin air a' bhòrd." Thòisich esan air a' mhèis an so, agus chuir ise as a' choinneal, agus bhreab i 'cas air an ùrlar, agus ghlaodh i dà mhaor a-nìos, agus dh' iarr i orra an slaoighdear ud a chur am prìosan. Thug iad leò 'n sin e, 's chuir iad a-stigh am prìosan e ; agus 's e bu bhiadh dha aran is uisge.

Feasgar an ath-oidhche thàinig an saighdear singilte 'dh' ionnsuidh an tighe, agus e gu math fàillinneach a chion béidh, agus dh' fheòraich e am faigheadh e fuireach an oidhche sin. Thàinig a' bhean-uasal a-mach, 's thubhairt i ris gu'm faigheadh. "Tha mi tuigsinn," ars' ise, "gur h-e saighdear a th' annad ; agus is minic a bha naigheachd aig saighdear is seòladair." An sin thug i stigh e, 's thug i air suidhe air cathair, agus thubhairt i ris, "Thig do dhìnneir 'ad ionnsuidh an ùine ghoirrid."

needful of food and drink: your dinner will be down in a short time."

Night came; and he was wearying that dinner was not coming, for he was hungry. At last dinner came, and was placed on the table; and the lady came down with a light, and said to him, "The custom of this place is not to have light at meals: and you will mark the dish that is most acceptable to you." He then set to work on the dish: and she extinguished the candle, struck her foot on the floor, called down two officers, and bade them put that rascal in prison. The officers took him away and put him in prison: and his fare there was bread and water.

On the following evening the private came to the house. He was pretty far gone through lack of food, and asked if he would be allowed to remain for the night. The lady came out, and said to him that he would. "I understand," said she, "that you are a soldier: and a soldier and a sailor have often had a story." She then took him in, made him sit on a chair, and said to him, "Dinner will come to you in a short time."

Thàinig an oidhch' air, 's bha e 'gabhail fadail nach robh a dhìnneir a' tighinn. Mu dheireadh thàinig a dhìnneir, 's thàinig a' bhean-uasal a-nìos far an robh e, agus thubhairt i, "'S e fasan an àite so nach bi solus idir aca 'gabhail am béidh ; 's gabhaidh tu beachd air a' mhèis a's taitniche leat fhéin, is tòisichidh tu orra." Dh' fhalbh ise 'n so, agus chuir i as an solus.

Dh' éirich esan an so, 's chuir e 'dhà làimh mu'n cuairt orra, agus phòg e i, agus thubhairt e, "Tha 'm biadh math, ach 's tu-fhéin a's tocha leam na e."

Dh' fhalbh ise 'n so, 's bhuail i 'cas air an ùrlar, agus ghlaodh i solas a-nuas. Thàinig an gille-freasdail a-nuas le solus, agus shuidh i-fhéin 's an saighdear, agus ghabh iad an dìnneir cuideachd. Bha iad an sin a' cur seachad na h-oidhche a' seanachas, 's ag innseadh naigheachdan d' a chéile ; 's thubhairt i ris an robh sgoil aige. Thubhairt esan gu'n robh. An sin dh' iarr i air a làmh-sgrìobhaidh a leigeil fhaicinn di. Rinn e sin. Mu dheireadh thàinig i mu'n cuairt ann an selòtachd ghasd' air gus an dubhairt i rìs, "Am pòs thu mi ?"

Thubhairt esan, "'S mi 'phòsas."

"Mata," thubhairt ise, "'s mise nighean rìgh

Night came on him: and he was wearying that dinner was not coming. At last it came: and the lady came where he was, and said, "The custom of this place is not to have light at meals: and you will mark the dish that is most acceptable to you, and set to work on it." She then went, and extinguished the light.

Upon this he rose, and put his two hands round her, and kissed her, and said, "The food is good, but I prefer yourself to it."

She then struck her foot on the floor, and called for a light. The man-servant came with a light: and she and the soldier sat down, and had dinner together. They spent the night in conversation and in telling stories to each other. She asked him if he had any education; and he said that he had. She requested him to show her his handwriting; and he did so. At last she came round him artfully, till she said to him, "Will you marry me?"

"That I will," said he.

"Well!" said she, "I am the daughter of

nam beann gorma, agus cha robh mi 'g iarraidh rìgh no ridire 'phòsadh, ach gille glan, cumanda. Tha oighreachd mhòr agam, agus na's leòir de dh' òr 's de dh' airgiod." An sin rinn iad suas là airson pòsaidh.

'N uair a thàinig àm dol a luidhe thug i 'stigh do sheòmar e ; dh' fhàg i oidhche mhath aige ; 's chaidh e 'luidhe. Thàinig i 'n sin a-stigh 's a' mhaduinn 'n uair a bha 'n t-àm aige éiridh, 's dh' iarr i air éiridh 's e-fhéin a chur an uidheam airson a' bhraiceas. 'N uair a bha 'bhraiceas air a' bhòrd shuidh iad, 's ghabh iad i còmhla. 'N uair a bha 'bhraiceas thairis chuir i 'làmh 'n a pòca, 's thug i 'mach sporan òir a bh' aice, agus thug i dha airgiod airson deise fhaotainn dha fhéin, agus chuir i e 'dh' ionnsuidh an tàilleir a bha i-fhéin eòlach air a dheanamh na deise. Dh' fhalbh e 'n sin a dh' ionnsuidh an tàilleir, agus dh' iarr e air an tàillear an deise 'dheanamh, agus a dheanamh gu math, "oir," ars' esan, "tha mi ri fuireach gus am bi i leam." Thòisich an tàillear, agus rinn e 'n deise, agus fhreagair i gu math dha. An sin dh' fhalbh e a thilleadh dhachaidh, agus thubhairt màthair an tàilleir, "Cuir greis an rathad e : buailidh pathadh e ; agus so ubhal a bheir thu dha ; agus tuitidh e 'n a chadal."

Bha 'bhean-uasal ri dol 'n a choinneamh le

the King of the Green Mountains, and have had no desire to marry a king or a knight, but a comely, common lad. I have a large estate and plenty of gold and silver." They then appointed a day for their marriage.

When bedtime came she brought him to a room, and bade him good-night: and he went to bed. She came in in the morning when it was time for him to rise, and requested him to rise and dress himself for breakfast. When breakfast was on the table they sat down, and had it together. When it was over she took a gold purse out of her pocket, and gave him money to get a suit of clothes for himself, and sent him to a tailor with whom she was acquainted to make the suit. He went to the tailor, and requested him to make the suit, and to make it well, and said to him that he was to wait till he should have it with him. The tailor began, and made the suit; and it was a good fit. The soldier then set off to return home: and the tailor's mother said, "Go a part of the way with him. He will be seized with thirst. Give him this apple; and he will fall asleep."

The lady was to go to meet him with a coach

coitse an là 'bha fiughair aice ris. Dh' fhalbh e-fhéin 's an tàillear, agus shuidh iad a leigeil an analach, agus thubhairt an saighdear, "Tha pathadh orm fhéin"; agus thubhairt an tàillear, "Tha mi 'smaoineachadh gu bheil ubhal agam am phòca ; 's bheir mi dhuit i."

'N uair a dh' ith an saighdear an ubhal thuit e 'n a chadal. Ràinig a' bhean-uasal an so iad leis a' *choitse*, agus bhruidhinn i ris an tàillear, "Am bheil am fear ud 'n a chadal ? Ma tha dùisg e."

Thòisich an tàillear air a dhùsgadh 's air a thulgadh a null 's a nall, 's cha ghabhadh e dùsgadh. Chuir a' bhean-uasal a làmh 'n a pòca, 's thug i mach fàinn' òir, agus thug i do 'n tàillear e, 's dh' iarr i air sud a thoirt do 'n fhear a bha 'n a chadal, agus gu'n coinnicheadh i 'm màireach e. "Tillidh e leat fhéin a nochd."

Dh' fhalbh ise 'n so, 's thill i dhachaidh, agus iadsan a dh' ionnsuidh tigh an tàilleir. Chuir e seachad an oidhche sin còmhla ris an tàillear. An déigh am braiceas an là 'r na mhàireach bha esan airson falbh, 's chuir an tàillear a làmh 'n a phòca, 's thug e 'mach am fàinn' òir, agus thubhairt e, "Sin fàinne 'dh' fhàg à' bhean-uasal agam-sa gu 'thoirt duit."

'N uair a bha iad a' falbh thubhairt màthair an tàilleir, "Tha mi cinnteach nach 'eil math

on the day on which she expected him. He and the tailor set off, and they sat down to rest: and the soldier said, "I am thirsty." The tailor said, "I think that I have an apple in my pocket, which I will give you."

When the soldier ate the apple he fell asleep. The lady then arrived with the coach, and said to the tailor, "Is that fellow asleep? If so, waken him."

The tailor began to waken him, and shake him from side to side; but he could not be wakened. The lady took a gold ring out of her pocket, and gave it to the tailor, and requested him to give it to the sleeper, and to tell him that she would meet him next day. "He shall return with yourself to-night," said she.

She then went away and returned home: and they returned to the tailor's house. He spent that night with the tailor. When he was going to set off after breakfast on the morrow the tailor took the gold ring out of his pocket, and said, "Here is a gold ring that the lady left with me to give to you."

When they were setting off the tailor's mother said, "I am sure that it will be of no use to

dhuit ubhal a thoirt da an diugh ; ach tha peur an so, 's bheir thu dha i 'n uair a bhuaileas am pathadh e. Cha 'n 'eil fhios nach tuit nighean rìgh nam beann gorma ort fhéin."

Dh' fhalbh e-fhéin 's an tàillear air an astar. Shuidh iad a leigeil an analach, agus thubhairt an saighdear, " Tha pathadh orm fhéin an diugh a rìs."

" Mata," thubhairt an tàillear, " tha agam-sa peur an so, agus bithidh i math a chasgadh pathaidh."

" Mata," ars' an saighdear, " fhuair mi ubhal uait an dé, agus 's ann a chuir i 'm chadal mi, 's tha eagal orm a' pheur a ghabhail."

" Toch ! a bhurraidh," ars' an tàillear, " cha ruig thu leas sin a smuaineachadh."

Thug an tàillear dha a' pheur an sin, agus dh' ith e i, is thuit e 'n a chadal. Thàinig a' bhean-uasal an sin air a h-aghaidh leis a' *choitse*, agus thubhairt i ris an tàillear, " Cha 'n fhaod e 'bhì gu bheil am fear sin 'n a chadal an diugh" ; agus thubhairt an tàillear, " Thà e 'n a chadal" ; agus thubhairt i ris, " Feuch an dùisg thu e."

Thòisich an tàillear air a dhùsgadh, agus dùsgadh cha ghabhadh e deanamh. Chuir i làmh 'n a pòca, 's thug i mach sgian-pheann, agus thug i do 'n tàillear i, agus thubhairt i, " Bheir thu so dha, agus their thu ris, gu'n coinnich

give him an apple to-day; but here is a pear that you shall give him when he is seized with thirst. Perhaps the daughter of the King of the Green Mountains will fall to your own lot."

The soldier and the tailor set out on their journey. They sat down to rest; and the soldier said, "I am thirsty to-day again."

"Well!" said the tailor, "I have a pear here that is good for quenching thirst."

"Well!" said the soldier, "I got an apple from you yesterday; and it set me asleep; and I am afraid to take the pear."

"Toch! you gomeril," said the tailor, "you need not think that."

The tailor gave him the pear; and he ate it, and fell asleep. The lady then arrived with the coach, and said to the tailor, "Surely that fellow is not asleep to-day!" The tailor said, "He is asleep"; and she said, "Try if you can waken him."

The tailor began to waken him; but he could not be wakened. The lady took a penknife out of her pocket, and gave it to the tailor, and said, "You shall give him this, and say to him that I will meet him here to-morrow:

mise 'n so am màireach e, agus tillidh e dhachaidh còmhla ruit fhéin a nochd."

Bha ise 'n déigh falbh, agus dhùisg an saighdear, agus dh' fheòraich e 'n d' thàinig a' bhean-uasal air a h-aghaidh.

" Thàinig," ars' an tàillear, " is dh' fhairslich oirnn thusa 'dhùsgadh. So sgian-pheann a dh' fhàg i agam-sa a thoirt duit, agus thubhairt i gu'n coinnicheadh i ann an so am màireach thu." Thill e-fhéin 's an tàillear an sin dhachaidh, agus thug iad an oidhche sin còmhla.

An déigh na braiceas an là 'r na mhàireach, 'n uair a bha iad a' falbh, thubhairt a' chailleach, " Cha 'n 'eil math dhuit ubhal no peur a thoirt dha an diugh ; ach 'n uair a ruigeas sibh an t-àite far am b' àbhaist duibh ur n-anail a leigeil cuiridh tu 'm prìne so an cùlaobh a chòta : 's ma bha 'n cadal air roimhid bithidh a sheachd uiread an dràst air."

Dh' fhalbh iad an sin, is chaidh iad air an aghaidh gus an d' ràinig iad an t-àite far am b' àbhaist doibh an anail a leigeil ; agus chuir an tàillear am prìne 'n cùl a' chòt' aige, 's thuit e 'n a chadal. Thàinig a' bhean-uasal an sin, agus dithis dhaoine aice airson a thogail a-stigh do 'n *choitse*, 's thubhairt i ris an tàillear, " Am bheil e 'n a chadal an diugh ?"

" Tha," ars' an tàillear.

and he shall return home with yourself to-night."

After she went away the soldier wakened and asked if the lady had arrived.

"She has," said the tailor, "but it defied us to waken you. Here is a penknife that she left with me to give to you; and she said that she would meet you here to-morrow." He and the tailor then returned home, and they spent the night together.

After breakfast next day, when they were going away, the old woman said, "It will be of no use to give him an apple or a pear to-day; but when you arrive at the place where you used to rest you shall put this pin in the back of his coat: and if he was sleepy before he will be seven times sleepier this time."

They set off, and reached the place where they used to rest: and the tailor put the pin in the back of his coat; and he fell asleep. The lady then arrived with two men to raise him into the coach; and she said to the tailor, "Is he asleep to-day?"

"He is," said the tailor.

"Dùisg e," ars' ise, "ma ghabhas e dùsgadh."

Thòisich an tàillear 'air an sin, 's cha ghabhadh e dùsgadh. Chuir i 'n sin a-mach an dithis dhaoine a bh' aice 's a' *choitse;* agus cha b' urrainn an triùir aca a thogail. Dh' fhalbh i 'n sin, agus thug i prìne òir do 'n tàillear, agus thubhairt i, "Thoir so dha: cha tig mise 'n a choinneamh tuilleadh, agus cha 'n fhaic mi gu bràth e."

'N uair a dh' fhalbh ise thug an tàillear am prìne a còta an t-saighdeir, agus dhùisg e e. Dh' fheòraich an saighdear an d' thàinig a' bhean-uasal, agus thubhairt an tàillear gu'n d' thàinig, 's gu'n d' fhalbh i, agus thubhairt e, "Sin prìne 'dh' fhàg i agad mar chuimhneachan; agus tha e coltach nach fhaic thu tuilleadh i. Tillidh tu dhachaidh leam a nochd fhathast."

"Gu dearbh cha till," ars' an saighdear: "b' fheàrr leam nach do thill mi dhachaidh leat cho bidheanta. Bithidh mise 'falbh a dheanamh mo rathaid fhéin; agus slàn leat." Dhealaich iad ri 'chéile an sin.

Bha e 'falbh, 's a' feòraich 'd e 'n rathad a gheibheadh e gu rìoghachd nam beann gorma. Theireadh iad ris nach cual' iadsan iomradh air an rìoghachd ud riamh. Bha e 'gabhail air 'aghaidh o àite gu àite, 's cha robh e 'faotainn forfhais idir air an rìogheachd. 'S ann a bha

"Waken him," said she, "if he can be wakened."

The tailor began to waken him, but he could not be wakened. She then sent out the two men that she had in the coach, but the three of them could not lift him. She went, and gave the tailor a gold pin, and said, "Give him this. I will not come to meet him any more."

When she went away the tailor took the pin out of the tailor's coat; and he wakened. The soldier asked if the lady had arrived; and the tailor told him that she had, and had gone away, and said, "There is a pin that she left as a remembrance. You are not likely to see her more. You will return home with me to-night yet."

"Indeed I will not," said the soldier. "I wish that I had not returned so often with you. I will be setting off to push my own way. Good-bye." They then parted.

He was going on, and inquiring for the road to the kingdom of the Green Mountains. He was told by those of whom he made inquiry that they had never heard of such a kingdom. He was travelling from place to place, but was getting no information about the kingdom.

iad a' fochaid air airson a bhi 'bruidhinn idir air a leithid de dh' àite. Thàinig e 'n sin a dh' ionnsuidh thighean là de na làithean; agus chunnaic e seann duine a' cur sgrothan air tigh; agus thubhairt e ris an t-seann duine, "Ah! nach sean thu! agus thu sgrothadh an tighe."

Agus thubhairt an seann duine, "Tha mi sean; ach 's sine m' athair na mi."

"Ah!" ars' an saighdear, "am bheil t-athair-sa beò?"

"Tha," ars' an seann duine.

"C' àit am bheil thu 'dol?"

"Tha mi," ars' an saighdear, "a' dol do rìoghachd nam beann gorma."

"Mata," ars' an seann duine, "tha mise sean, agus cha chuala mi riamh iomradh air an rìoghachd sin. Dhaoite gu'm bi fios aig m' athair air."

"C' àit am bheil t-athair?" ars' an saighdear.

"Tha e 'tarruing nan sgroth g' am ionnsuidh-sa," ars' an seann duine, "agus bithidh e 'n so an ceann tacainn; agus bruidhnidh tu ris mu dhéidhinn na rìoghachd sin."

Thàinig am fear a bha 'tarruing nan sgroth; agus thubhairt an saighdear ris, "Ah! a dhuine, nach sean thu!"

"Moire! 's sean; ach 's sine m' athair na mi," ars' an seann duine.

He was ridiculed for speaking at all of such a place. He came one day to houses, and saw an old man putting divots[1] on a house, and said to him, "Ah! how old you are! and yet you are putting divots on the house."

The old man said, "I am old; but my father is older than I."

'Ah!" said the soldier, "is your father alive?"

"He is," said the old man.

"Where are you going?"

I am going," said the soldier, "to the kingdom of the Green Mountains."

"Well," said the old man, "I am old, but I have never heard of that kingdom. Perhaps my father knows about it."

"Where is your father?" said the soldier.

"He is conveying the divots to me," said the old man, and will be here in a short time, when you may speak to him about that kingdom."

The man who was conveying the divots arrived; and the soldier said to him, "Ah! man, how old you are!"

"By Mary, I am old; but my father is older than I," said the old man.

[1] Turf for roofs of houses.

"Am bheil t-athair-sa beò fhathast?" ars' an saighdear.

"Tha," ars' an seann duine.

"C' àit am bheil e?" ars' an saighdear.

"Tha e 'gearradh nan sgroth," ars' an seann duine.

Dh' fhalbh iad an sin, agus ràinig iad am fear a bha 'gearradh nan sgroth; agus thubhairt an saighdear, "Ah! a dhuine, nach sean thu! agus thu 'gearradh nan sgroth."

Thubhairt an seann duine, "Tha mi sean; ach 's sine m' athair na mi."

"Ah!" ars' an saighdear, "saoil am bheil t-athair-sa beò fhathast?"

"Tha," ars' esan.

"C' àit am bheil e?" ars' an saighdear.

"Tha a' sealgaireachd nan ian anns a' mhonadh," ars' an seann duine.

Thubhairt an saighdear ris, "An cuala tusa riamh iomradh air rìoghachd nam beann gorma?"

"Cha chuala mise riamh iomradh orra," ars' esan; "theagamh gu'n cuala m' athair; agus 'n uair a thig e dhachaidh a nochd feòraichidh tu dheth."

Dh' fhan e gu feasgar còmhla ris na seann daoine gus an d' thàinig an t-ianadair dhachaidh. 'S an fheasgar thàinig an t-ianadair

"Is your father still alive?" said the soldier.

"He is," said the old man.

"Where is he?" said the soldier.

"He is cutting the divots," said the old man.

They then went to the man who was cutting the divots; and the soldier said, "Ah! man, how old you are! and yet you are cutting the divots."

The old man said, "I am old; but my father is older than I."

"Ah!" said the soldier, "is your father, I wonder, still alive?"

"He is," said he.

"Where is he?" said the soldier.

"He is hunting birds in the hill," said the old man.

The soldier said to him, "Have you ever heard of the kingdom of the Green Mountains?"

"I have not," said he; "but perhaps my father has; and when he comes home to-night you may ask him."

He remained with the old man till evening, when the fowler came home. When the fowler

dhachaidh ; agus thubhairt an saighdear ris, "Ah! a dhuine, nach sean thu!"

"'S sean," ars' esan ; "ach 's sine m' athair na mi."

"Ah!" ars' an saighdear: "saoil am bheil t-athair-sa beò fhathast?"

"Moire! tha," ars' an t-ianadair.

"C' àit am bheil t-athair?" ars' an saighdear.

"Tha e 'stigh," ars' an t-ianadair.

Thubhairt an saighdear ris, "An cuala tu riamh iomradh air rìoghachd nam beann gorma?"

"Cha chuala," ars' esan, "mar an cuala m' athair e."

Chaidh iad an sin a sìos a dh' ionnsuidh an tighe; 's 'n uair a chaidh iad a-stigh bha 'n seann duine ann an creathall, 's iad 'g a thulgadh. Thubhairt an saighdear ris, "Ah! a dhuine, nach tu a fhuair an aois!"

"Mata 's mi a fhuair an aois mhòr, mhòr," ars' esan.

Agus thubhairt an saighdear ris, "An cuala tusa iomradh air rìoghachd nam beann gorma?"

"Mata," ars' an seann duine, "cha chuala mise riamh iomradh air an rìoghachd sin."

An sin thubhairt an t-ianadair ris an t-saighdear, "Tha mise 'dol do 'n mhonadh am màireach ; agus tha feadag agam, agus 'n uair a

came home the soldier said to him, "Ah! man, how old you are!"

"I am old," said he; "but my father is older than I."

"Ah!" said the soldier, "is your father, I wonder, still alive?"

"By Mary! he is," said the fowler.

"Where is he?" said the soldier.

"He is in the house," said the fowler.

The soldier said to him, "Have you ever heard of the kingdom of the Green Mountains?"

"I have not," said he; "but perhaps my father has."

They went down to the house; and when they went in the old man was being rocked in a cradle. The soldier said to him, "Ah! man, what a great age has been granted to you!"

"Well! yes, a very great age," said he.

The soldier said to him, "Have you ever heard of the kingdom of the Green Mountains?"

"Really," said the old man, "I have never heard of that kingdom."

The fowler then said to the soldier, "I am going to the hill to-morrow: and when I blow a whistle that I have there is not a kingdom in

sheinneas mi i cha 'n 'eil rìoghachd air an t-saoghal as nach tig eòin far am bi mise; agus bithidh fhios agam-sa ma tha 'leithid sin de rìoghachd ann."

Thug an saighdear an oidhche sin còmhla ris na seann daoine. An déigh am braiceas an là 'r na mhàireach dh' fhalbh e còmhla ris an ianadair do 'n mhonadh. Ràinig iad am monadh, 's shéid an t-ianadair an fheadag, is chruinnich na h-eòin as a h-uile àite g' a ionnsuidh; ach bha aon iolair mhòr a bha fada gun tighinn seach càch. Thubhairt an t-ianadair rithe, "A lùireach mhosach, 'd é 'ghleidh thus' air deireadh seach na h-eòin eile?"

"Mata," ars' an iolair, "bha astar mòr agam-sa r' a dheanamh seach càch."

"Cia as a thàinig thu?" ars' an t-ianadair.

"Thàinig mi an diugh fhéin a rìoghachd nam beann gorma," ars' ise.

"Mata," thubhairt an t-ianadair, "tha duin an so a dh' fheumas tu 'thoirt air do mhuin am màireach do rìoghachd nam beann gorma."

"Nì mise sin," ars' ise, "ma gheibh mi gu leòir de bhiadh."

"Gheibh thu sin," ars' esan: "gheibh thu ceithreamh math feòla." Thill iad an sin dhachaidh; agus dh' fhan an iolair còmhla riù an oidhche sin.

the world from which birds will not come to me; so that I shall know if there be such a kingdom."

The soldier spent that night with the old men. After breakfast next day he went away with the fowler to the hill. When they arrived the fowler blew his whistle; and the birds gathered to him from every quarter; but there was a large eagle which was much later of coming than the other birds. The fowler said to her, "You nasty baggage! what has kept you so far behind the others?"

"Really," said the eagle, "I had a much greater distance to accomplish than they."

"Whence have you come?" said the fowler.

"I have come this very day from the kingdom of the Green Mountains," said she.

"Well!" said the fowler, "there is a man here whom you must carry on your back to-morrow to the kingdom of the Green Mountains."

"I will do so," said she, "if I get enough of food."

"You shall get that," said he: "you shall get a good quarter of meat." They then returned home: and the eagle remained with them that night.

An déigh am braiceas am màireach dh' fhalbh an t-ianadair, an saighdear, 's an iolair, agus thug iad am monadh orra ; agus bha ceithreamh feòla aca leò do 'n iolair, is ceithreamh eile do 'n t-saighdear. Chaidh an saighdear an sin air druim na h-iolaire, agus dh' fhàg e beannachd aig an ianadair ; agus sgaoil an iolair a sgiathan, is dh' fhalbh i. Bha i air an rathad an sin ; agus dh' ith i 'n ceithreamh feòla ; agus thubhairt i ris an t-saighdear, "Tha 'n t-acras orm, agus feumaidh mi do leigeil air falbh."

"Ah ! cha leig," ars esan : "tha beagan agam de m' chuid fhéin, agus gheibh thu e."

"Thoir a-nall e mata," ars' ise. Thug e dhi e 'n sin is dh' ith i e, is dh' fhalbh i astar math leis. "Ah !" ars' ise, "tha 'n t-acr as orm : feumaidh mi do leigeil air falbh."

"Ah ! na dean sin," ars' esan ; "thoir mise co dhiubh sàbhailte gu rìoghachd nam beann gorma."

"Seall," ars' ise, "am bheil mìr tuilleadh agad de 'n ıheòil."

"Ah ! cha 'n 'eil," ars' esan.

"Tha sliasaid mhath agad," ars' ise ; "thoir a-nall an so i."

Chum e rithe 'n t-sliasaid an sin gus an d' ith i na bh' air an taobh a-mach dhi. "'S ıheàird mi sin," ars' ise ; "sin feòil a 's blasda

After breakfast next day the fowler, the soldier, and the eagle set off, and went to the hill: and they had with them a quarter of meat for the eagle and a quarter for the soldier. The soldier then went on the eagle's back, and bade the fowler good-bye: and the eagle spread her wings, and went away. On the way she ate the quarter of meat, and she said to the soldier, "I am hungry, and must let you go."

"Ah! don't," said he: "I have a little of my own share; and you shall get it."

"Bring it over, then," said she. He gave it to her; and she ate it, and went a good distance on it. "Ah!" said she, "I am hungry again, and must let you go."

"Ah! don't," said he. "Bring me, at any rate, safely to the kingdom of the Green Mountains."

"Look," said she, "if you have a bit left of the meat."

"Ah! no," said he.

"You have a good thigh," said she: "bring it over here."

He held his thigh to her till she ate what was on the outer side of it. "I am the better of that," said she: "that is the sweetest meat

'dh' ith mi fhathast" ; agus rinn i astar mòr leis. Dh' fhàs i acrach a rìs. "Ah !" ars' ise, "feumaidh mi do leigeil air falbh co dhiubh : tha mi air fàs lag ; ach tionndaidh a-nall an t-sliasaid eile, 's gu'm bi iad coltach ri 'chéile." Ged bu chruaidh e b' fheudar dha 'shliasaid a chur a-nall dhi. Dh' ith i sin ; agus thubhairt i, "Ah ! tha mi 'fheobhas eile ; tha mi 'smuaineachadh gu'n dean mi nis an gnothuch air rìoghachd nam beann gorma 'thoirt a-mach."

An sin fhuair i rìoghachd nam beann gorma 'thoirt a-mach ; agus dh' fhàg i air talamh tioram an sin e. Bha each marbh an sin, 's e 'n déigh na seiche a thoirt dheth. Dh' iarr an iolair air an t-saighdear ceithreamh de 'n each a ghearradh 's a chàradh air a muin. Rinn e sin ; is thill i dhachaidh. Bha esan 'n a thruaghan bochd, 's cha b' urrainn e dad de choiseachd a dheanamh leis mar bha 'shliasaidean ; ach rinn e strì gus an d' fhuair e gu ruig tigh a' ghàirnealair a bh' aig rìgh nam beann gorma. Bha bean a' ghàirnealair anabarrach math dha; agus dh' fhan e leatha gus an do leighis i e. 'N uair a bha e leighiste chaidh e 'dh' obair còmhla ris a' ghàirnealair.

Thàinig fios a-mach gu'n robh nighean rìgh nam bean gorma 'dol a phòsadh. "Ah !" ars' esan ri bean a' ghàirnealair, "nach bochd nach fhaighinn sealladh dhi !"

that I have yet eaten:" and she went a great distance on it. She became hungry again. "Ah!" said she, "I must let you go now at any rate: I have become weak: but turn over to me the other thigh, that the two thighs may be alike." Hard though it was, he had to turn over his thigh to her. She ate it, and said, "Ah! I am doubly stronger: I think that I can now manage to reach the kingdom of the Green Mountains."

She did manage to reach it, and she left him on dry ground there. There was a dead horse there which had just been flayed. The eagle requested the soldier to cut a quarter off it, and lay it on her back. He did so; and she returned home. He was in a wretched plight, and could not walk on account of the condition of his thighs; but he struggled on till he reached the house of the gardener of the King of the Green Mountains. The gardener's wife was very good to him: and he stayed with her till she cured him. When he was cured he went to work with the gardener.

Intelligence came that the daughter of the King of the Green Mountains was going to be married. "Ah!" said he to the gardener's wife, "what a pity that I could not get a sight of her!"

" U ! gheibh thu sin," arsa bean a ghàirnealair ; "cuiridh mise air dòigh thu gu'm faic thu i"; agus dh' fhalbh i, agus *dhress* i ann an eudach ciatach e, agus chuir i air falbh le basgaid de dh' ùbhlan e, agus thubhairt i ris, " Cuimhnich nach toir thu do dhuine sam bith iad gus an toir thu 'n a làimh fhéin iad."

Dh' fhalbh e, 's ràinig e tigh an rìgh ; agus thubhairt e gu'n robh e air tighinn le basgaid de dh' ùbhlan o'n ghàirnealair gu nighean rìgh nam beann gorma. Bha na seirbheisich 'dol a thoirt uaithe na basgaid ; ach cha d' thugadh e dhoibh i ; agus dh' iarr e i-fhéin fhaicinn. Chuir nighean an rìgh an sin fios air e 'thighinn a-stigh g' a faicinn. Chaidh e stigh, is thug e dhi a' bhasgaid ùbhlan ; agus rug i air botul, 's lìon i gloine de dh' fhìon da. " Gabhaibh mo leusgeul," ars' esan ; " 's e fasan na dùthch 'as an d' thàinig mise gu'm feuchadh iad-fhéin an toiseach an deoch." An sin dh' òl i-fhéin an toiseach air ; agus lìon i 'n gloine dha-san a-rìs. Dh' fhalbh esan, 's chuir e 'm fainn' òir a thug i dha air 'ais 's a' ghloine g' a h-ionnsuidh. Rug i air an fhainne, agus sheall i air, agus chunnaic i a h-ainm fhéin air ; agus thubhairt i ris, " C' àit an d' amais am fainne so ort-sa ?"

Thubhairt esan, " Am bheil cuimhn' agaibh-sa air an t-saighdear a chuir sibh a dh' ionnsuidh a leithid so de thàillear airson deise eudaich ?"

"You shall get that," said the gardener's wife. "I will devise a plan for your seeing her." She dressed him in fine clothes, and sent him off with a basket of apples, and said to him, "Remember that you deliver them into no one's hands but her own."

He went off, and reached the king's house, and said that he had a basket of apples from the gardener for the daughter of the King of the Green Mountains. The servants were going to take the basket from him, but he would not give it to them, and asked to be allowed to see herself. The king's daughter then sent word to him to come in to see her. He went in, and gave her the basket of apples: and she took hold of a bottle, and filled a glass with wine for him. "Excuse me," said he: "it is the fashion of the country whence I have come for those giving the drink to taste it first." Whereupon she drank to him first, and then filled the glass for him. He went, and took the gold ring that she gave him, and returned it to her in the glass. She took hold of it, looked at it, and saw her own name on it, and said to him, "Where did you find this ring?"

He said, "Do you remember the soldier whom you sent to a tailor for a suit of clothes?"

"Air leam gu bheil," ars' ise: "am bheil tuilleadh dearbhaidh agad air sin?"

"Tha," ars' esan; 's thug e mach an sgianpheann, 's thug e dhi e.

"Am bheil dearbadh eil' agad?" ars' ise.

"Tha," ars' esan, 's thug e dhi am prìn' òir.

"Tha mi 'faicinn a-nis gu bheil an rud fìor," ars' ise; 's chuir i 'dà làimh mu 'mheadhon, 's rinn i sodan mòr ris. Shocraich iad là airson a chéile 'phòsadh; agus chuir i cùl ris an fhear a bha i 'dol a phòsadh roimhe sin.

Thill esan dhachaidh gu bean a' ghàirnealair; agus dh' innis e dhi gu'n robh e 'dol a phòsadh nighean rìgh nam beann gorma. "Na biodh cùram ort-sa nach bi mise am chùlanach math dhuit-sa 's do d' dhuine." Phòs iad an sin.

An déigh a' phòsaidh thug i e 'dh' fhaicinn nam prìosanach a bha aice; agus, 'n uair a chunnaic e iad, dh' aithnich e na companaich aige fhéin, 's ghabh e truas mòr dhiubh, 's dh' iarr e an leigeil mu 'r sgaoil; 's thug e sìneadh math de dh' airgiod dhoibh, a bheireadh air falbh iad.

"I think that I do," said she. "Have you further proof of that?"

"I have," said he; and he took out the penknife, and handed it to her.

"Have you another proof of it?" said she.

"I have," said he: and he gave her the gold pin.

"I see now," said she, "that the thing is true"; and she put her two hands round him, and rejoiced greatly over him. They fixed a day for their marriage: and she discarded the man whom she was going to marry.

He returned to the gardener's wife, and told her that he was going to marry the daughter of the King of the Green Mountains. "Be not concerned lest I do not prove a good backing to you and your husband." They then married.

After their marriage she took him to see the prisoners that she had; and when he saw them he recognised his companions, and felt great compassion for them. He requested that they should be set at liberty, and handed them a good sum of money to take them away.

VI.

AN LONG A CHAIDH DO DH' AMERICA.

Sheòl an long so gu America, agus bha mòran sluaigh innte a bha 'dol a dh' fhuireach 's an dùthaich sin. Dh' éirich dhoibh gu'n d' thàinig iad dlùth air an fhearann far an robh rochdan is sgeirean ; agus chaidh na daoine a chall uile gu léir ach aon duine 's a bhean. Fhuair iad sin air tìr air pìos briste de 'n t-soitheach ; agus rinn iad bùth gu h-àrd bràigh a' chladaich. Bha siùil is roip de 'n t-soitheach a' dol air tìr, agus rinn iad am bùth suas leò. Bha pàirt de 'n bhiadh a bha 's an t-soitheach a' dol air tìr, ann an togsaidean, mar bha briosgaidean is feòil ; agus cuid de leabhraichean a bh' air bòrd chaidh iad air tìr cuideachd. Bha iad ùine an sin gus an do theirig na chaidh air tìr, agus an robh iad an uireasbhuidh.

Smuainich an duine là de na làithean gu'n rachadh e mach feadh na dùthcha dh' fheuch am faiceadh e tighean is daoine no ni sam bith a bheireadh toileachadh dha ; agus thubhairt e r' a mhnaoi gun iomagain sam bith a bhi orra. Dh' fhalbh e, agus ghabh e air 'aghaidh, agus chaidh e troimh mhòran coille. Bha e 'toirt

VI.

THE SHIP THAT WENT TO AMERICA.

This ship sailed to America with a great number of people who were going to reside in that country. It happened to them that they came near land at a part of the coast where there were many rocks and skerries: and all were lost except one man and his wife. These two got ashore on a broken piece of the ship, and they erected a tent above the shore. Sails and ropes belonging to the ship were going ashore; and they formed the tent of them. Some of the provisions that were in the ship were going ashore in hogsheads, such as biscuits and meat. Some books that were on board went also ashore. After they were there for some time what went ashore was spent; and they were in want.

It occurred to the man one day that he would go out through the country to try if he could see houses and men or anything that would please him: and he asked his wife not to be anxious. He set off, and went on, and passed through much wood. He took a bit of the bark off the trees as he went on. At

criomain de 'n chairt bhàrr nan craobh mar bha e 'dol air 'aghaidh. Fhuair e 'n sin troimh 'n choille. Cha ròbh e 'faicinn duine no coltas tighe sam bith. Chunnaic e beinn greis mhath uaithe, agus chuir e roimhe gu'n ruigeadh e 'mullach, a thaobh gu'm faiceadh e sealladh na b 'fheàrr air an dùthaich. Ràinig e mullach na beinne mu'n do stad e ; agus bha e sgìth, acrach, agus an là air dol seachad gu math aig a cheart àm sin. Cha 'n fhac e coltas duine no tigh fad a sheallaidh. Dh' fhàs e cho iomaguineach 's gu'n dubhairt e gu'm b' fheàrr leis nach d' fhàg e 'm bùth beag aige fhéin, 's eagal mòr air nach b' urrainn e tilleadh air 'ais le dìth béidh.

Bha e 'g amharc sìos air an taobh eile de 'n bheinn, agus bha leis gu'm fac e coltas bothain bhig aig bonn na beinne ; agus thubhairt e ris fhéin, " Ruigidh mi sìos, agus chì mi gu 'd é 'n seòrsa tighe a th' ann." Theirinn e sìos an sin, is ràinig e 'm bothan tighe, agus chaidh e stigh do sheòmar : agus bha 'n sin bòrd air a churainneachadh le tubhailt mhòir, ghil, agus botul fìona is builionn cruineachd air. " Mata," thubhairt e ris fhéin, " tha 'n t-acras orm, agus cha 'n 'eil fhios agam gu 'd é 'ni mi. Ma bheanas mi d' a so dhaoite gu'm bi e 'n a choire dhomh ; ach co dhiubh gabhaidh mi de dhànadas 's gu'n gabh mi pairt deth." Thug e làmh air a' bhotul,

last he got through the wood. He did not see any person or the appearance of any house. He saw a mountain at a considerable distance from him, and resolved to go to the top of it, because he would get a better view of the country. He reached the top of the mountain before he halted: and he was tired and hungry. A good part of the day was past by this time. He saw no appearance of anyone or of a house, as far as his eye could reach. He became so anxious that he said that he wished that he had not left his own little tent; and he was much afraid that he could not return on account of want of food.

As he was looking down the other side of the mountain he thought that he saw the appearance of a little hut at the foot of the mountain; and he said to himself, "I will go down, and see what kind of house it is." He went down, reached the hut, and entered a room in which there was a table covered with a large white table-cloth; and a bottle of wine and a loaf of wheaten bread were upon it. "Well!" said he to himself, "I am hungry, and know not what to do. If I touch this, perhaps I shall be to blame. I will, at any rate, venture to take a part of it." He took hold of the bottle

's ghabh e balgum no dhà as; agus thug e crioman as a' bhuilinn, agus dh' ith e e. Thàinig a-stigh an sin seann duine, liath, agus thubhairt e ris, "'D é do naigheachd, a choigrich? 'D é air an t-saoghal a shaodaich thu an rathad so?" Dh' innis e dha a h-uile mi-fhortan troimh 'n d' thàinig e; agus thubhairt e ris an t-seann duine, "Cha 'n 'eil fhios nach d' rinn mise gu mi-mhodhail dol a chòir so, ach bha 'n t-acras orm."

"Cha d' rinn, cha d' rinn," ars' an seann duine; "gabh do leòir dheth: 's ann airson do leithid a tha e ann. Am bheil thu pòsda?"

"Tha," ars' am fear eile.

"Am bheil teaghlach agaibh?" ars' an seann duine.

"Cha 'n 'eil," ars' am fear eile; "cha robh duine cloinne riamh againn."

Ars' an seann duine, "Tha 'n là nis air dol seachad; agus cha 'n 'eil ùin' agad air tilleadh air t-ais a nochd. Fanaidh tu agam-sa, agus gheibh thu bìadh is leaba uam-sa."

Chuir e seachad an oidhche sin còmhla ris an t-seann duine gu maduinn an là 'r na mhàireach. Dh' éirich iad le chéile 's a' mhaduinn, 's rinn an seann duine 'bhraiceas da. Chuir e botul fìona 's builionn cruineachd a-nall air a' bhòrd, 's thubhairt e ris, "Gabh a-nis do bhraiceas gu math; tha 'n t-astar fad' agad r' a dheanamh;

and took a mouthful or two out of it, and he took a bit out of the loaf and ate it. An old grey man then came in, and said to him, "What is your news, stranger? What in the world has driven you in this direction?"

He told the old man every misfortune that he passed through, and said to him, "I don't know but I have acted rudely by touching this; but I was hungry."

"Not at all, not at all," said the old man; "take enough of it: it is there for such as you. Are you married?"

"I am," said the other.

"Have you a family?" said the old man.

"We have not," said the other; "we never had any children."

The old man said, "The day is now past; and you have no time to return home to-night. Remain with me, and you shall get food and bed from me."

He spent that night with the old man. They both rose in the morning: and the old man made breakfast for the other. He put a bottle of wine and a loaf of wheaten bread on the table, and said, "Now make a good breakfast. You have a long distance to

agus tha do bhean ann an iomaguin mhòir umad."

'N uair a bha e 'falbh thubhairt ann seann duine ris mar so, "Gu 'd é 'bheir thu dhomh-sa ma bheir mi dhuit an tubhailt so? Cha 'n 'eil uair a sgaoileas tu air do bhòrd i nach fhaigh thu botul fìona agus builionn cruineachd, agus seòrsa no dhà eile de bhiadh a thuilleadh air a sin."

"Mata," ars' am fear eile, "cha 'n 'eil ni agam sa 'bheir mi dhuit air a son."

"Mata," ars' an seann duine, "ma bheir thu dhomh-sa a cheud duine no beathach a bheirear air do sheilbh gheibh thu 'n tubhailt."

Smuainich am fear eile nach biodh duine cloinne aige no 'bheag de bheathaichean; agus thubhairt e ris an t-seann duine gu'n d' thugadh e dha na bha e 'g iarraidh. Thubhairt an seann duine ris, "Ge b' air bith a bhios ann thig an so leis seachd bliadhna o 'n diugh."

Dh' fhalbh e 'n sin is dh' fhàg e beannachd aig an t-seann duine, agus thill e dhachaidh a dh' ionnsuidh a' bhothain; 's bha 'bhean anabarrach toilichte: cha robh fiughair aice gu'm faiceadh i gu bràth e. Chuir e 'làmh 'n a achlais, 's thug e mach an tubhailt, is sgaoil e i; agus bha 'n sin am botul fìona 's am builionn cruineachd, 's mòran de sheòrsachan eile air a' bhòrd. "Ah!" ars' a bhean, "c' àit an d' amais so ort?"

travel; and your wife is in great anxiety about you."

When he was going away the old man spoke to him thus: "What will you give me for the table-cloth? Every time that you spread it on your table you will get a bottle of wine, and a loaf of wheaten bread, and one or two other kinds of food besides."

"Really," said the other, "I have nothing to give you for it."

"Well!" said the old man, "if you give me the first man or beast that will be born on your possession you shall get the table-cloth."

The other, thinking that he would not have any children or beasts, said to the old man that he would give him what he asked. The old man said to him, "Whatever it be, come here with it seven years from to-day."

He then went away, and bade the old man good-bye, and returned home to his tent; and his wife was exceedingly pleased, for she did not expect ever to see him again. He took the table-cloth from under his arm, and spread it: and a bottle of wine and a loaf of wheaten bread were on the table, with many other kinds of food. "Ah," said his wife, "where have you found this?"

Thubhairt esan, "Chuir am fortan orm e. Cha bhi dìth oirnn tuilleadh fhad 's a bhios sinn beò."

Bha mar so là 's là 'dol seachad, agus mu dheireadh bha mac òg aig a mhnaoi, agus thug e Iain mar ainm air. 'N uair a chinn e 'n a phroitseach mu cheithir no còig a bhliadhnaichean thòisich e air sgoil a thoirt dha. Chaidh an ùine seachad gus an d' thàinig e thun na seachd bliadhna ; agus thubhairt e r' a mhnaoi, "Tha mise 'falbh an diugh, agus 'dol a thoirt leam a' bhalachain, a chionn 's e so a gheall mise airson na tubhailt."

Thòisich ise air caoineadh 's air bròn, 's air cur iomchoir' 'air airson a leithid a dheanamh. "Cha 'n 'eil atharrach air," ars esan : "feumaidh mise 'dheanamh ; feumaidh mi falbh an diugh."

Dh' éirich a mhàthair an so, agus phòg i 'm balachan, agus leig i air falbh e còmhla ri 'athair. Ràinig iad ceum air cheum am bothan beag aig bun na beinne far an robh an seann duine liath, agus chaidh e stigh do 'n cheart seòmar 's an robh e roimhe ; 's bha botul fìona 's builionn cruineachd air a' bhòrd. Smuainich e leis fhéin gu'n gabhadh e deur as a' bhotul 's gu'n thugadh e crìoman as a' bhuilinn ; 's ghabh e-fhéin 's am balachan rud dheth sin. Co 'thàinig a-stigh ach an seann duine liath ; 's thubhairt e ris, "Thàinig thu mar a gheall thu."

He said, "Fortune has bestowed it on me. We shall not be in want any more while we live."

Thus day after day passed, till at last his wife had a young son, whom he named John. When he grew up to be a boy of about four or five years his father began to give him schooling. Time passed till it came to the seven years: and the man said to his wife, "I am going away to-day, and going to take the boy with me, because it is he that I promised for the table-cloth."

She began to weep and wail, and to reflect on him for doing such a thing. "It cannot be helped," said he: "I must do it: I must go away to-day."

His mother then rose, and kissed the boy, and let him away with his father. They arrived step by step at the little hut at the foot of the mountain where the old grey man was; and he went into the same room that he was in before: and a bottle of wine and a loaf of wheaten bread were on the table. It occurred to him that he would take a drop out of the bottle and a bit out of the loaf; and he and the boy took a little of them. Who came in but the old grey man! and he said to him, "You have come as you promised."

"U ! thàinig," ars' am fear eile.

"Mata," ars' an seann duine liath, "bha feum agad air tighinn an diugh, oir dh' fhalbhainn-sa 'm màireach g' ad iarraidh. Tha mi 'faicinn gu bheil balachan agad an dràst ; rud nach robh agad roimhe. C' ainm baistidh a th' air ?"

"Iain," ars' 'athair a' bhalachain.

"Gu'm meal e 'ainm ; tha deagh ainm agad air," ars' an seann duine. "Am bheil a' bheag de sgoil aige ?"

"Tha beagan : bha mi-fhéin ag ionnsachadh dha," ars' athair a' bhalachain. Ars' an seann duine, "Bheir mise deagh sgoil is deagh ionnsachadh dha, agus ni mi mar gu'm bu mhac dhomh fhéin e. Dhaoite bith gu'n dean mi duine fortanach dheth fhathast."

Dh' fhan 'athair an oidhche sin còmhla riu aig bonn na beinne. An là 'r nà mhàireach, 'n uair a fhuair iad am braiceas, dh' fhàg 'athair beannachd aig a' bhalachan, agus thill e dhachaidh. 'N uair a thill e cha robh a bhean ach brònach, duilich as déigh a' bhalachain. Bha esan a' cumail misnich innte mar a b' fheàrr a b' urrainn e, an dochas gu'm biodh mac eile fhathast aca. Fàgaidh sinn iadsan gu comhfhurtachail an sin, agus tillidh sinn a dh' ionnsuidh a' bhodaich a bh' aig bonn na beinne.

Dh' fhàs am balachan 'n a ghille mòr, gasda ;

"Oo, yes," said the other.

"Well!" said the old grey man, "it behoved you to come to-day; for if you had not I would go for you to-morrow. I see that you have a boy with you this time, which was not the case before. What is his baptismal name?"

"John," said the boy's father.

"May he enjoy his name; it is a good one," said the old man. "Has he any education?"

"He has a little: I have been teaching him myself," said the boy's father.

The old man said, "I will give him good schooling and instruction, and act towards him as if he were my own son. Perhaps I shall make a fortunate man of him yet."

The boy's father remained with them that night at the foot of the mountain. After they had breakfast on the morrow his father bade the boy good-bye, and returned home. When he arrived his wife was sad and grieved after the boy. He was keeping up her spirits as he best could, in the hope that they would yet have another son. We will leave them there in comfort, and return to the old man at the foot of the mountain.

The boy grew up a big and handsome lad;

's thug an seann duine liath na's leòir de sgoil dha is ionnsachadh. Bha e còrr is fichead bliadhna aig an t-seann duine liath ; 's thubhairt an seann duine ris a' ghille, " Tha thu-fhéin is mise 'dol gu mullach na beinne so shuas an diugh. Seallaidh tu bràigh an doruis, agus gheibh thu srian eich, agus bheir thu leat i." Ràinig iad mullach na beinne ; agus thubhairt an seann duine ri Iain, " Crath an t-srian riumsa, agus tionndaidhidh mi 'n am each, agus leumaidh tu air mo mhuin." Rinn Iain sin, agus thionndaidh an seann duine liath 'n a each, agus leum e air a mhuin, agus dh' fhalbh e leis, agus dh' fhalbh e gu h-uamhasach. Bu choingeis leis boglach no garbhlach. Ghabh iad air an aghaidh neart de 'n là sin, agus thàinig iad gu aoineadh mòr taobh an loch ; 's thubhairt an seann duine liath ris, " Thig bhàrr mo mhuin, Iain." Thàinig Iain a-nuas bhàrr a mhuin ; agus thubhairt an seann duine ris, " Théid thu suas do dh' uaimh a tha shuas ann an sin, is gheibh thu trì famhairean 'n an sìneadh an sin a' dol bàs leis an acras ; agus seall ann am chluais dh' fheuch 'd é gheibh thu ann." Sheall e, 's fhuair e botul fìona agus trì builionnan cruineachd. Thubhairt an seann duin' an sin, " Bheir thu builionn an t-aon dhoibh, agus roinnidh tu 'm botul eatorra ; agus 'n uair a dh'

and the old grey man gave him enough of schooling and instruction. He was more than twenty years with the old grey man ; and the old grey man said to him, "You and I are to go to-day to the top of the mountain up here. Look above the door, and you will find there a horse's bridle. Bring it with you." Having reached the top of the mountain, the old grey man said to John, "Shake the bridle towards me, and I shall turn into a horse, and you shall leap on my back." John did as he was bid ; and the old grey man turned into a horse. John leaped on his back ; and the horse set off with him, and went at a terrible pace. Soft or hard ground was alike to him. They went on for the greater part of that day, and came to a big *aoineadh* at the sea-side ; and the old grey man said to John, "Come off my back, John." John came off his back ; and the old man said to him, "Go to the cave up there, and you shall find three giants lying down in it, and dying of hunger : and look into my ear to see what you will find in it." He looked, and found a bottle of wine and three loaves of wheaten bread. The old man said to him, "Give them a loaf each, and divide the bottle among them ; and when they partake of that, say to them

itheas iad sin abair riutha gu bheil dòchas agad gu'n cuimhnich iad dhuit-sa fhathast e."

Chaidh e far an robh na famhairean, 's thug e dhoibh sin. 'N uair a ghabh iad dheth thubhairt am famhair mòr, "Tha sinn gu h-anabarrach a-nis dheth."

"Ma tha," ars' Iain, "tha mi 'n dòchas gu'n cuimhnich sibh dhomh-sa fhathast e."

"Dhaoite gu'n cuimhnich," ars' am famhair mòr.

Chaidh e sìos far an robh an seann duine; agus thubhairt an seann duine ris, "An d' rinn thu mar a dh' iarr mi ort ?"

"Rinn, rinn," ars' Iain.

"Leum air mo mhuin, Iain," ars' an seann duine.

Dh' fhalbh iad an sin, agus ràinig iad taobh an loch far an robh tràigh mhòr. "Thig bhàrr mo mhuin, Iain," ars' an seann duine. "Falbh sìos a dh' ionnsuidh na tràgha : tha iasg mòr an sin, agus cuiridh tu mach air an loch e ; agus their thu ris gu bheil dòchas agad gu'n cuimhnich e dhuit fhathast e."

Chaidh e sìos, agus fhuair e 'n t-iasg ann, agus chuir e mach air an loch e, agus thubhairt e ris an iasg, "Tha mi 'n dòchas gu'n cuimhnich thu sin fhathast dhomh."

"Dhaoite gu'n cuimhnich," ars' an t-iasg.

that you hope that they will remember it to you yet."

He went to the giants and gave them the wine and loaves. When they partook of them the chief giant said, "We are now exceedingly well off."

"If so," said John, "I hope that you will remember it to me yet."

"Perhaps we will," said the chief giant.

He went down where the old man was; and the old man said to him, "Have you done as I bade you?"

"Yes, yes," said John.

"Leap on my back, John," said the old man.

They then set off, and reached the sea-side, where there was a great beach. "Come off my back, John," said the old man. "Go down to the beach: there is a big fish there: put it out on the sea, and say to it that you hope that it will remember it to you yet."

He went down to the beach, and found the fish there, and he put it out on the sea, and said to it, "I hope that you will remember it to me yet."

"Perhaps I will," said the fish.

Thill e 'n sin far an robh an seann duine; agus thubhairt an seann duine ris, "An d' rinn thu mar a dh' iarr mi ort, Iain?" Thubhairt Iain gu'n d' rinn; 's thubhairt an seann duine, "Leum air mo mhuin, Iain." Dh' fhalbh iad an sin, is thàinig iad a dh' ionnsuidh caisteal mòr pràise; agus thubhairt an seann duine, "Thig bhàrr mo mhuin, Iain. Théid thu suas a dh' ionnsuidh a' chaisteil sin, 's théid thu stigh, agus chì thu seòmraichean làn òir is seòmraichean làn airgid: agus na chunnaic thu riamh na beanadh do làmh do dhad dheth gus an tig thu 'mach."

Chaidh Iain an sin a-stigh do 'n chaisteal, is chunnaic e na bha 'n sin de sheòmraichean òir is airgid; agus 'n uair a bha e 'tighinn a-mach thug e sùil gu taobh, agus chunnaic e pasg mòr de dh' itean geòidh; agus smuainich e gu'm bu mhath a fhreagradh té dhiubh airson peann a dheanamh; agus thug e leis té dhiubh. Cha do ghabh e diog air ris an t-seann duine gu'n d' rinn e so. Thubhairt an seann duine ris, "Nach d' fhuair thu sealladh math a-stigh an sin?"

"Fhuair," ars' Iain.

"Cha do bhean thu do dhad; cha d' thug thu dad leat," ars' an seann duine.

"Cha d' thug," ars' Iain. "Leum air mo mhuin," ars' an seann duine.

He then returned to the old man, who said to him, "Have you done as I bade you, John?" John said that he had; and the old man said to him, "Leap on my back, John." They set off then, and came to a large brazen castle; and the old man said, "Come off my back, John. Go up to that castle, and enter it, and you shall see rooms full of gold and rooms full of silver; and by all that you have ever seen let not your hand touch any of it."

John then entered the castle, and saw all the rooms of gold and silver that were in it; and when he was coming out he looked sideways, and saw a large bundle of goose feathers; and it occurred to him that one of them would suit well to make a pen; and he took one of them away with him. He did not tell the old man that he had done this. The old man said to him, "Have you not had a good sight in there?"

"Yes," said John.

"You have not touched anything or taken anything away with you," said the old man.

"I have not," said John.

"Leap on my back," said the old man.

Leum Iain air a mhuin, agus dh' fhalbh iad, agus ràinig iad pailis rìgh a bha 'n sin; 's thubhairt an seann duine liath ris, "Thig bhàrr mo mhuin, Iain." "Thig, thig," ars' Iain; agus thubhairt an seann duine liath ris, "Theirig a-stigh, agus cuir fios a dh' ionnsuidh an rìgh am bi cléireach a dhìth air." Chaidh Iain a-stigh, agus thàinig fios gu'm biodh cléireach a dhìth orra fo làimh an ard-chléirich. Chaidh Iain a-mach, agus dh' innis e sin do 'n bhodach; agus thubhairt am bodach, "Gabh thusa sin fhéin gus am faigh thu na 's fheàrr"; agus thill Iain a-stigh, agus ghabh e 'n tairgse 'fhuair e. An sin thill e 'mach, is dh' innis e do 'n t-seann duine liath gu'n d' rinn e muinntearas aig an rìgh. Dh' fhàg an seann duine liath an sin e; agus thubhairt e ris, "Ma thig éigin no cruaidh-chàs sam bith ort cuimhnich orm-sa, agus thig mise far am bi thu."

Chaidh e stigh an sin, is thòisich e air 'obair fo làimh an ard-chléirich. Na pinn a bh' aca cha robh iad a' còrdadh ris; agus chuimhnich e gu'n d' thug e 'n ite leis as a' chaisteal phràis; agus rinn e peann d' i; agus 'n uair a dh' fheuch e 'm peann sin dheanadh e sgrìobhadh leis nach d' rinn e-fhéin, 's nach fhac e duin' eile 'deanamh a leithid. 'N uair a chunnaic an t-àrd-chléireach an sgrìobhadh a bha e 'deanamh cha 'n fhac e-

John leaped on his back; and they set off, and reached the castle of a king that was there; and the old grey man said to him, "Come off my back, John." "Yes, yes," said John; and the old grey man said to him, "Go in, and send word to the king, asking him if he wants a clerk." John went in, and word came that a clerk was wanted under the command of the head-clerk. John went out, and told this to the old man, who said, "Accept of the office till you get a better." John returned to the house and accepted the offer that he got. He then returned to the old grey man and told him that he had taken service with the king. The old grey man left him there, and said to him, "Should any difficulty or hard lot overtake you, think of me, and I will come to you."

He then went in, and began his work under the command of the head-clerk. The pens that they had were not pleasing him, and remembering that he had taken the feather away with him from the brazen castle, he made a pen of it; and when he tried the pen he could write with it in such a manner as he himself never wrote, and as he never saw anyone writing. When the head-clerk saw the writing

fhéin a leithid, 's bha e air oillteachadh gu'm faigheadh e 'bhi os a cheann fhéin. Dh' éirich do dh' Iain gu'n robh e 'mach là, agus thàinig an t-àrd-chléireach a dh' fheuchainn nam peann aig Iain, agus dh' amais e air a' pheann so, agus sgrìobhadh e leis cho math ri Iain e-fhéin. Dh' fhalbh an t-àrd-chléireach, agus dh' innis e do 'n rìgh gur h-e 'm peann a bh' aig Iain a bha 'deanamh an sgrìobhaidh ; agus chaidh an rìgh, agus dh' fheuch e-fhéin am peann, agus dheanadh e cho math ri Iain 's ris a' chléireach. Chuir an rìgh fios air Iain, agus thubhairt e ris, " C' àit an d' fhuair thu 'm peann a th' agad an sud ?"

Thubhairt Iain, " An là 'thàinig mi 'n so fhuair mi 'm peann anns a' chaisteal phràis."

" Bha mi 'smuaineachadh sin," ars' an rìgh. " Feumaidh tu fhalbh, agus bain-tighearn' a' chaisteil phràis a thoirt 'am ionnsuidh ann an so los gu'm pòs mi i."

" Cha 'n urrainn mise sin a dheanamh," ars' Iain.

" Feumaidh tu 'dheanamh, air neo mur dean théid do chrochadh," ars' an rìgh.

Thug Iain an so a sheòmar fhéin air, agus thòisich e air caoineadh ; agus thubhairt e ris fhéin, " Nach bu mhath an seann duine liath na'm biodh e 'n so !" agus ann an tiota co 'bh' aige ach an seann duine liath air tighinn.

he never saw the like of it, and he was terrified that John would get to be over him. One day that John happened to be out the head-clerk came to try his pens, and having found this pen, he could write with it as well as John himself could. The head-clerk went and told the king that it was John's pen that was doing the writing; and the king went and tried the pen himself, and he could write with it as well as John and the clerk could. The king sent for John, and said to him, "Where did you get the pen that you have yonder?"

John said, "I got the pen in the brazen castle on the day on which I came here."

"I was thinking that," said the king. "You must go and bring the lady of the brazen castle to me here, that I may marry her."

"I cannot do that," said John.

"You must do it, or else you shall be hanged," said the king.

John went to his own room, and began to weep; and he said to himself, "How valuable would be the presence of the old grey man!" and who should in a moment come to him but the old grey man!

"'D é so 'th' ort?" ars' an seann duine liath.

Dh' innis e mar a thubhairt an rìgh ris; agus thubhairt an seann duine liath ris, "Bàrnaidh mise gu'n do bhean thu do rud-eigin 's a' chaisteal."

"Mata," ars' Iain, "cha do bhean mise do rud sam bith ach do dh' aon ite; agus rinn mi peann d' i; agus 's e sin a rinn an gnothuch so mar tha e."

"Tha sin cho dona dhuit," ars' an seann duine, "'s ged a bheanadh tu do rud a bu mhò na e; agus dh' iarr mise ort gun bheanailt ri dad; agus mur beanadh cha robh sin agad ri 'dheanamh an diugh: co dhiubh thig a-mach agus leum air mo mhuin."

Chaidh Iain a-mach, agus leum e air a mhuin, agus dh' fhalbh iad, agus ràinig iad sealladh a' chaisteil phràis taobh na mara; agus thug e dha slat, agus thubhairt e, "Buail an t-slat sin orm-sa, agus fàsaidh mi ann am long; agus stiùiridh tu dìreach gu ruig beulaobh a' chaisteil phràis i, agus cuiridh tu 'mach acair an sin, agus théid thu air tìr leis a' gheòlaidh, agus bithidh tu 'g amharc mu 'n cuairt ort dh' fheuch 'd é 'chì thu, agus ag imeachd air t-ais 's air t-aghaidh. Cuiridh a' bhain-tighearna 'mach a ceann bhàrr uinneig gu h-àrd bràigh a' chaisteil; agus their

"What is the matter with you?" said the old grey man.

He told him what the king had said to him; and the old grey man said to him, "I'll warrant that you touched something in the castle."

"Indeed," said John, "I touched nothing except one feather; and I made a pen of it: and that is what has brought matters to this pass."

"That is as bad for you as though you had touched a larger thing," said the old grey man. "I bade you not touch anything, and if you had not touched anything you would not have that to do to-day. However, come out, and leap on my back."

John went out, and leaped on his back; and they set off, and came in sight of the brazen castle at the sea-side. He then gave him a rod, and said, "Strike me with the rod, and I shall become a ship; and you shall steer in a straight line to the front of the brazen castle, and cast anchor there, and you shall go ashore with the skiff, and keep looking about you to try what you will see, and walking backwards and forwards. The lady will put her head out at a window in the upper part of the castle, and

i riut-sa, 'Cia as a thàinig thu, 'sheòladair?' agus their thusa rithe gu bheil thu 'n déigh tighinn thairis as na H-Innsean; agus their ise, 'Gu 'd é 'n luchd a th' agad air bòrd?' agus their thusa rithe gu bheil luchd sìoda; fasain a tha air ùr-thighinn a-mach, 's a tha anabarrach briagh airson bhain-tighearnan. Their ise 'n sin riut, 'Thoir a-stigh ultach math deth, agus ceannaichidh mise deise no dhà dheth.' Their thusa rithe, 'Cha 'n urrainn domh-sa 'bharalachadh gu 'd é 'thoilicheas sibhse; ach o 'n 'tha 'n là fiathail, ciùin cha 'n 'eil rud sam bith a's fheàrr na sibh-fhéin a thighinn a-mach'; agus their ise riut, gu bheil i 'smuaineachadh gur h-e sin a's fheàrr dhi."

Dh' fhalbh e 'n sin, is bhuail e 'n t-slat air a' bhodach, is thionndaidh e 'n a luing; 's thog iad orra, 's chuir iad acair a-mach air beulaobh a' chaisteil phràis, 's chiadh Iain air tìr leis a' gheòlaidh. Ràinig e 'n caisteal, 's bha e 'dol mu'n cuairt da air 'ais 's air 'aghaidh, a-null 's a-nall; 's chuir ise 'mach a ceann air an uinneig gu h-àrd, 's thubhairt i ris, "Cia as a thàinig thu, 'sheoladair?"

"Tha mi 'n déigh tighinn thairis as na H-Innsean," ars esan.

"'D é 'n luchd a th' agad air bòrd?" ars' ise.

"Tha luchd sìoda," ars' esan; "a h-uile

say to you, 'Whence have you come, sailor?' and you shall say to her that you have just come across from the Indies. She will say to you, 'What cargo have you on board?' and you shall say to her that you have a cargo of silk; fashions newly come out, very fine for ladies. She will then say to you, 'Bring in a good bundle of it, and I will buy a dress or two of it.' You shall say to her, 'I cannot guess what will please you; but as the day is calm and mild there is nothing better than that you come out yourself:' and she will say to you that she thinks that that is best for her."

He then went and struck the old man with the rod, and he turned into a ship: and they set off, and cast anchor in front of the brazen castle: and John went ashore with the skiff. He reached the castle, and was going round it backwards and forwards, hither and thither: and the lady put her head out at the window above, and said to him, "Whence have you come, sailor?"

"I have just come across from the Indies," said he.

"What cargo have you on board?" said she.

"A cargo of silk," said he; "every kind of

seòrsa fasain de dh' fhasain ùra, is anabarrach freagarrach airson dheiseachan do bhain-tighearnan 's do mhnathan uaisle mòra."

"Bithidh mi 'ad chomain," ars' ise, "ma bheir thu stigh ultach math dheth, 's gu'n ceannaich mise deise no dhà dheth."

"Cha 'n urrainn domh-sa," ars' esan, "barail a thoirt gu d' é na seòrsachan a thoilicheas sibhse; 's fheàrr dhuibh dol a-mach leam air bòrd, o 'n a tha 'n là ciùin, fiathail."

"Mata," ars' ise, "cha 'n 'eil fhios agam nach h-e sin a's fheàrr dhomh a dheanamh."

'Dh fhalbh i 'mach leis, 's thug e sìos do 'n *chabin* i, 's chuir e air a beulaobh an sin ultaichean sìoda, agus thug i de dh' ùine a' ruith orra, 's a' smuaineachadh gu 'd é 'n seòrsa 'bheireadh i leatha, gus mu dheireadh, 'n uair a thàinig i nìos air bòrd an robh i astar fuathasach air falbh o 'n chaisteal.

"Ah!" ars' ise, "gu 'd é so 'rinn thu orm?"

"Cha 'n eagal duibh fhathast," ars' esan.

"Mata," ars' ise, "tha mise 'nis án déigh mo chaisteal pràis a chall; mo dhachaidh mhath:" agus chuir i 'làmh 'n a pòca, 's thug i 'mach iuchraichean a' chaisteil, 's thilg i 'mach air an loch iad. "'D é sam bith," ars' ise, "mar a dh' éireas dhomh-sa cha téid duin' eile stigh am dhéigh-sa do 'n chaisteal."

new fashion, very suitable for dresses for ladies and great ladies."

"I shall be obliged to you," said she, "if you will bring in a good bundle of it that I may buy a dress or two of it."

"I cannot guess," said he, "what kinds will please you: you had better go out with me on board, as the day is calm and mild."

"Indeed, I do not know," said she, "but it is best for me to do so."

She went out with him; and he brought her down to the cabin, and set before her bundles of silk; and she took so much time looking over them, and thinking what kind she would take away with her, that when she came up on deck she was a great distance away from the castle.

"Ah!" said she, "what have you done to me?"

"There is no fear of you yet," said he.

"Well!" said she, "I have now lost my brazen castle; my good home." She put her hand in her pocket, and took out the keys of the castle, and threw them into the sea. "Whatever befalls me," said she, "no other shall enter the castle after me."

Stiùir esan an long agus thàinig e air tìr aig a' cheart àite as an d' fhalbh e. Thug e bain-tighearn' a' chaisteil phràis leis anns a' gheòl-aidh air tìr, agus chrath e 'n t-slat ris an long, agus thàinig an long gu tìr, is dh' fhàs i 'n a h-each. Chuir e bain-tighearn' a' chaisteil phràis air muin an eich, agus mharcaich iad dhachaidh gu ruig pailis an rìgh, agus liubhair e bain-tighearn' a' chaisteil phràis do 'n rìgh. An là 'r na mhàireach thòisich e air a chléir-sinneachd.

Bhruidhinn an rìgh ri bain-tighearn' a chaisteil phràis airson a pòsadh. Thubhairt ise ris, "Cha phòs mis' thu 'm feasda gus an cuir thu 'n caisteal pràis aig ceann a' phailis ann an so."

"Bheir sinn air Iain sin a dheanamh," ars' an rìgh. Chuir e fios air Iain, 's thubhairt e ris, "Feumaidh tu 'n caisteal pràis a chur aig ceann a' phailis ann an so, air neo théid do chrochadh."

Dh' fhalbh Iain bochd, 's thug e 'sheòmar air, 's thòisich e air smuaineachadh air an t-seann duine liath, 's thàinig e. Thubhairt an seann duine liath, "'D é 'th' ort an diugh, Iain?"

"Tha," thubhairt Iain, "gu bheil an rìgh ag iarraidh orm an caisteal pràis a thoirt gu ceann a' phailis aige, air neo théid mo chrochadh."

He steered the ship, and went ashore at the very spot from which he started. He took the lady of the brazen castle ashore in the skiff; and he shook the rod towards the ship; and it came to land, and became a horse. He set the lady of the brazen castle on the back of the horse; and they rode home to the palace; and he delivered her to the king. On the morrow he began his work as clerk.

The king told the lady of the brazen castle that he wished to marry her. She said to him, "I will never marry you till you place the brazen castle at the end of this palace."

"We shall make John do it," said the king. He sent for John, and said to him, "You must place the brazen castle at the end of this palace, or else you shall be hanged."

Poor John betook himself to his own room, and began to think of the old grey man; and he came. The old grey man said, "What is the matter with you to-day, John?"

"The king," said he, "bids me bring the brazen castle to the end of his palace here, or else I shall be hanged."

"Nach d' iarr mise ort," ars an seann duine liath, "gun bheanailt do ni sam bith anns a' chaisteal? Mar beanadh cha bhiodh sin agad ri 'dheanamh an diugh. Thig a-mach, 's leum air mo mhuin."

Dh' fhalbh e leis gus an d' thug e 'dh' ionnsuidh na h-uamha e far an robh na famhairean mòra. "Tha mòran fhamhairean ann an diugh," ars' esan; "agus abair riu am bheil cuimhn' aca an là 'bha iad a' dol bàs le acras, 's a thug thu fìon is cruineachd dhoibh, agus gu bheil thu 'n dòchas gu'n toir iad an caisteal pràis gu ceann pailis an rìgh air do shon-sa."

Chaidh e suas, agus, mar thubhairt e ris, bha 'n uamh làn fhamhairean, agus thubhairt e ris an fhamhair mhòr, "Am bheil cuimhn' agad an là 'bha thu bàsachadh an so leis an acras, agus thug mise botul fìona agus builionnan cruineachd dhuibh?"

"Mata," ars' am famhair mòr, "air leam gu'n robh a leithid ann gu dearbh."

"Tha mi 'n dòchas gu'n cuimhnich thu dhomh-sa 'n diugh e," thubhairt Iain.

"Gu 'd é 'tha 'dhìth ort?" thubhairt am famhair mòr.

"Tha 'dhìth orm," ars' Iain, "gu'n toir thu 'n caisteal pràis a dh' ionnsuidh pailis an rìgh air mo shon-sa."

"Did I not bid you," said the old grey man, "not touch anything in the castle? If you had not touched anything you would not have that to do to-day. Come out, and leap on my back."

He went away with him till he brought him to the cave where the big giants were. "There are many giants in it to-day," said the old man. "Ask them if they remember the day when they were dying of hunger, and you gave them wine and wheaten bread, and say to them that you hope that they will bring the brazen castle to the end of the king's palace for your sake."

He went up; and the cave was full of giants, as the old man had told him; and he said to the chief giant, "Do you remember the day when you were dying here of hunger, and I gave you a bottle of wine and loaves of wheaten bread?"

"Indeed, I think that such a thing happened," said the chief giant.

"I hope that you will remember it to me to-day," said John.

"What do you want?" said the chief giant.

"That you bring the brazen castle to the king's palace for my sake," said John.

" Dhaoite gu'n toir," ars' am famhair mòr.

Chaidh Iain an sin a sìos far an robh an seann duine liath; agus thubhairt an seann duine liath, "An d' rinn thu mar dh' iarr mi ort, Iain ?"

"Rinn," thubhairt Iain.

"Gu 'd é 'thubhairt e ruit ?" ars' an seann duine liath.

" Thubhairt e, ' Dhaoite gu'n toir'," ars' Iain.

" Tha sin cho math 's ged dheanadh e na bu chinntiche thu," ars' an seann duine liath. " Leum air mo mhuin, Iain."

Thill iad a h-uile ceum a dh' ionnsuidh pailis an rìgh; agus thubhairt an seann duine liath ris, " Tòisich air t-obair a-nis, 's ma thig éigin sam bith ort cuimhnich orm-sa"; agus dh' fhàg e e.

Anns a' mhaduinn an là 'r na mhàireach, 'n uair a dh' éirich an rìgh, bha 'n caisteal pràis aig ceann a' phailis aige. Bhruidhinn an rìgh an sin ri bain-tighearn' a' chaisteil phràis airson a pòsadh; agus thubhairt i, " Cha phòs mis' thu 'm feasda gus am faigh mi 'm pasgan iuchraichean a thilg mi 'mach air an loch."

Thubhairt an rìgh, " Bheir sinn air Iain gu'm faigh e iad."

Chuir e fios air Iain e 'thighinn a bhruidhinn ris, agus thubhairt e ris, " Feumaidh tu iu-

"Perhaps I will," said the chief giant.

John then went down to the old grey man, who said to him, "Have you done as I bade you, John?"

"I have," said John.

"What did he say to you?" said the old grey man.

"He said, 'Perhaps I will.'"

"That is as good as though he made you more certain," said the old grey man. "Leap on my back, John."

They returned all the way to the king's palace; and the old grey man said to him, "Begin your work now; and should you at any time be in straits, think of me"; and he left him.

When the king rose next morning the brazen castle was at the end of his palace. The king then told the lady of the brazen castle that he wished to marry her; and she said, "I will never marry you till I get the bundle of keys that I threw into the sea."

The king said, "We will make John get them."

He sent for John to come to speak to him, and said to him, "You must get for me the

chraichean a' chaisteil phràis fhaotuinn dhomh-sa a thilg a' bhain-tighearn' a-mach air an loch an là 'thug thu as a chaisteal i, air neo théid do chrochadh."

Thug Iain a sheòmar fhéin air, agus thòisich e air smuaineachadh air an t-seann duine liath, agus thàinig e. "'D é 'tha 'dhìth air an rìgh a-nis ?" ars' an seann duine liath.

"Tha iuchraichean a' chaisteil phràis a thilg i 'mach air an loch an là 'thug sinn as a' chaisteal i," ars Iain.

"Nach d' iarr mise ort," ars' an seann duine, "gun bheanailt do dh' aon ni a' bha 's a' chaisteal ? Mar beanadh cha robh sin agad ri 'dheanamh an diugh. Thig a-mach is leum air mo mhuin."

Leum e air a' mhuin an sin, is dh' fhalbh iad is ràinig iad an tràigh far an robh an t-iasg a chuir e 'mach air an loch ; 's thubhairt an seann duine ri Iain, "Rach a-mach a-nis, agus glaodhaidh tu air rìgh an éisg ; agus 'n uair a thig e their thu ris, 'Am bheil cuimhn' agad an là 'bha thu traight' air an tràigh an so, 's a chuir mise 'mach thu ?' 'Tha leam gu bheil,' their an t-iasg ; 's their e riut, 'D é 'tha 'dhìth ort ?' 's their thusa ris gu bheil iuchraichean a' chaisteil phràis a dhìth ort a thilg a' bhain-tighearna 'mach 's an loch."

keys of the brazen castle that the lady threw into the sea on the day when you brought her away from the castle, or else you shall be hanged."

John retired to his own room, and began to think of the old grey man; and he came and said, "What does the king want now?"

"The keys of the brazen castle that the lady threw into the sea on the day when we took her away from the castle," said John.

"Did I not bid you," said the old man, "not touch anything that was in the castle? If you had not touched anything you would not have that to do to-day. Come out and leap on my back."

John then leaped on his back; and they set off, and reached the beach where was the fish that he put out in the sea; and the old man said to him, "Go now, and call to the king of the fish, and when he comes, say to him, 'Do you remember the day when you were left on the beach here by the receding tide, and I put you out?' The fish will say to you, 'I think that I do. What do you want?' And you shall say to him that you want the keys of the brazen castle that the lady threw into the sea."

Chaidh e 'n sin a-mach air an loch, agus ghlaodh e air rìgh an éisg, agus thubhairt e ris, "Am bheil cuimhn' agad an là 'bha thu air tràghadh an so, agus a chuir mise 'mach thu?"

"Tha cuimhn' agam air," ars' an t-iasg: "'d é 'tha 'dhìth ort?"

"Tha 'dhìth orm iuchraichean a' chaisteil phràis a thilg a' bhain-tighearn' a-mach air an loch," ars' esan.

Dh' fhalbh an t-aisg an sin air tòir nan iuchraichean, 's thug e ùine mhath mu 'n d' amais e orra. Thill Iain an sin 's na h-iuchraichean aige, 's chaidh e air tìr; 's thubhairt an seann duine ris, "An d' fhuair thu na h-iuchraichean?"

"Fhuair," ars' esan.

"Leum air mo mhuin," ars' an seann duine.

Leum e air a mhuin, is dh' fhalbh e leis a dh' ionnsuidh pailis an rìgh, 's thug e na h-iuchraichean do 'n rìgh; 's thug an rìgh do bhain-tighearn' a' chaisteil phràis iad. Thill Iain a-mach far an robh an seann duine; agus thubhairt an seann duine, "Thoir an aire air do ghnothuch mar b' àbhaist; agus ma thig éigin sam bith ort cuimhnich orm-sa."

'N uair a fhuair a' bhain-tighearna na h-iuchraichean thubhairt i ris an rìgh, "Cha phòs mise 'm feasda gus am faigh mi trì botuil de dh' uisge tobair nam buadh."

John then went out on the sea, and called to the king of the fishes, and said to him, "Do you remember the day when you were left here by the receding tide, and I put you out?"

"I do," said the fish. "What do you want?"

"I want the keys of the brazen castle that the lady threw into the sea," said John.

The fish went in search of the keys, and took a considerable time to find them. John then returned with the keys, and went ashore; and the old man said to him, "Have you found the keys?"

"I have," said he.

"Leap on my back," said the old man.

He leaped on his back, and went away with him to the king's palace, and gave the keys to the king; and the king gave them to the lady of the brazen castle. John went out, and returned to the old man, who said, "Attend to your business as usual; and should you at any time be in straits, think of me."

When the lady got the keys she said to the king, "I will never marry till I get three bottles of the water of the well of virtues."

"Cha 'n urrainn mise sin fhaotuinn dhuit," ars' an rìgh : "bheir sinn air Iain 'fhaotuinn."

Thug Iain a sheòmar air, agus thòisich e air smuaineachadh air an t-seann duine liath, gu'm bu mhath na 'n tigeadh e. Thàinig an seann duine liath, agus thubhairt e, "Gu 'd é 'th' ort an diugh, Iain ?"

"'S mòr sin 's cha bheag e," thubhairt Iain. "Tha e 'g iarraidh trì botuil de dh' uisge tobair nam buadh."

"Thig a-mach, is leum air mo mhuin : cha 'n 'eil sin furasd' 'fhaotuinn," ars' an seann duine liath.

Dh' fhalbh Iain 's an seann duine liath, is mharcaich iad air an aghaidh astar fuathasach ; agus thubhairt e ri Iain, "Iain, thig bhàrr mo mhuin, agus faigh clach mhath, agus buailidh tu mi am bun na cluaise, agus marbhaidh tu mi : cha 'n urrainn domh-sa dol na's fhaide : agus n' uair a mharbhas tu mise sgoiltidh tu mo bhroinn, agus théid thu stigh am bhroinn, is leigidh tu pàirt de m' chaolain a-mach air mo chliathaich ; agus thig còig fithich a dh' itheadh mo chaolan ; agus cuiridh tu do làmh a-mach gu fàilidh, agus beiridh tu air dithis, agus their an trì eile riut, 'Leig a-mach ar bràithrean g' ar n-ionnsuidh' ; agus abair thusa riu nach leig gus an toir iad do d' ionnsuidh còig botuil de

"I cannot get that for you," said the king; "we will make John get it."

John retired to his room, and began to think that it would be well if the old grey man would come. The old grey man came, and said, "What is the matter with you to-day, John?"

"A great deal, and not a little," said John. "The king wants three bottles of the water of the well of virtues."

"Come out and leap on my back: that is not easy to find," said the old grey man.

John and the old grey man set off, and rode on a very great distance; and the old grey man said to John, "John, come off my back, and get a good lump of a stone, and strike me in the root of the ear, and kill me (I cannot go farther); and when you kill me, rip up my belly, and go into it, and let part of my small intestines out at my side. Five ravens will come to eat them: and you shall put out your hand softly, and catch two of them; and the other three will say to you, 'Let our brothers out to us.' Say you to them that you will not let them out till they bring to you five bottles of the water of the well of virtues; and when

dh' uisge tobair nam buadh ; agus 'n uair a thig iad leis feuch nach toir iad an car asad. Ma 's e 'n t-uisge ceart a bhios ann éiridh mi beò ma chuireas tu deur orm dheth ; 's mur h-e cha charaich mi ; agus maoidhidh tu gu fuathasach gu'm marbh thu an dà fhitheach a th' agad mur toir iad 'ad ionnsuidh an t-uisge ceart."

Dh' fhalbh e 'n so is bhuail e 'chlach 'air am bun na cluaise, is mharbh e e. Sgoilt e air a bhroinn, agus chaidh e stigh 'n a bhroinn. Thàinig na còig fithich a dh' itheadh nan caolan aig an each, 's chuir esan a làmh a-mach, is rug e air dithis dhiubh ; agus ghlaodh na fithich eile am braithrean a leigeil a-mach g' an ionnsuidh-san. "Cha leig," ars' esan, "gus an toir sibh còig botuil de dh' uisge tobair nam buadh g' am ionnsuidh-sa an so."

Dh' fhalbh iad an sin is thàinig iad, 's na còig botuil aca. "So," ars' iadsan ; "leig leinn-ne nis ar bràithrean."

"Cha leig," ars' esan, "gus am bi fhios agam-sa 'n e t-uisge ceart a th' agaibh."

Thilg e deur air an each 's cha do charaich an t-each. Dh' fhalbh e 'n sin, is rug e air cheann air an dà fhitheach a bh' aige, 's thòisich e air an cur mu 'n cuairt, agus thubhairt e, "Bheir mise na cinn as na h-achanan agaibh mur toir sibh am ionnsuidh an t-uisge ceart."

they come with it, take care that they do not play you a trick. If it be the right water I shall rise alive on your pouring a quantity of it on me ; but if it be not I shall not stir : and you shall threaten terribly that you will kill the two ravens that you have unless they bring the right water to you."

John then went, and struck the old grey man with the stone in the root of the ear, and killed him. He ripped up his belly, and went into it. The five ravens came to eat the horse's intestines ; and he put out his hand, and caught two of them ; and the other ravens called to him to let their brothers out to them. "I will not," said he, "till you bring to me here five bottles of the water of the well of virtues."

They went away, and returned with the five bottles. "Here," said they : "give up our brothers to us now."

"I will not," said he, "till I know if it is the right water that you have."

He threw a drop of it on the horse, but the horse did not stir. He then caught the two ravens that he had by their heads, and began to put them round, and said, "I will take the heads off your necks unless you bring the right water to me."

Dh' fhalbh iad a dh' iarraidh an uisge, agus thug iad ùine mhòr mu 'n do thill iad, 's thug iad dha an t-uisge, 's thilg e steall air an each, agus dh' éirich an t-each agus thàinig e beò, agus thubhairt e ri Iain, "'S math a rinn thu, Iain"; agus leig Iain an dà fhitheach air fhalbh le càch. Thubhairt an sean duine liath, "Leum air mo mhuin, Iain." An sin dh' fhalbh iad, agus thàinig iad dhachaidh a h-uile ceum gu ruig pailis an rìgh; agus thubhairt an seann duine ri Iain, "Bheir thu trì botuil seachad, agus gléidhidh tu-fhéin dithis; agus ma thig éigin sam bith ort cuimhnich orm-sa."

Thug e na trì botuil do 'n rìgh; agus thug an rìgh do 'n bhain-tighearn' iad. Dh' òrduich ise coire mòr làn uisge 'chur 'air, agus a ghoil, agus chaidh i do sheòmar leatha fhéin, agus nigh i i-fhéin leis na trì botuil o bhonn a coise gu mullach a cinn. Bha Iain ag amharc a-stigh orra troimh tholl na h-iucrach, agus leum i anns a' choire, agus thubhairt i nach pòsadh is' am feasda ach fear a sheasadh cho fada rithe-se anns a' choire uisge. Dh' fhalbh an rìgh agus leum e anns a' choire còmhla rithe, agus chaidh a losgadh gu bàs. Smuainich Iain air an t-seann duine liath, agus thàinig e, is dh' innis Iain dha mar a rinn a' bhain-tighearna leis na trì botuil, mar a leum i anns a' choire, agus

They set off for the water, and were a long time away before they returned, and they gave him the water; and he threw a quantity of it on the horse; and the horse rose, and came alive, and said to John, "You have acquitted yourself well, John." John then let the two ravens away with the others. The old grey man said, "Leap on my back, John." They then set off, and came home all the way to the king's palace; and the old grey man said to John, "Give away three bottles and keep two; and should you be in any strait, think of me."

He gave the three bottles to the king; and he gave them to the lady. She ordered a great caldron full of water to be put on the fire to boil; and she went to a room alone, and washed herself from head to foot with the water of the three bottles. John was looking at her through the keyhole. She sprang into the caldron, and said that she would never marry any man except one who would stand in the caldron as long as she would. The king went, and sprang into the caldron with her, and he was burned to death. John thought of the old grey man; and he came; and John told him what the lady did with the three bottles, how

mar a leum an rìgh, agus gu'n deachaidh a losgadh.

"Falbh thusa," ars' an seann duine liath, "agus nigh thu-fhéin leis an dà bhotul : tha e cho math 's ged bhiodh trì agad ; agus théid thu stigh far am bheil i, agus their thu rithe ma phòsas i thusa gu'n gu'n seas thu cho fada rithe fhéin 's a' choire."

Nigh e e-fhéin, 's chaidh e stigh far an robh i, agus thubhairt e rithe, "Ma phòsas tu mise leumaidh mi 's a' choire còmhla riut."

"Posaidh," thubhairt ise ; agus thug e leum a-stigh do 'n choire, 's chuir e dhà làimh mu 'tiomchioll, 's thòisich e air a pògadh. "'S tusa 'n duin' agam-sa a-nis," ars' ise. Thàinig iad a-mach a sin, 's chuir iad orr' an eudach, agus phòs iad ; agus fhuair esan a bhi 'n a rìgh an sin an àite an fhir eile. Dh' fhàg am bodach beannachd aige, agus thubhairt e ris, "Rinn mise dhuit a-nis an rud a gheall mi dhuit : rinn mi duine fortanach dhiot." Mar do shiubhail iad uaithe sin tha iad beò fhathast.

she and the king sprang into the caldron, and the king was burned.

"Go you," said the old grey man, "and wash yourself with the water of the two bottles, which will be as effectual as though you had three, and go in where she is, and say to her that if she will marry you you will stand in the caldron as long as herself."

He washed himself, and went in where she was, and said to her, "If you marry me I will leap into the caldron with you."

"I will marry you," said she; and he leaped into the caldron, and put his two hands round her, and began to kiss her. "You are my man now," said she. They came out of the caldron, put on their clothes, and married; and he became king in place of the other. The old man bade him good-bye, and said to him, "I have now done what I promised you: I have made a fortunate man of you." Unless they have died since then, they are alive still.

VII.

COISE CÉIN.

Bha còig ceud dall ann, agus còig ceud bodar, agus còig ceud bacach, agus còig ceud balbhan, agus còig ceud cripleach. Bha còig ceud bean aig a' chòig ceud bodar, is còig ceud bean aig a' chòig ceud bacach, is còig ceud bean aig a' chòig ceud balbhan, is còig ceud bean aig a' chòig ceud cripleach. Bha còig ceud leanabh aig a h-uile còig ceud dhiubh sin, is còig ceud cù aig a h-uile còig ceud dhiubh sin. Bha iad sin a' falbh 'n an aon chòmhlan còmhla. Theireadh iad a' Chliath-sheanachair riù so. Cha 'n 'eil àite 's an tugadh iad bliadhna nach tugadh iad gort sheachd bliadhn' ann. Bha ridir ann an Eirinn ris an abradh iad O Croiniceard; agus thug iad là 's bliadhn' aige, is dh' ith iad suas gach ni 'bh' aige; rinn iad duine bochd dheth. Bha rìgh ann an Eirinn ris an abradh iad Brian Bòrr; agus chaidh O Croiniceard far an robh Brian a dh' iarraidh cuideachaidh 'air. 'N uair a ràinig e chaidh e air a dhà ghlùin do 'n rìgh, agus thubhairt an rìgh ris, "Gu 'd é do naigheachd, O Croiniceard?"

VII.

KOISHA KAYN, OR KIAN'S LEG.

THERE were five hundred blind men, and five hundred deaf men, and five hundred limping men, and five hundred dumb men, and five hundred cripple men. The five hundred deaf men had five hundred wives, and the five hundred limping men had five hundred wives, and the five hundred dumb men had five hundred wives, and the five hundred cripple men had five hundred wives. Each five hundred of these had five hundred children and five hundred dogs. They were in the habit of going about in one band, and were called the Cleeahenachair. There was a knight in Eirin called O'Kroinikeard, with whom they spent a day and a year; and they ate up all that he had, and made a poor man of him. There was a king in Eirin called Brian Borr; and O'Kroinikeard went to him for help. When he arrived he went on his knees to the king; and the king said to him, "What is your news, O'Kroinikeard?'

"Cha 'n 'eil ach naigheachd bhochd agam fhéin dhuibh, a rìgh," ars' esan.

"'D é 'n naigheachd bhochd a th' agad ?" ars' an rìgh.

"Tha gu bheil a' Chliath-sheanachair agam o chionn là 's bhadhna, is dh' ith iad a h-uile ni 'bh' agam, is rinn iad duine bochd dhiom," ars' esan.

"Mata, tha mi duilich air do shon," ars' an rìgh. "Gu 'd é 'tha 'dhìth ort ?"

"Tha mi 'g iarraidh cuideachaidh," ars esan ; "rud sam bith a bheir sibh dhomh le 'r toil mhath fhéin."

Gheall an rìgh dhà ceud mart. Ràinig e 'bhàruinn, 's rinn e gearan rithe, 's fhuair e ceud eile uaipe-se. Dh' fhalbh e 'n sin, agus ràinig e mac an rìgh, Murachadh Mac Bhrian, agus fhuair e ceud eile uaithe-san. Fhuair e biadh is deoch aig an rìgh ; agus 'n uair a bha e 'fhalbh, thubhairt O Croiniceard, "A-nis tha mi ana-barrach fada 'n ur comain. Ni so a suas mi glé mhath air mo chasan. An déigh a h-uile rud a fhuair mi tha aon ni eile 'dhìth orm."

"'D é 'tha sin ?" thubhairt an rìgh.

"Na 'm biodh gunna agam," ars' O Croiniceard, "agus an tigh mhial-choin ud an sud, agus fàlaire air am marcaichinn dhachaidh bhithinn toilichte."

"I have but poor news for you, king."

"What poor news have you?" said the king.

"That I have had the Cleeä-henachair for a day and a year, and they have eaten all that I had, and made a poor man of me," said he.

"Well!" said the king, "I am sorry for you; what do you want?"

"I want help," said O'Kroinikeard; "anything that you may be willing to give me."

The king promised him a hundred cows. He went to the queen, and made his complaint to her, and she gave him another hundred. He went to the king's son, Murdoch Mac Brian, and he got another hundred from him. He got food and drink at the king's; and when he was going away he said, "Now I am very much obliged to you. This will set me very well on my feet. After all that I have got there is another thing that I want."

"What is it?" said the king.

"If I had a gun, yon greyhound kennel, and an ambler to ride home on, I would be satisfied," said O'Kroinikeard.

" Ha !" ars' an rìgh, " 's e 'mheud-mhòir agus an spòrs a thug dhuit do chuid a chall ; ach ma ni thu duine math gheibh thu sin còmhla ris a' chòrr."

Dh' fhàg O Croiniceard beannachd aig an rìgh, agus dh' fhalbh e le 'ghunna, 's le 'choin, 's le 'fhàlaire. 'N uair a bha e 'marcachd air an rathad a' dol dhachaidh thachair maigheach air, agus chuir e urchair 's a' ghunna airson a' mhaigheach a mharbhadh. 'N uair a chuir e 'n gunna ri 'shùil chunnaic e 'n a boirionnach i, agus 'n uair a leig e 'n gunna sìos bha i 'n a maighich mar bha i roimhid. Dh' fhalbh e 'n so, agus leig e na coin rithe, agus shìn na coin orra. 'N uair a chunnaic ise gu'n robh a' cholta air na coin breith orra leum i suas air cùlaobh O Croiniceard, agus dh' fhàs i 'n a boirionnach cho briagh 's a chunnaic e riamh. Thubhairt ise ri O Croiniceard, " Caisg do choin uam-sa."

" Ma gheallas tu gu'm pòs thu mise," ars' esan.

Thubhairt ise, " Ma chumas tu trì bòidean a chuireas mis' ort pòsaidh mi thu."

" 'D é," thubhairt esan, " na bòidean a th' ann ?"

" 'S e cheud bhòid," ars' ise, " nach téid thu 'dh' iarraidh do rìgh saoghalta gu cuirm no dìnneir gun innseadh dhomh-s' an toiseach."

"Ha!" said the king, "it is your mightiness and pride that has caused the loss of your means; but if you become a good man you shall get these along with the rest."

O'Kroinikeard bade the king good-bye, and set off with his gun, his dogs, and his ambler. As he was riding on the road home a hare met him; and he put a shot in the gun to kill it. When he put the gun to his eye he saw the hare in the form of a woman, and when he let down the gun she was a hare as before. He then went and set the dogs at her; and the dogs chased her at full speed. When she saw that the dogs were likely to overtake her she leaped up behind O'Kroinikeard, and became as beautiful a woman as he ever saw. She said to him, "Call your dogs off me."

"I will do so if you promise to marry me," said O'Kroinikeard.

"If you keep three vows that I shall lay upon you I will marry you," said she.

"What vows are they?" said he.

"The first is that you do not go to ask your worldly king to a feast or a dinner without first letting me know," said she.

"Hoch!" ars' O Croiniceard, "am bheil thu 'smuaineachadh nach urrainn domh-s' a' bhòid sin a ghleidheadh? Cha rachainn-sa gu bràth a dh' iarraidh mo rìgh saoghalta gun fhios a thoirt duit-sa gu'm bithinn a' dol ann. Tha i furasda gu leòir a' bhòid sin a chumail."

"'S docha gu'n gleidh thu i!" ars' ise.

"'S i 'n dàrna bòid," ars' ise, "nach tilg thu orm ann an cuideachd no 'n còmhdhail air bith 'am bi thu-fhéin is mise còmhla gur h-ann an riochd maighich a fhuair thu mi."

"Hu!" ars' O Croiniceard, "cha ruigeadh tu leas i sin a chur orm; ghleidhinn i sin co dhiubh."

"Is docha gu'n gleidh thu i!" ars' ise.

"'S i 'n treas bòid a tha mi 'dol à chur ort," ars' ise, "nach fhàg thu ann an tigh mi an cuideachd aon duine, agus thusa 'dhol a-mach." Bha 'n gnothuch air a chòrdadh eatorra gu'm pòsadh i e.

Ràinig iad dhachaidh gu tigh O Croiniceard. Anns na h-amanan ud cha robh ach tighean glé bheag aca. Phòs e-fhéin 's am boirionnach an déigh dol dhachaidh. Anns a' mhaduinn an là 'r na mhàireach 'n uair a dhùisg e 's a sheall e null 's a nall cha 'n fhac e riamh seòmar cho briagh ris. Thubhairt e r' a mhnaoi, "Gu 'd é 'n t-àite 's am bheil mi mar so?"

"Hoch!" said O'Kroinikeard, "do you think that I cannot keep that vow? I would never go to invite my worldly king without informing you that I was going to do so. It is easy to keep that vow."

"You are likely to keep it!" said she.

"The second vow is," said she, "that you do not cast up to me in any company or meeting in which we shall be together, that you found me in the form of a hare."

"Hoo!" said O'Kroinikeard, "you would not need to lay that vow upon me. I would keep it, at any rate."

"You are likely to keep it!" said she.

"The third vow is," said she, "that you do not leave me in the company of only one man while you go out." It was agreed between them that she should marry him.

They arrived at O'Kroinikeard's house. In those times the houses were very small. He and the woman married after going home. When he awoke on the following morning, and looked about him, he never saw so beautiful a room. He said to his wife, "Where am I?"

"Tha mi cinnteach," ars' ise, "gu bheil thu 'gabhail iongantais."

"Tha gu dearbh," ars' esan.

"Tha thu," ars' ise, "ann ad sheòmar fhéin."

"'Am sheòmar fhéin!" ars' esan; "cha robh a leithid so de sheòmar agam-sa riamh."

"Tha fhios agam gu math nach robh," ars' ise; "ach tha e agad a-nis. Fhad 's ghleidhas tu mise gleidhidh tu 'n seòmar."

"Dh' éirich e 'n so, 's chuir e uime 'aodach, 's chaidh e 'mach. Thug e sùil air an tigh 'n uair a chaidh e 'mach, agus bha pailis aige ann an sin nach fhac e riamh a leithid, agus nach robh a leithid aig an rìgh fhéin. Ghabh e 'n sin sràid a-mach mu 'n cuairt a' bhaile, 's bha de chrodh 's de chaoraich, 's de dh' eich nach fhac e riamh a leithid; agus thill e stigh, agus thubhairt e rithe gu'n robh am baile aige air a sgrios le crodh 's le caoraich dhaoin' eile. "Cha 'n 'eil," ars' ise, "ach tha do chrodh fhéin 's do chaoraich ann."

"Cha 'n 'eil," ars' esan; "cha robh a leithid agam-sa riamh."

"Tha fhios agam air a sin," ars' ise; "ach fhad 's a ghleidheas tu mise gleidhidh tu sid. Cha 'n 'eil bean mhath sam bith nach tig a tochar as a déigh."

Dh' fhàs e 'n so cho cothromach 's cho beart-

"I am sure that you are surprised," said she.

"I am indeed," said he.

"You are in your own room," said she.

"In my own room!" said he. "I never had such a room."

"I know well that you never had," said she; "but you have it now. So long as you keep me you shall keep the room."

He then rose, and put on his clothes, and went out. He took a look at the house when he went out; and it was a palace, the like of which he had never seen, and the king himself did not possess. He then took a walk round the farm; and he never saw so many cattle, sheep, and horses as were on it. He returned to the house, and said to his wife that the farm was being ruined by other people's cattle and sheep. "It is not," said she: "your own cattle and sheep are on it."

"I never had so many cattle and sheep," said he.

"I know that," said she; "but so long as you keep me you shall keep them. There is no good wife whose tocher does not follow her."

He was now in good circumstances, indeed

ach. Bha òr is airgiòd aige cho math ri crodh is caoraich. Bhiodh e 'n so a' falbh le 'ghunna 's le 'choin a' sealgaireachd a h-uile là 'n a dhuine mòr. Là de na làithean smuainich e gu'n rachadh e 'thoirt cuireadh do rìgh Eirinn gu dìnneir agus cha d' innis e dhi-se gu'n robh e 'dol ann. Bha 'n so a' cheud bhòid aige air a bristeadh. Shìn e as, agus ràinig e rìgh Eirinn, agus thug e cuireadh dha fhéin 's g' a mhòr-lùchairt gu dìnneir. Thubhairt rìgh Eirinn ris, "Am bheil thu brath an crodh a gheall sinn-ne dhuit a thoirt leat?"

"U! cha 'n 'eil, a rìgh Eirinn," ars' O Croiniceard; "dh' fhaodainn-sa 'uiread a thoirt dhuibh-sa an diugh."

"Ah!" ars' an rìgh, "nach tu 'thàinig air t-aghaidh on a chunnaic mise roimhe thu!"

"Thàinig mi air m' aghaidh," ars' O Croiniceard; "fhuair mi bean bheartach aig am bheil gu leòir de dh' òr 's de dh' airgiod, de chrodh 's de chaoraich."

"Tha mi toilichte dheth sin," arsa rìgh Eirinn.

Thubhairt O Croiniceard, "Bithidh mise fada 'n ur comain ma dh' fhalbhas sibh leam gu dìnneir, sibh-fhéin 's ur mòr-lùchairt."

"Falbhaidh," ars' an rìgh, "falbhaidh sinn gu toilichte leat."

Dh' fhalbh iad còmhla ris an là sin fhéin.

wealthy. He had gold and silver, as well as cattle and sheep. He went about with his gun and dogs hunting every day, and was a great man. It occurred to him one day that he would go to invite the King of Eirin to dinner, but he did not tell his wife that he was going. His first vow was now broken. He sped away to the King of Eirin, and invited him and his great court to dinner. The King of Eirin said to him, "Do you intend to take away the cattle that I promised you?"

"Oo! no, King of Eirin," said O'Kroinikeard; "I could give you as many to-day."

"Ah!" said the king, "how well you have got on since I saw you last!"

"I have indeed," said O'Kroinikeard: "I have fallen in with a rich wife who has plenty of gold and silver, and of cattle and sheep."

"I am glad of that," said the King of Eirin.

O'Kronikeard said, "I shall feel much obliged if you will go with me to dinner, yourself and your great court."

"We will do so willingly," said the king.

They went with him on that same day. It

Cha robh guth aig O Croiniceard cia-mar a bhiodh dìnneir air a cur an òrdugh airson rìgh Eirinn gun fhios d' a mhnaoi. 'N uair a bha iad a' gabhail air an aghaidh, agus a ràinig iad far an do choinnich a' mhaigheach e chuimhnich e gu'n robh a' bhòid aig' air a bristeadh, agus thubhairt e ri rìgh Eirinn, "Gabh mo leusgeul; tha mise 'dol a dh' fhalbh air thoiseach a dh' ionnsuidh an tighe a dh' innseadh gu bheil sibh a' tighinn."

Thubhairt an rìgh, "Cuiridh sinn fear de na gillean air falbh."

"Cha chuir," ars' O Croiniceard; "cha dean gill' air bith an gnothuch coltach rium-fhéin."

Dh' fhalbh e, 's ràinig e 'n tigh, agus 'n uair a ràinig e bha ise gu dichiollach a' cur an òrdugh na dìnnearach, agus dh' iarr e maitheanas orra, agas dh' innis e mar a rinn e. "Tha mise 'toirt maitheanais dhuit an uair so: tha fhios agam gu 'd é 'rinn thu cho math riut fhéin. Tha 'cheud bhòid agad air a bristeadh," ars' ise.

Thàinig an rìgh 's a mhòr-lùchairt a dh' ionnsuidh tigh O Croiniceard, 's bha 'h-uile ni deas aice-se air an son a fhreagradh do rìgh 's do dhaoine mòra, a h-uile seòrsa dibhe is béidh. Thug iad a dhà no trì de làitheán 's de dh' oichean aig an dìnneir, ag itheadh 's ag òl. Bha iad a' moladh na dìnnearach gu h-anabarrach,

did not occur to O'Kroinikeard how a dinner could be prepared for the king without his wife knowing that he was coming. When they were going on, and had reached the place where O'Kroinikeard had met the hare, he remembered that his vow was broken, and he said to the king, "Excuse me; I am going on before to the house to tell that you are coming."

The king said, "We will send off one of the lads."

"You will not," said O'Kroinikeard: "no lad will serve the purpose so well as myself."

He set off to the house; and when he arrived his wife was diligently preparing dinner. He told her what he had done, and asked her pardon. "I pardon you this time," said she: "I know what you have done as well as you do yourself. The first of your vows is broken."

The king and his great court came to O'Kroinikeard's house; and the wife had everything ready for them as befitted a king and great people: every kind of drink and food. They spent two or three days and nights at dinner, eating and drinking. They were praising the dinner highly, and O'Kroinikeard

agus bha O Croiniceard e-fhéin 'g a moladh; ach cha robh a bhean 'g à moladh idir. Bha e 'cur corruich air O Croiniceard nach robh ise 'moladh na dìnnearach, 's chaidh e far an robh i, 's bhuail e 'n dòrn orra mu'n bheul, 's thilg e dithis de na fiaclan aiste. Carson nach 'eil thusa 'moladh na dìnnearach coltach ri daoin' eile, a bhiast mhaighich," ars' esan.

"Cha 'n eil," ars' ise; "chunnaic mi aig na coin mhòr' aig m' athair dìnneir a b' fheàrr na tha thusa 'toirt do rìgh Eirinn 's a lùchairt a nochd."

Dh' fhalbh O Croiniceard, agus leis an àrdan a ghabh e chaidh e taobh a-mach an doruis. Cha robh e fada 'n a sheasamh an sin 'n uair thàinig fear a' marcachd air each dubh, agus anns an dol seachad rug e air coileir a chòta, agus thug e leis e suas air a chùlaobh, is dh' fhalbh iad. Cha dubhairt e facal bruidhne ris. Bha 'n t-each a' falbh le luathas cho anabarrach 's gu'n do shaoil e gu'n tilgeadh a' ghaoth an ceann deth. Ràinig iad pailis mhòr, mhòr, agus thàinig iad a nuas bhàrr an eich dhuibh. Thàinig gille-stàbuill a-mach, is rug e air an each dhubh, is thug e stigh e. 'S ann le fìon a bha e 'glanadh casan an eich. Thubhairt marcaich an eich dhuibh ri O Croiniceard, "Feuch am fìon dh' fheuch an e 's fheàrr na'm fìon a tha thusa 'toirt do Brian Bòrr 's d' a lùchairt a nochd."

himself was praising it; but his wife was not. O'Kroinikeard was angry that she was not praising it, and he went where she was, and struck her in the mouth with his fist, and knocked out two of her teeth. "Why are you not praising the dinner like others, you contemptible hare?" said he.

"I am not," said she: "I have seen my father's big dogs having a better dinner than you are giving to-night to the King of Eirin and his court."

O'Kroinikeard got into such a rage that he went outside of the door. He was not long standing there when a man came riding on a black horse, who in passing caught O'Kroinikeard by the collar of his coat, and took him up behind him: and they set off. The rider did not say a word to O'Kroinikeard. The horse was going so swiftly that O'Kroinikeard thought the wind would drive his head off. They arrived at a big, big palace, and came off the black horse. A stableman came out, and caught the horse, and took it in. It was with wine that he was cleaning the horse's feet. The rider of the black horse said to O'Kroinikeard, "Taste the wine to see if it is better than the wine that you are giving to Brian Borr and his court to-night."

Dh' fheuch O Croiniceard am fìon. "'S e so fìon a's fheàrr," ars' O Croiniceard.

Thubhairt marcaich an eich dhuibh, "Nach b' eucoireach an dòrn a chianamh! A' ghaoth a chuir thusa a d' dhòrn ghiùlain i an dà fhiacaill am ionnsuidh-sa."

Thug e 'n sin leis e a-stigh do 'n tigh mhòr, bhriagh urramach sin agus do sheòmar a bha làn uaislean ag òl 's ag itheadh an sin, agus chuir e 'n a shuidhe e aig ceann-toisich a' bhùird, agus thug e dha fìon r' a òl, agus thubhairt e ris, "Feuch am fìon sin dh' fheuch am bheil e na's fheàrr na'm fìon a tha thusa 'toirt do rìgh Eirinn 's 'd a luchairt a nochd."

"'S e so fìon a's fheàrr," thubhairt O Croiniceard.

"Nach b' eucoireach an dòrn a chianamh!" arsa marcaich an eich dhuibh.

Ghabh O Croiniceard a dhìnneir còmhla riù an sin. Bha ceòl 'g a chur mu'n cuairt a' bhùird, o fhear gu fear dh' fheuch co b' fheàrr a sheinneadh e.

"Feuch thusa so, O Croiniceard, dh' fheuch cia-mar a sheinneas tu e," arsa marcaich an eich dhuibh.

Thubhairt O Croiniceard, "Cha 'do sheinn mise a leithid sin de cheòl riamh." Sheinn O Croiniceard an ceòl, 's cha robh gin diubh a b' fheàrr a sheinneadh e na e.

O'Kroinikeard tasted the wine, and said, "This is better wine."

The rider of the black horse said, "How unjust was the fist a little ago! The wind that you emitted from your fist carried the two teeth to me."

He then took him into that big, handsome, and noble house, and into a room that was full of gentlemen eating and drinking, and he seated him at the head of the table, and gave him wine to drink, and said to him, "Taste that wine to see if it is better than the wine that you are giving to the King of Eirin and his court to-night."

"This is better wine," said O'Kroinikeard.

"How unjust was the fist a little ago!" said the rider of the black horse.

O'Kroinikeard had dinner with them there. A musical instrument was sent round the table from man to man to see who would play on it best.

"Try you it, O'Kroinikeard, to see how you will play on it," said the rider of the black horse.

O'Kroinikeard said, "I have never played on such an instrument." O'Kroinikeard played on it, and none of them could play on it better than he.

Thubhairt marcaich an eich dhuibh ri O Croiniceard, "Nach b' eucoireach an dòrn a chianamh!"

'N uair a bha crìoch air a h-uile ni thubhairt marcaich an eich dhuibh, "Am bheil thu toileach tilleadh dhachaidh a-nis?"

"Tha mi," ars' O Croiniceard, "glé thoileach."

Dh' éirich iad an sin, 's chaidh iad gu ruig an stàbull, 's chaidh an t-each dubh a thoirt a-mach, is leum iad air a mhuin is dh' fhalbh iad. Thubhairt marcaich an eich dhuibh ri O Croiniceard an déigh dhoibh falbh, "Am bheil fhios agad co mise?"

"Cha 'n 'eil," thubhairt O Croiniceard.

"'S mise bràthair-céile dhuit," arsa marcaich an eich dhuibh; "agus ged a tha mo phiutharsa pòsda riut cha bu choimpire i do rìgh no ridir an Eirinn. Tha dà bhòid agad briste a-nis, agus ma bhristeas tu 'n té eile caillidh tu do bhean is caillidh tu a h-uile ni a th' agad."

Ràinig iad tigh O Croiniceard, agus thubhairt O Croiniceard, "Tha nàir' orm dol a-stigh, 's gun fhios aca c' àit an robh mi o'n thàinig an oidhche."

"Hu!" ars' am marcaich, "cha d' ionndrainn iad idir a-mach thu; tha de ghreadhnachas aca nach d' thug iad umhail gu'n robh thu taobh sam bith. So an dà fhiacaill a chuir thu a

The rider of the black horse said, "How unjust was the fist a little ago!"

When all was over the rider of the black horse said, "Are you willing to return home now?"

"Yes," said O'Kroinikeard, "very willing."

They then rose, and went to the stable: and the black horse was taken out; and they leaped on its back, and went away. The rider of the black horse said to O'Kroinikeard, after they had set off, "Do you know who I am?"

"I do not," said O'Kroinikeard.

"I am a brother-in-law of yours," said the rider of the black horse; "and though my sister is married to you there is not a king or knight in Eirin who is a match for her. Two of your vows are now broken; and if you break the other vow you shall lose your wife and all that you possess."

They arrived at O'Kroinikeard's house; and O'Kroinikeard said, "I am ashamed to go in, as they do not know where I have been since night came."

"Hoo!" said the rider, "they have not missed you at all. There is so much conviviality among them, that they have not suspected that you have been anywhere. Here are the two

dorus a' bheòil, agus cuir 'n an àite iad, agus bithidh iad cho làidir 's a bha iad roimhid."

"Tiugainn a-stigh còmhla rium," ars' O Croiniceard ri marcaich an eich dhuibh.

"Cha téid," arsa marcaich an eich dhuibh; "cha 'n fhiach leam-sa dol a-stigh."

Dh' fhàg marcaich an eich dhuibh oidhche mhath aig O Croiniceard, is dh' fhalbh e.

Chaidh esan a-stigh, agus thachair a bhean air, 's i trang a' freasdal do na h-uaislean. Dh' iarr e maitheanas orra: chuir e 'n dà fhiacaill an dorus a beòil, 's bha iad cho làidir 's a bha iad roimhid. Thubhairt ise, "Tha dà bhòid agad briste a-nis." Cha d' thug duine sùil air 'n uair a chaidh e stigh, 's cha dubhairt duine, "'C' àit an robh thu?" Thug iad an oidhche 'g òl 's ag itheadh, agus fad an là 'r na mhàireach.

Feasgar thubhairt an rìgh, "Tha mi 'smuaineachadh gu bheil an t-àm againn a bhi 'falbh"; agus thubhairt a h-uile aon gu'n robh; agus thubhairt O Croiniceard, "Cha 'n fhalbh sibh a nochd; tha mise 'dol a chur suas bàl dannsaidh; falbhaidh sibh àm màireach."

"Leig air falbh iad," ars' ise.

"Cha leig," ars' esan.

An oidhche so chaidh am bàl dannsaidh a chur suas. Bha iad a' cluich air an aghaidh an sin le dannsadh is ceòl gus an d' fhàs iad blàth,

teeth that you have knocked out of the front of your wife's mouth. Put them in their place, and they shall be as strong as ever."

"Come in with me," said O'Kroinikeard to the rider of the black horse.

"I will not: I disdain to go in," said the rider of the black horse.

The rider of the black horse bade O'Kroinikeard good-bye, and went away.

O'Kroinikeard went in; and his wife met him as she was busy waiting on the gentlemen. He asked her pardon, and put the two teeth in the front of her mouth, and they were as strong as ever. She said, "Two of your vows are now broken." No one took notice of him when he went in, or said "Where have you been?" They spent the night in eating and drinking, and the whole of the next day.

In the evening the king said, "I think that it is time for us to be going"; and all said that it was. O'Kroinikeard said, "You will not go to-night. I am going to get up a dance. You will go to-morrow."

"Let them go," said his wife.

"I will not," said he.

The dance was set a-going that night. They were playing away at dancing and music till they became warm and hot with perspiration.

teth le fallus. Bha aon is aon a' dol a-mach g' am fionnarachadh fhéin taobh an tighe. Chaidh iad a-mach uile ach O Croiniceard 's a bhean, agus fear ris an abradh iad Geur-mac-ul-Uaimh. Dh' fhalbh O Croiniceard a-mach e-fhéin, agus dh' fhàg e 'bhean agus Geur-mac-ul-Uaimh a-stigh. Dh' éirich Geur-mac-ul-Uaimh, agus dhùin e 'n dorus, agus thubhairt e rithe, "Nach briagh leam fhéin gu'm pòsadh do leithid de bhoirionnach briagh duine suarach, leibideach coltach ri O Croiniceard!"

"Tha O Croiniceard cho math riut-sa," ars' ise.

"Cha 'n 'eil," ars' esan. "Nach bu mhòr an onoir 's an cliù dhuit e 'bhi pòsd' aig brathair-céile do 'n rìgh!"

"Cha b' iheadh," ars' ise; "cha bhiodh e 'n a onoir mhòir sam bith dhomh."

"'S ann is fheàrr dhuit 'fhàgail uile, agus pòsaidh tu-fhéin 's mi-ihéin," ars' esan.

"Cha ghabhainn-sa fear sam bith a roghainn air fhéin," ars' ise.

Dh' éirich esan an sin, agus rug e orra, agus bha e 'dol a bhi tuilleadh a's dàn orra, agus dh' fhalbh ise, agus thug i 'n leum ud feadh an t-seòmair, agus dh' fhàs i 'n a loth mhòr chapuill, agus bhuail i breab d' a cois air, agus bhris i 'shliasaid 'n a dà leth. Thug i 'n ath leum

They were going out one after another to cool themselves at the side of the house. They all went out except O'Kroinikeard and his wife, and a man called Geur-mac-ul-Uai. O'Kroinikeard himself went out, and left his wife and Geur-mac-ul-Uai in the house. Then Geur-mac-ul-Uai rose, and shut the door, and said to her, "I am surprised that so fine-looking a woman as you should have married a paltry, trifling fellow like O'Kroinikeard."

"O'Kroinikeard is as good as you," said she.

"He is not," said he. "What a great honour and credit it would be to you to be married to the king's brother-in-law!"

"It would be no great honour to me," said she.

"You had better leave him, and you and I will get married," said he.

"I would not take anyone in preference to himself," said she.

He then rose, and took hold of her, and was going to be too free with her; and she gave a spring through the room, and became a big filly, and gave him a kick with her foot, and broke his thigh in two. She gave another

aiste, agus spealg i 'n dorus' agus dh' fhalbh i, 's cha d' fhuair iad an ath shealladh dhi.

Thàinig an là 'n là 'r na mhàireach, 's cha robh aig O Croiniceard truagh ach an seann tigh a bh' aige roimhid ri 'fhaicinn. Cha robh crodh no caoraich ri 'fhaicinn no ni de na gnothaichean briagha a bh' aige roimhid. Bha fear a' dùsgadh 's a' mhaduinn aig taobh pris, is fear aig taobh ghàrainean, is feadhainn aig taobh dhìgean; ach gu'n robh an onoir aig an rìgh gu'n robh am bothan beag a bh' aig O Croiniceard roimhid os a cheann. Dh' aithnich an rìgh gu'n deachaidh fearg a chur air bean O Croiniceard, agus thòisich e air fiosrachadh a-mach co 'rinn e. Dh iarr iad shìos is dh' iarr iad shuas na daoine dh' fheuch am faigheadh e 'mach co 'rinn e. Fhuair iad a h-uile h-aon diubh ach Geur-mac-ul-Uaimh; agus chuir an rìgh bòidean air fhéin a h-aon sam bith a gheibheadh e 'mach a rinn an ni so air bean O Croiniceard gu'n rachadh a chur gu bàs a-mach o 'h-aon d' a theaghlach fhéin. Fhuair iad Geur-mac-ul-Uaimh tarsuing air féath mhòr, 's a shliasaid briste, 's gun e bhi 'n a urrainn a fàgail. Thubhairt an rìgh ris, "An tus' a chuir mi-thlachd air bean O Croiniceard?"

"Cha 'n fhaod mi 'ràdhainn nach mi," ars' esan.

spring, and smashed the door and went away, and was seen no more.

At daybreak next day poor O'Kroinikeard could only see the old house that he had before. Neither cattle nor sheep, nor any of the fine things that he had was to be seen. One awoke in the morning beside a bush, another beside a dyke, and another beside a ditch. The king only had the honour of having O'Kroinikeard's little hut over his head. The king knew that O'Kroinikeard's wife had been offended, and he began to inquire who had offended her. The men were searched for up and down to see if he could find out who the offender was. All of them had been found except Geur-mac-ul-Uai. The king vowed that whoever should be found out to be the offender would be put to death, one of his own family excepted. Geur-mac-ul-Uai was found lying across a big bog with his thigh broken, and unable to leave the spot. The king said to him, "Is it you that has offended O'Kroinikeard's wife?"

"I cannot say that it is not," said he.

Dh' innis an rìgh an so mar a bhòidich e gu'n cuireadh e gu bàs a h-aon air bith a gheibheadh e 'mach a rinn e 'mach o 'theaghlach fhéin. "'S e 'ni mi ort-sa nis," ars an rìgh, "cuiridh mi do dh' eilean thu, agus théid tigh a thogail dhuit ann an sin, agus gheibh thu de bhiadh na chumas fad mìos thu, agus 'n uair a theirgeas sin cha bhi agad ach a bhi 'faotuinn béidh mar is fheàrr a dh' fhaodas tu, neo bàsachadh."

Chaidh Geur-mac-ul-Uaimh a thogail air falbh an sin 's a chur do 'n eilean, 's chaidh bothan a thogail dha, agus biadh a thoirt da a chumadh fad mìos e, agus dà lorg air am biodh e 'dol a-mach 's a-stigh mar thogradh e. Mu dheireadh theirig 'am biadh 'air, agus bha e falamh gun nì. Bhiodh e 'dol a sìos do 'n chladach, 's a' trusadh maoraich, 's 'g a itheadh.

Là de na làithean 's e anns an tràigh chunnaic e fear mòr, mòr a' tighinn air tìr air an eilean, agus chitheadh e 'n talamh 's an t-adhar eadar a dhà chois. Dh' fhalbh esan leis na lorgan, dh' fheuch am faigheadh e stigh do 'n bhothan mu'n tigeadh e 'air. 'Dh' aon rud 's g' an d' rinn e bha 'm fear mòr eadar e 's an dorus; 's thubhairt am fear mòr ris, "Mur meall thu ann am aithne mhath mi 's tu Geur-mac-ul-Uaimh."

Thubhairt Geur-mac-ul-Uaimh, "Cha do

The king told him how he had vowed to put anyone to death whom he should find out to be the offender, his own family excepted. "What I will do to you," said the king, "is to send you to an island. A house shall be built for you there, and as much food shall be given you as will keep you for a month; and when that is spent you shall have to find food as you best can, or die."

Geur-mac-ul-Uai was then borne away, and sent to an island, and he was supplied with as much food as would keep him for a month, and with two crutches on which he would be going out and in as he might desire. At last the food was spent, and he was destitute. He was in the habit of going down to the shore, and gathering shell-fish, and eating it.

As he was one day on the shore, he saw a big, big man landing on the island, and he could see the earth and the sky between his legs. He set off with the crutches to try if he could get into the hut before the big man would come upon him. Despite his efforts the big man was between him and the door, and said to him, "Unless you deceive me in my good perception, you are Geur-mac-ul-Uai."

Geur-mac-ul-Uai said, "I have never deceived

mheall mise duine no aithne mhath riamh : 's mi 'cheart duine."

Thubhairt am fear mòr ris, " Sìn thusa 'mach do choise Céin 's gu'n cuir mise bile lusan is leighas rithe ; tinnean is gnothaichean, agus e mar éigeantas orm dol a dh' éisdeachd éibhneis do dh' eaglais mhòir na Roimhe am màireach."

Thubhairt Geur-mac-ul-Uaimh, " Cha shìn mise 'mach mo choise Céin a chur bile lusan no leighis rithe gus an innis thusa dhomh-sa gu 'd é 'chuir nach robh eaglais agaibh fhéin ann an Lochlann gun a bhi 'dol a dh' éisdeachd éibhneis a dh' eaglais mhòir na Roimhe am màireach. Mur meall thu ann am aithne mhath mi 's tu Macan-an-athar, mac rìgh Lochlainn."

Thubhairt am fear mòr, " Cha do mheall mi duine no aithne mhath riamh ; 's mi 'cheart duine. Tha mi nis 'dol a dh' innseadh dhuit carson nach 'eil eaglais againn an Lochlann. Thàinig seanar chlachairean a thogail eaglais, agus bha iad-fhéin is m' athair a' deanamh bargain mu thogail na h-eaglais, agus 's e 'm bargan a bha iad ag iarraidh gu'n rachadh mo mhàthair 's mo phiuthar a dh' fhaicinn na h-eaglais 's an taobh a-stigh dhi 'n uair a bhiodh i réidh ; agus bha 'n nì so ro thaitneach le m' athair gu'm faigheadh e 'n eaglais a chur suas cho saor a's so. Chòrd iad

a man or good perception; I am the very man."

The big man said to him, "Stretch your leg, Kian, that I may apply to it leaves of herbs and healing. Pressure and business are upon me; and I am under the necessity of going to the big church of Rome to-morrow to listen to joy."

Geur-mac-ul-Uai said, "I will not stretch my leg that leaves of herbs and healing may be applied to it till you tell me why you have not a church of your own in Lochlann, so as not to be going to the church of Rome to-morrow to listen to joy. Unless you deceive me in my good perception, you are Machkan-an-Athar (son of the father), the son of the King of Lochlann."

The big man said, "I have never deceived any man or good perception; I am the very man. I am now going to tell you why we have not a church in Lochlann. Seven masons came to build a church, and they and my father were bargaining about the building of it. The agreement that the masons wanted was that my mother and sister would go to see the interior of the church when it would be finished. My father was glad to get the church built so cheaply. They agreed accordingly; and the

uime sin; agus anns a' mhaduinn chaidh na clachairean a dh' ionnsuidh an àite 's an robh i ri bhi air a togail. Chomharaich m' athair a-mach dhoibh an t-àite airson stéigh na h-eaglais. Thòisich iad anns a' mhaduinn orra, agus mu'n d' thàinig feasgar an là sin fhéin bha 'n eaglais a suas. 'N uair a bha 'n eaglais a suas dh' iarr iad mo mhàthair agus mo phiuthar a dhol a-stigh a dh' fhaicinn broinn na h-eaglais; agus cho luath 's a chaidh iad a-stigh chaidh na dorsan a dhùnadh, agus dh' ıhalbh an eaglais 'n a baidean ceò 's na speuran. Sìn thusa 'mach do choise Céin 's gu'n cuir mise bile lusan is leigheas rithe; tinnean is gnothaichean, 's e mar éigeantas orm dol a dh' éisdeachd éibhneis a dh' eaglais mhòir na Roimhe am màireach."

Thubhairt Geur-mac-ul-Uaimh, "Cha shìn mise 'mach mo choise Céin a chur bile lusan no leighis rithe gus an innis thusa dhomh-sa an d' fhuair sibh forfhais air do mhàthair 's air do phiuthair cia-mar a dh' éirich dhoibh."

"Ah!" ars' am fear mòr, "tha 'n rosad ort; tha 'n sgeul sin fada r' a h-innseadh; ach innsidh mi dhuit ùr-sgeul beag air. Bha mise air falbh an là sin a bha iad ag obair air an eaglais 's a' bheinn shìne is sheilg; agus 'n uair a thàinig mi dhachaidh feasgar dh' innis mo bhràthair dhomh cia-mar a dh' éirich a-mach,

masons went in the morning to the place where the church was to be built. My father pointed out the spot for the foundation. They began to build in the morning, and the church was finished before the evening. When it was finished they requested my mother and sister to go to see its interior. They had no sooner entered than the doors were shut ; and the church went away into the skies in the form of a tuft of mist. Stretch your leg, Kian, that I may apply to it leaves of herbs and healing. Pressure and business are upon me ; and I am under the necessity of going to the big church of Rome to-morrow to listen to joy.'

Geur-mac-ul-Uai said, " I will not stretch my leg that leaves of herbs and healing may be applied to it till you tell me if you heard what befell your mother and sister."

" Ah !" said the big man, " the mischief is upon you ; that tale is long to tell ; but I will tell you a short tale about the matter. On the day on which they were working at the church I was away in the hill hunting game ; and when I came home in the evening my brother told me what had happened, namely,

gu'n d' fhalbh mo mhàthair 's mo phiuthar leis an eaglais 'n a baidean ceò. Dh' fhàs mi cho crosda 's cho feargach's gu'n do chuir mi romham gu'n sgriosainn an saoghal gus am faighinn amach c' àit an robh mo phiuthar 's mo mhàthair; agus thubhairt mo bhràthair rium nach robh annam ach duine gòrach smuaineachadh air a leithid; 'ach innsidh mi dhuit,' ars' esan, ''d é 'ni thu. Falbaidh tu agus feuchaidh tu am faigh thu 'mach c' àit am bheil iad an toiseach. 'N uair a gheibh thu 'mach c' àit am bheil iad iarraidh tu le sìth iad, agus mur faigh thu le sìth iad théid thu 'chogadh air an son.'

"Dh'fhalbh mi'n sin, agus ghabh mi comhairle mo bhràthar, agus chuir mi long an òrdugh gu falbh, agus dh' fhalbh mi; agus cha robh agam ach mi-fhéin 's an luing, agus ghlac mi 'n cuan. Thàinig ceò mòr orm an sin; agus thàinig mi air eilean; agus bha fuathas de loingis air acair aig an eilean sin; is ghabh mi stigh 'n am meadhon, agus chaidh mi air tìr, agus chunnaic mi boirionnach mòr, mòr an sin, agus i 'buain luachrach; agus 'n uair a thogadh i 'ceann thilgeadh i 'cìoch dh'eas thar a guaille, agus 'n uair a chromadh i thuiteadh i sìos eadar a casan. Uair de na h-uairean thàinig mi air cùlaobh na cailliche, agus rug mi air ceann na cìche le m' bheul, agus thubhairt mi rithe, ''Fhianuis ort

that my mother and sister had gone away in the form of a tuft of mist. I became so cross and angry that I resolved to destroy the world till I should find out where my mother and sister were. My brother said to me that I was a fool to think of such a thing. 'I'll tell you,' said he, 'what you'll do. You will first go to try to find out where they are. When you find out where they are you will demand them peaceably, and if you do not get them peaceably you will fight for them.'

"I took my brother's advice, and prepared a ship to set off with. I set off alone and embraced the ocean. I was overtaken by a great mist, and I came upon an island, and there was a large number of ships at anchor near it; and I went in amongst them, and went ashore. I saw there a big, big woman reaping rushes; and when she would raise her head she would throw her right breast over her shoulder, and when she would bend it would fall down between her legs. I came once behind her, and caught the nipple of the breast with my mouth, and said to her, 'You are

fhéin, a bhean, gur mise dalta do chiche deise.' 'Tha mi 'faicinn sin, a shaoidh mhòir,' ars' a' chailleach ; ach 's e mo chomhairle dhuit a bhi 'fàgail an eilein so cho luath 's is urrainn duit.' ''Carson so ?' arsa mise. 'Tha famhair mòr,' thubhairt ise, 'anns an uaimh so shuas. Cha 'n 'eil long a chì thu 'n sin nach tug e stigh as a' chuan le 'anail ; agus dh' ith is mharbh e na daoìne. Tha e 'n a chadal an ceart uair, agus ma dhùisgeas e bithidh tus' aige air a cheart dòigh. Tha còmhladh mhòr iaruinn agus còmhladh dharaich air an uaimh ; agus 'n uair a thairngeas am famhair ris 'anail tha na còmhlaidhean a' fosgladh, agus 'n uair a chuireas e 'mach 'anail tha na còmhlaidhean a' dùnadh ; agus bithidh iad cho teann dhùinte a 's ged bhiodh seachd croinn, agus seachd druill, agus seachd glasan orra. Cha chuireadh seachd geamhlagan iaruinn a-stigh air an ais iad leis cho teann dhùinte 's a bhiodh iad.' Thubhairt mi-fhéin ris a' chaillich, "Am bheil dòigh sam bith air cur as da ?' 'Innsidh mise dhuit,' ars' a' chailleach, 'gu 'd é 'n dòigh air an gabh e deanamh. Tha arm aige os ceann an doruis ris an abair iad an t-sleagh gheàrr ; agus ma théid agad air a cheann a chur dheth air a' cheud bhuille 's math, ach mur téid bithidh a' chùis na's miosa na bha i 'n toiseach.'

yourself witness, woman, that I am the foster-son of your right breast.' 'I perceive that, great hero,' said the old woman; 'but my advice to you is to leave this island as fast as you can.' 'Why?' said I. 'There is a big giant in the cave up there,' said she, 'and every one of the ships that you see he has taken in from the ocean with his breath, and he has killed and eaten the men. He is asleep at present, and when he wakens he will have you in a similar manner. A large iron door and an oak door are on the cave. When the giant draws in his breath the doors open, and when he emits his breath the doors shut; and they are shut as fast as though seven small bars, and seven large bars, and seven locks were on them. So fast are they that seven crowbars could not force them open.' I said to the old woman, 'Is there any way of destroying him?' 'I'll tell you,' said she, 'how it can be done. He has a weapon above the door that is called the short spear: and if you succeed in taking off his head with the first blow it will be well; but if you do not, the case will be worse than it was at first.'

"Dh' fhalbh mi, agus ràinig mi dorus na h-uamha, agus dh' fhosgail an dà chòmhladh an sin, agus shlaod 'anail a-stigh mise do 'n uaimh, agus cha robh nì a bha stigh 's an uaimh de dh' fhurm, de chathair no 'phoit nach robh a' bualadh a chéile le anail an fhamhair, 's iad an impis mo chasan-sa 'bhristeadh. Dhùin an dorus 'n uair a chaidh mise stigh, agus bha e cho dùinte 's ged bhiodh seachd croinn, agus seachd druill, agus seachd glasan 'air; agus cha chuireadh seachd geamhlagan a-stigh air 'ais e; agus bha mis' 'am phrìosanach a-stigh. Tharruing am famhair air ais 'anail a ris, agus dh' fhosgail na comhlaidhean; agus thug mi sùil gu h-àrd, agus chunnaic mi 'n t-sleagh gheàrr, agus rinn mi greim orra, agus do làmh an am làimh-sa 's do dhà làimh 'g a shaoradh tharruing mise 'n t-sleagh gheàrr, agus cha dh' fhàg i fuigheall a beuma: thilg mi 'n ceann deth. Thug mi 'n ceann a sìos a dh' ionnsuidh na cailliche mòire 'bha 'buain na luachrach, agus thubhairt mi rithe, 'Sin agad ceann an fhamhair mhòir.' Thubhairt a' chailleach, 'A dhuin' fhoghaintich, dh' athnich mi gu'm bu ghaisgeach thu; agus tha feum aig an eilean so air thus' a thighinn ann an diugh. Mur meall thu ann am aithne mi 's tu Macan-an-athar, mac rìgh Lochlainn.' 'Cha do meall mi duine no aithne mhath

"I set off, and reached the cave, the two doors of which opened. The giant's breath drew me into the cave; and stools, chairs, and pots were by its action dashing against each other, and like to break my legs. The door shut when I went in, and was shut as fast as though seven small bars, and seven large bars, and seven locks were on it; and seven crow-bars could not force it open; and I was a prisoner in the cave. The giant drew in his breath again, and the doors opened. I gave a look upwards, and saw the short spear, and laid hold of it. I drew the short spear, and I warrant you that I dealt him such a blow with it as did not require to be repeated; I swept the head off him. I took the head down to the old woman, who was reaping the rushes, and said to her, 'There is the giant's head for you.' The old woman said, 'Brave man! I knew that you were a hero. This island had need of your coming to it to-day. Unless you deceive me in my perception, you are Machkan-an-ahar, son of the King of Lochlann.' 'I have never deceived a man or good perception. I

riamh ; 's mi 'cheart duine,' arsa mise. 'S ban-fhiosaiche mise,' ars' ise, 'agus tha fios agam air ceann do sheid 's do shiubhail. Tha thu 'dol a dh' iarraidh do mhàthar 's do pheathar.' 'Mata,' arsa mi-fhéin, 'tha mi cho fada 's so air an t-slighe na 'm biodh fhios agam c' àit an rachainn air an tòir.' 'Innsidh mise dhuit c' àit am bheil iad. Tha iad ann an rìoghachd na Skéithe Deirge ; agus tha rìgh na Sgéithe Deirge 'cur roimhe do màthair a phòsadh, agus tha 'mhac a' cur roimhe do phiuthar a phòsadh. Innsidh mi dhiut mar a tha 'm bail' air shuidheachadh. Tha *canal* mu'n cuairt a' bhaile anns am bheil a leithid so de leud, agus tha drochaid-thogalach air a' *chanal*, agus tha té de na beathraichean mòra 'dìon na drochaide 's an là, agus cha 'n fhaigh duine stigh nach marbh i. 'N uair a thig an oidhche tha 'n drochaid air a' togail, agus tha 'bheithir a' cadal. Tha balla mòr mu'n cuairt pailis an rìgh anns am bheil àirde mhòr, mhòr.' Sìn thusa 'mach do choise Céin 's gu'n cuir mise bile lusan is leigheas rithe ; tinnean is gnothaichean, agus e mar éigeantas orm dol a dh' éisdeachd éibhneis na Roimhe am màireach."

"Ma 's a coise Céin i no ma 's cois 'n a dhéigh i," arsa Geur-mac-ul-Uaimh, "cha shìn mise 'mach mo choise Céin a chur bile lusan no

am the very man,' said I. 'I am a soothsayer,' said she, 'and know the object of your journey. You are going in quest of your mother and sister.' 'Well,' said I, 'I am so far on the way if I only knew where to go for them.' 'I'll tell you where they are,' said she; 'they are in the kingdom of the Red Shield, and the King of the Red Shield is resolved to marry your mother, and his son is resolved to marry your sister. I'll tell you how the town is situated. A canal of such a breadth surrounds it. On the canal there is a drawbridge, which is guarded during the day by one of the large serpents, so that no one can get in without being killed by it. When night comes the bridge is raised, and the serpent sleeps. A very high and big wall surrounds the king's palace.' Stretch your leg, Kian, that I may apply to it leaves of herbs and healing. Pressure and business are upon me; and I am under the necessity of going to listen to the joy of Rome to-morrow."

"Whether it be leg of Kian, or will be leg of anyone after him,"[1] said Geur-mac-ul-Uai, "I will not stretch my leg that leaves of herbs and

[1] There is a play upon words here that cannot be represented in English.

leighis rithe gus an innis thusa dhomh-sa an deach thu na b' fhaid' air tòir do mhàthar 's do pheathar no 'n do thill thu dhachaidh no cia-mar a dh' éirich dhuit."

"Ah!" ars' am fear mòr, "tha 'n rosad ort; tha 'n sgeul sin fada r' a h-innseadh, ach innsidh mi dhuit ùr-sgeul beag eile. Dh' fhalbh mi 'n sin, agus ràinig mi baile mòr na Sgéithe Deirge, agus bha *canal* mu 'n cuairt a' bhaile, mar a dh' innis a' chailleach mhòr dhomh, agus bha drochaid-thogalach air a' *chanal*, agus bha 'n oidhche ann 'n uair a ràinig mi, agus bha 'n drochaid togte, agus bha 'bheithir 'n a cadal, agus thomhais mi dà throidh air mo bheulaobh agus troidh air mo chùlaobh de 'n ghrunnd air an robh mi am sheasamh, agus leum mi air bàrr mo shleagha 's air ceanna m' òrdag, agus thàinig mi far an robh a' bheithir 's i 'n a cadal, agus tharruing mi 'n t-sleagh gheàrr, agus mo làmh ann ad làimh-sa agus mo dhà làimh 'g a saoradh bhuail mise 'bheithir ann an cùl a cinn, agus cha d' fhàg an t-sleagh fuigheall a beuma. Thog mi 'n ceann, agus chroch mi suas ri aon de phostaichean na drochaid' e. Dh' fhalbh mi 'n sin, agus ràinig mi 'n balla 'bha mu'n cuairt pailis an rìgh. Bha 'm balla cho àrd 's nach robh e furasda dhomh a leum, is thòisich mi leis an t-sleagh gheàrr, is tholl mi troimh 'n bhala

healing may be applied to it till you tell me if you went farther in search of your mother and sister, or if you returned home, or what befell you."

"Ah!" said the big man, "the mischief is upon you ; that tale is long to tell ; but I will tell you another tale. I set off, and reached the big town of the Red Shield ; and it was surrounded by a canal, as the old woman told me ; and there was a drawbridge on the canal. It was night when I arrived, and the bridge was raised, and the serpent was asleep. I measured two feet before me and a foot behind me of the ground on which I was standing, and I sprang on the end of my spear and on my tiptoes, and reached the place where the serpent was asleep ; and I drew the short spear, and I warrant you that I dealt the serpent such a blow on the back of the head as did not require to be repeated. I took up the head and hung it on one of the posts of the bridge. I then went to the wall that surrounded the king's palace. This wall was so high that it was not easy for me to spring over it ; and I set to work with the short spear, and dug a

gus an d' fhuair mi stigh. Ràinig mi dorus na pailis, agus bhuail mi aig an dorus, agus ghlaodh dorsair, 'Co 'tha 'n sid?' 'Mise,' arsa mise. Dh' aithnich mo mhàthair agus mo phiuthar mo bhruidhinn, is ghlaodh mo mhàthair, 'O! 's e mo mhac a th' ann : leig a-stigh e.' Fhuair mi 'n sin a-stigh, agus dh' éirich iad am choinneamh le sùlas mòr. Fhuair mi gabhail agam le biadh 's le deoch 's mo leaba gus an d' thàinig a' mhaduinn. Chaidh an sin a' bhraiceas a chur an òrdugh air ar beulaobh ; agus an déigh na braiceas thubhairt mi ri m' phiuthair 's ri m' mhàthair gu'm b' fhearra dhoibh cur orra, agus gu'm falbhadh iad còmhla rium dhachaidh. Thubhairt rìgh na Sgéithe Deirge, 'Cha 'n ann mar sin a bhios ach mar so. Tha mise 'cur romham do mhàthair a phòsadh, agus mo mhac a' cur roimhe do phiuthar a phòsadh.' 'Cha 'n ann mar sin a bhios,' thubhairt mi-fhéin, 'ach ma tha toil agaibh sin a dheanamh falbhaibh còmhla rium-sa 'dh' ionnsuidh mo dhachaidh, agus gheibh sibh an sin iad.' Thubhairt rìgh na Sgéithe Deirge, 'Mar sin biodh e mata.'

"Dh' fhalbh sinn an sin, agus ràinig sinn far an robh an long agam, agus chaidh sinn air bòrd orra, agus sheòl sinn gu tilleadh dhachaidh; agus bha sinn a' dol seachad air àite far an robh

hole through it, and got in. I went to the door of the palace and knocked; and the door-keeper called out, 'Who is there?' 'It is I,' said I. My mother and sister recognised my speech; and my mother called, 'Oh! it is my son; let him in.' I then got in, and they rose to meet me with great joy. I was supplied with food, drink, and a good bed. In the morning breakfast was set before us; and after it I said to my mother and sister that they had better make ready, and go with me. The King of the Red Shield said, 'It shall not be so, but thus. I am resolved to marry your mother, and my son is resolved to marry your sister.' 'That is not to be the way of it,' said I; 'but if you wish to marry my mother, and if your son wishes to marry my sister, let both of you accompany me to my home, and you shall get them there.' The King of the Red Shield said, 'So be it.'

"We then set off, and came to where my ship was, went on board of it, and sailed for home. When we were passing a place where a great battle was going on, I asked the King of the

blàr mòr 'g a chur, agus dh' fheòraich mi de rìgh na Sgéithe Deirge, 'Gu 'd é 'm blàr a tha 'n so? Carson a tha e?' 'Am bheil fhios agad idir air?' arsa rìgh na Sgéithe Deirge. 'Cha 'n 'eil,' arsa mise. 'Tha 'n sin,' arsa rìgh na Sgéithe Deirge, 'blàr airson nighean rìgh an domhain mhòir—an t-aon té a 's briagha air an t-saoghal; agus gaisgeach sam bith a bheir a-mach i le 'ghaisge 's e gheibh i r' a pòsadh. Am bheil thu 'faicinn a' chasteil ud?' 'Tha,' arsa mise. 'Tha ise air mullach a' chaisteil,' arsa rìgh na Sgéithe Deirge, 'a' faicinn co 'n gaisgeach a bheir a-mach i.' Dh' iarr mi mo chur air tìr 's gu'm feuchainn mo luathas 's mo làidireachd airson a tòirt a-mach. Chuir iad air tìr mi, agus chunnaic mi sealladh dhi air mullach a' chaisteil, agus thomhais mi dà throidh air mo chùlaobh is troidh air mo bheulaobh, agus leum mi air bàrr mo shleagha 's air ceanna m' òrdag, 's bha mi suas air mullach a' chaisteil, agus rug mi air nighean rìgh an domhain eadar mo dhà làimh is thilg mi bhàrr a' chaisteil i, agus bha mi aice mu 'n d' ràinig i 'n talamh, agus cheap mi i, agus thog mi leam air mo ghualainn i, agus thug mi 'n cladach orm cho luath 's a b' urrainn domh, agus thug mi do rìgh na Sgéithe Deirge i g' a cur air bòrd, agus na bha 's a bhlàr lean iad a sìos mi a dhol g' am mharbh-

Red Shield what battle it was, and the cause of it. 'Don't you know at all?' said the King of the Red Shield. 'I do not,' said I. The King of the Red Shield said, 'That is the battle for the daughter of the King of the Great Universe, the most beautiful woman in the world; and whoever wins her by his heroism shall get her in marriage. Do you see yonder castle?' 'I do,' said I. 'She is on the top of that castle, and sees from it the hero that wins her,' said the King of the Red Shield. I requested to be put on shore, that I might win her by my swiftness and strength. They put me on shore; and I got a sight of her on the top of the castle. Having measured two feet behind me and a foot before me, I sprang on the end of my spear and on my tiptoes, and reached the top of the castle; and I caught the daughter of the King of the Universe in my arms and flung her over the castle. I was with her and intercepted her before she reached the ground, and I took her away on my shoulder, and set off to the shore as fast as I could, and delivered her to the King of the Red Shield to be put on board the ship. All that were in the battle followed me in order to

adh. Thionndaidh mi air m' ais 'n an coinnimh, agus thòisich mi orra leis an t-sleagh gheàrr, 's cha d' fhàg mi ceann air amhaich dhiubh. Thill mi 'n sin air m' ais, agus ghlaodh mi air rìgh na Sgéithe Deirge e 'thighinn a-stigh g' am iarraidh. Cha ghabhadh e air gu'n cluinneadh e mi: chuir e 'h-aodach ris an luing, 's e airson tilleadh dhachaidh le nighean rìgh an domhain mhòir los a pòsadh. Thomhais mise dà throidh air mo chùlaobh is troidh air mo bheulaobh, is leum mi air bàrr mo shleagha 's air ceanna m òrdag, 's bha mi air bòrd na luinge, 's thubhairt mi ri rìgh na Sgéithe Deirge, 'Gu 'd é 'tha thu 'dol a dheanamh? Carson nach d' thàinig thu stigh g' am iarraidh?' 'O!' ars' an rìgh, 'cha robh mise ach a' deanamh deas na luinge 's a' cur an aodaich rithe mu'n rachainn air tìr g' ad iarraidh. Am bheil fhios agad gu 'd é 'tha mi 'smuaineachadh 'air an ceart uair?' 'Cha 'n 'eil,' arsa mise. 'Tha,' ars' an rìgh, 'gu'n till mise le nighean rìgh an domhain mhòir dhachaidh, agus gu'n téid thusa dhachaidh le d' mhàthair 's le d' phiuthair.' 'Cha 'n ann mar sin a bhios,' arsa mise: 'an té 'thug mise 'mach le m' fhoghainteachd fhéin cha 'n fhaigh thusa no duin' eil' i.'

"Bha sgiath dhearg aig an rìgh, 's na'm faigheadh e 'air i cha robh arm sam bith a

kill me. I turned back to meet them, and attacked them with the short spear, and did not leave a head on a neck of any of them. I then returned, and called to the King of the Red Shield to come in to the shore for me. Pretending not to hear me, he set the sails in order to return home with the daughter of the King of the Great Universe, and marry her. I measured two feet behind me and a foot before me, and sprang on the end of my spear and on my tiptoes, and got on board the ship. I then said to the King of the Red Shield, 'What were you going to do? Why did you not come in for me?' 'Oh!' said the king, 'I was only making the ship ready and setting the sails to her before going on shore for you. Do you know what I am thinking of?' 'I do not,' said I. 'It is,' said the king, 'that I will return home with the daughter of the King of the Great Universe, and that you shall go home with your mother and sister.' 'That is not to be the way of it,' said I. 'Her whom I have won by my prowess neither you nor any other shall get.'

"The king had a red shield, and if he should get it on, no weapon could make an impression

dhrùigheadh 'air. Thòisich e air an sgiath dhearg a chur uime; agus tharruing mi 'n t-sleagh gheàrr 'air mu'n teis-meadhoin, agus rinn mi 'n a dhà leth e, agus thilg mi bhàrr na luinge e. Bhuail mi 'mhac an sin, agus thilg mi 'n ceann deth, agus thilg mi 'mach e. Sìn thusa a-mach do choise Céin 's gu'n cuirinn-sa rithe bile lusan is leigheas; tinnean is gnoth-aichean, 's e mar éigeantas orm dol a dh' éisdeachd éibhneis a dh' eaglas mhòir na Roimhe am màireach."

"Ma's a coise Céin i no ma's cois 'n a dhéigh i, no ma 's Geur-mac-ul-Uaimh mise, ma shìneas mise 'mach mo choise Céin a chur bilean lusan is leighis rithe gus an innis thusa dhomh-sa carson nach robh eaglais mhòr agaibh fhéin ann an Lochlann gun a bhi 'dol a dh' éisdeachd éibhneis a dh' eaglais mhòir na Roimhe am màireach."

"Ah! tha 'n rosad ort," ars' am fear mòr; "innsidh mi ùr-sgeul beag eile dhuit. Thàinig mi dhachaidh le m' mhàthair, 's le m' phiuthair, 's le nighean rìgh an domhain, agus phòs mi nighean rìgh an domhain; agus a' cheud mhac a bh' agam thug mi Macan-na-Sgéithe-Deirge mar ainm air. Cha robh mi fada 'n déigh so 'n uair a thàinig tòrachd rìgh na Sgéithe Deirge a thoirt a-mach éirig rìgh na Sgéithe Deirge,

on him. He began to put on the red shield, and I struck him with the short spear in the middle of his body, and cut him in two, and threw him overboard. I then struck the son, and swept his head off, and threw him overboard. Stretch your leg now, Kian, that I may apply to it leaves of herbs and healing. Pressure and business are upon me; and I am under the necessity of going to the big church of Rome to-morrow to listen to joy."

"Whether it is leg of Kian, or will be leg of anyone after him, and if I am Geur-mac-ul-Uai, I will not stretch my leg that leaves of herbs and healing may be applied to it till you tell me why you have not a church of your own in Lochlann, so as not to be going to the big church of Rome to-morrow to listen to joy."

"Ah! the mischief is upon you," said the big man; "I will tell you another short tale. I came home with my mother and sister, and the daughter of the King of the Universe, and I married the daughter of the King of the Universe. The first son I had I named Machkan-na-Skaya-Jayrika (son of the red shield). Not long after this a hostile force came from the King of the Red Shield to enforce compensation for the King of the Red

agus tòrachd rìgh an domhain a thoirt a-mach éirig nighean rìgh an domhain. Thog mi leam nighean rìgh an domhain air mo ghualainn agus Macan-na-Sgéithe-Deirge air a' ghualainn eile, agus chaidh mi air bòrd na luinge, agus thog mi na siùil ris na croinn, agus chuir mi suaicheantas rìgh am domhain air an dàrna crann agus suaicheantas rìgh na Sgéithe Deirge air a' chrann eile, agus shéid mi trompaid, agus ghabh mi troimh 'n teis-meadhoin, agus thubhairt mi riù gu'm be so an duine, agus ma bha iad 'dol a thoirt a-mach na tòrachd gu'm b' e so an t-àm. As mo dhéigh thug iad na bha 'n sin de shoithichean, agus ghlac sinn an cuan fo 'r ceann. Bha de mhathas air an luing a bh' agam-sa nach mòr idir a thigeadh a-nìos rithe. Là de na làithean thàinig ceò trom, dorcha, agus chaill iad sealladh orm. Dh' éirich dhomh gu'n d' thàinig mi gu eilean a bh' ann an sin, agus b' e ainm an eilein An Fhalluinn Fhliuch. Thog mi bothan tighe 's an Fhalluinn Fhliuch anns an robh mi 'fuireach, agus fhuair mi mac eile 's an eilean, agus 's e 'n t-ainm a thug mi air Macan-na-Falluinne-Fliùiche.

"Bha mi ùine mhòr anns an eilean sin, ach bha gu leòir de mheasan, 's de dh' iasg, 's de dh' eòin ann. Bha mo dhà mhac air tighinn air an aghaidh 'n am proitsichean matha. Bha mi

Shield, and a hostile force came from the King of the Universe to enforce compensation for the daughter of the King of the Universe. I took the daughter of the King of the Universe with me on the one shoulder and Machkan-na-skaya-jayrika on the other, and I went on board the ship and set the sails to her, and I placed the ensign of the King of the Great Universe on the one mast, and that of the King of the Red Shield on the other, and I blew a trumpet, and passed through the midst of them, and I said to them that this was the man, and that if they were going to enforce their claims, this was the time. All the ships that were there chased me; and we set out on the expanse of ocean. My ship possessed the quality of being equalled in speed by very few ships. One day a thick dark mist came on, and they lost sight of me. It happened that I came to an island called An Aluin Leuch (the wet mantle). I built a hut there; and another son was born to me, and I called him Machkan-na-faluina-fleuicha (son of the Wet Mantle).

"I was a long time in that island; but there was enough of fruit, fish, and birds in it. My two sons had grown to be good lumps of boys.

là 'n sin a' falbh a' marbhadh eun, agus chunnaic mi fear mòr, mòr a' tighinn a dh' ionnsuidh an eilein, agus ruith mi dh' fheuch am faighinn a-stigh do 'n tigh mu 'n tigeadh e. Choinnich e mi, agus rug e orm, agus chuir e fodha ann am boglaich mi gu ruig an dà achlais, agus chaidh e stigh do 'n tigh, agus thug e mach nighean rìgh an domhain air a ghualainn, agus thàinig e seachad dlùth orm a chur an tuilleadh corruich orm. 'S e sin sùil a's mulladaiche a thug mise no 'bheir mi gu bràth a bhi sealltuinn air nighean rìgh an domhain air gualainn fir eile, 's nach b' urrainn domh-fhéin a toirt uaithe. Thàinig na balachain a-mach an taobh a bha mi, agus dh' iarr mi orra an t-sleagh gheàrr a thoirt a-mach g' am ionnsuidh. An sin shlaod iad an t-sleagh gheàrr as an déigh gus an d' thug iad g' am ionnsuidh i, agus gheàrr mi 'n grunnd mu 'n cuairt orm leatha gus an d' fhuair mi 'mach.

"Bha mi anns an Fhalluinn Fhliuch ùine mhòr gus an d' fhàs mo dhà mhac 'n am balaich mhòra. Thubhairt iad rium là 'bha 'n sin an robh guth idir agam air dol a dh' iarraidh am màthar. Thubhairt mi riù gu'n robh mi 'stad gus an cinneadh iad làidir, 's gu'm falbhadh iad còmhla rium. Thubhairt iadsan gu'n robh iad deas uair sam bith airson

As I was one day going about killing birds, I saw a big, big man coming towards the island, and I ran to try if I could get into the house before he would arrive. He met me, and caught me, and put me into a bog up to the armpits, and he went into the house, and took out on his shoulder the daughter of the King of the Universe, and passed close to me in order to irritate me the more. The saddest look that I ever gave or ever shall give was that that I gave when I saw the daughter of the King of the Universe on the shoulder of another, and could not take her from him. The boys came out where I was; and I bade them bring me the short spear from the house. They dragged the short spear after them, and brought it to me; and I cut the ground around me with it till I got out.

"I was a long time in the Wet Mantle, even till my two sons grew to be big lads. They asked me one day if I had any word of going to seek their mother. I told them that I was waiting till they would become stronger, and that they should then go with me. They said that they were ready to go with me at any

falbh. Thubhairt mi riù gu'm b' fhearra dhuinn an long a chur an òrdugh, agus gu'm falbh-adhmaid. Thubhairt iad rium, 'Biodh long aig a h-uile fear dhà fhéin'; agus mar sin rinn sinn, agus thug sinn ar trì chùil r' a chéile: ghabh a h-uile fear a rathad fhéin.

"Thachair dhomh-sa là 'bhi 'dol seachad dlùth air fearann, agus chunnaic mi blàr mòr 'g a chur a-stigh an sin; agus mionnan orm fhéin nach rachainn seachad air blàr air bith gun dol a chuideachadh an taoibh a bu luige. Chaidh mi air tìr, agus thoisich mi leis an taobh a bu luige, agus chuir mi 'n ceann de na h-uile gin leis an t-sleagh gheàrr. Bha mi 'n sin sgìth, agus leig mi mi-fhéin am shìneadh am measg nan corp, agus thàinig an cadal orm. Sìn thusa 'mach do choise Céin gus an cuirinn bile lusan is leigheas rithe; tinnean is gnothaichean, 's e mar éigeantas orm dol a dh' éisdeachd éibhneis a dh' eaglais mhòir na Roimhe am màireach."

"Ma shìneas mise 'mach mo coise Céin," arsa Geur-mac-ul-Uaimh, "a chur bile lusan no leighis rithe gus an innis thusa dhomh-sa an d'fhuair thu nighean rìgh an domhain no'n deachaidh tu na b' fhaide no'n do thill thu dhachaidh no cia-mar a dh' éirich dhuit."

"Tha 'n rosad ort," ars' am fear mòr; "tha

time. I said to them that we had better get the ship ready, and go. They said, 'Let each of us have a ship to himself'; and we arranged accordingly. We three then gave the back to each other; and each went his own way.

"As I happened to be one day passing close to land I saw a great battle going on. Being under vows never to pass a battle without helping the weaker side, I went on shore, and set to work with the weaker side, and I knocked the head off every one with the short spear. Being tired, I lay myself down among the bodies, and fell asleep. Stretch your leg, Kian, that I may apply to it leaves of herbs and healing. Pressure and business are upon me; and I am under the necessity of going to the big church of Rome to-morrow to listen to joy."

Geur-mac-ul-Uai said, "I will not stretch my leg that leaves of herbs and healing may be applied to it till you tell me if you found the daughter of the King of the Universe, or if you went home, or what happened to you."

"The mischief is upon you," said the big

'n sgeul sin fada r' a h-innseadh; ach innsidh mi sgeul beag eile dhuit. An uair a dhùisg mise as mo chadal chunnaic mi long a' deanamh air an àite anns an robh mi am shìneadh, agus famhair mòr 'g a slaodadh as a dhéidh, 's e air leth-shùil; agus cha ruigeadh an cuan ach na glùinean da. Bha slat mhòr iasgaich aige, agus driamlach mhòr, làidir aiste, agus dubhan mòr, mòr orra. Bha e 'tilgeil na driamlaich air tìr, 's a' cur an dubhain an sàs ann an corp, 's 'g a thogail leis a-mach air bòrd, gus na luchdaich e 'n soitheach de na cuirp. Uair de na h-uairean chuir e 'n dubhan an sàs ann am aodach, agus cha ghiùlaineadh an t-slat a-stigh mi leis cho trom 's a bha mi. Dh' fheum e-fhéin dol air tìr, agus mo ghiùlan eadar a làmhan, 's mo chur air bòrd. Bha mi 'n sin na bu mhiosa na bha mi riamh. Dh' fhalbh am famhair an sin leis an luing, 's e 'g a slaodadh as a dhéidh, agus ràinig e ailbhinn mhòr chreige, 's bha uamh mhòr a-stigh aige ann an aodann na creige, agus thàinig boirionnach cho briagh 's a chunnaic mi riamh a-mach, is sheas i ann an dorus na h-uamha. Bha esan a' sìneadh dhi nan corp, agus bha ise 'breith orra, 's 'g an cur a-stigh do 'n uaimh; agus a h-uile fear a bheireadh i 'air theireadh i, 'Am bheil thu beò?' Mu dheireadh thall chaidh breith orm fhéin leis an

man ; "that tale is long to tell ; but I will tell another short tale. When I awoke out of sleep I saw a ship making for the place where I was lying, and a big giant with only one eye dragging it after him : and the ocean reached no higher than his knees. He had a big fishing-rod with a big strong line hanging from it on which was a very big hook. He was throwing the line ashore, and fixing the hook in a body, and lifting it on board, and he continued this work till the ship was loaded with bodies. He fixed the hook once in my clothes ; but I was so heavy that the rod could not carry me on board. He had to go on shore himself, and carry me on board in his arms. I was then in a worse plight than I ever was in. The giant set off with the ship, which he dragged after him, and reached a big, precipitous rock, in the face of which he had a large cave : and a woman as beautiful as I ever saw came out, and stood in the door of the cave. He was handing the bodies to her, and she was taking hold of them, and putting them into the cave. As she took hold of each body she said, 'Are you alive ?' At last the giant took hold of me, and handed

fhamhair, agus mo shìneadh a-stigh dhi, agus thubhairt am famhair, 'Cumaidh tu air leth e: 's e corp mòr a th' ann, agus bithidh e agam air mo bhraiceas a' cheud là 'dh' fhalbhas mi.' Cha b' e sud uair a b' fheàrr a bha mise 'n uair a chuala mi binn an fhamhair. 'N uair a ghabh e 'leòir de na cuirp, a dhìnneir 's a shuipeir, chaidh e 'laidhe. 'N uair a tharruing am famhair srann thàinig am boirionnach a bhruidhinn rium, agus dh' innis i dhomh gu'm bu nighean rìgh a bh' innte, agus gu'n do ghoid am famhair air falbh i, agus nach robh dòigh no innleachd aice air 'fhàgail. 'Tha mi nis,' ars' ise, 'seachd bliadhna ach dà là còmhla ris, agus tha claidheamh rùisgte eadaruinn 's an oidhche, air alt 's nach robh a chridh' aige tighinn na bu dàine na sin orm gus an ruitheadh na seachd bliadhna sin.' Thubhairt mi rithe, 'Am bheil dòigh idir air a mharbhadh?' 'Cha 'n 'eil e furasda a mharbhadh,' ars' ise, 'ach ni sinn dòigh air a mharbhadh. Seall air a' bhior mhòr a tha 'n sin, a bhios aige 'ròsadh nan corp. Ann am marbhadh na h-oidhche trusaidh tu éibhlean an teine ri 'chéile, agus cuiridh tu 'm bior ann gus am bi e dearg, agus théid thu 'n sin, agus cuiridh tu anns an t-sùil a th' aige e le d' uile neart, agus bheir thu 'n aire nach fhaigh e greim ort, oir ma gheibh ni e cho pronn ri meanbh-chuileag thu.' Dh'

me in to her, and said, 'Keep him apart; he is a large body, and I will have him to breakfast the first day that I go from home.' My best time was not when I heard the giant's sentence upon me. When he had eaten enough of the bodies, his dinner and supper, he lay down to sleep. When he began to snore the woman came to speak to me; and she told me that she was a king's daughter, that the giant had stolen her, and that she had no way of getting away from him. 'I am now,' she said, 'seven years except two days with him, and there is a drawn sword between us at night. He dared not come nearer me than that till the seven years would expire.' I said to her, 'Is there no way of killing him?' 'It is not easy to kill him, but we will devise an expedient for killing him,' said she. 'Look at that pointed bar that he uses for roasting the bodies. At dead of night gather the embers of the fire together, and put the bar in the fire till it be red. Go, then, and thrust it into his eye with all your strength, and take care that he does not get hold of you, for if he does he will mince you as small as midges.' I then went and

fhalbh mi 'n so, agus thrus mi na h-éibhlean ri 'chéile, agus chuir mi 'm bior 's an teine, agus rinn mi dearg e, agus chuir mi anns an t-sùil a bh' aige e, agus an glaodh a thug e 'as shaoil mi gu'n do sgoilt a' chreag ; agus air a bhonn bha 'm famhair as mo dhéigh feadh na h-uamha dh' fheuch am faigheadh e greim orm. Uair de na h-uairean thog mi clach a bh' air ùrlar na h-uamha, thilg mi 'mach do 'n fhairg' i, 's thug i plub. Bha 'm bior an sàs 'n a shùil fad na h-ùine. Thug e roid gu beul na h-uamha a' saoilsinn gu'm bu mhise 'leum a-mach, agus bhuail am bior peirceall doruis na h-uamha, agus thilg e copan a' chinn deth. Thuit am famhair an sin fuar, marbh, agus thilg mi 'mach e thar beul na h-uamha do 'n fhairge.

"An là 'r na mhàireach ghabh mis' air tòir nighean rìgh an domhain, agus thug mi leam ise as an uaimh le té de bhàtaichean an fhamhair, 's chuir mi do dh' àite i as am faodadh i 'falbh far an togradh i. Thubhairt mi rithe na 'n tigeadh dragh sam bith orra, 's gu'm biodh mac aice i 'thoirt Macan-an-Uaigneas mar ainm air. Thug mi dhi fàinn' òir is m' ainm ann, agus thubhairt mi rithe na 'm b' e gille biodh ann i g' a thoirt da, agus e 'dol air tòir nighean rìgh an domhain do Mhacan-an-Athar, mac rìgh Lochlainn,

gathered the embers together, and put the bar in the fire, and made it red, and thrust it into his eye ; and from the cry that he gave I thought that the rock had split. The giant sprang to his feet, and chased me through the cave, in order to catch me ; and I picked up a stone that lay on the floor of the cave, and pitched it into the sea ; and it made a plumping noise. The bar was sticking in his eye all the time. Thinking it was I that had sprung into the sea, he rushed to the mouth of the cave ; and the bar struck against the door-post of the cave, and knocked off his brain-cap. The giant fell down cold and dead ; and I threw him over the mouth of the cave into the sea.

" On the morrow I set out in quest of the daughter of the King of the Universe. I took the woman with me from the cave in one of the giant's boats, and left her in a place whence she might go wherever she should please. I said to her that if any trouble should come upon her, and if she should have a son she was to call him Machkan-an-uaigneas (son in secret). I gave her a gold ring with my name on it, and I said to her that if it should be a boy that she would have, she was to give him the ring when he would be going to set off in quest of the daughter of the King of the Universe for Machkan-an-ahar, son of the King of Lochlann.

" Dh' fhalbh mise 'n sin do 'n àite anns an d' thug mi blàr, agus fhuair mi 'n t-sleagh gheàrr far an d' fhàg mi i, agus bha mi anabarrach toilichte 'n uair a fhuair mi i, agus gu'n robh an long sàbhailte. Sheòl mi astar là as a sin, agus chaidh mi stigh air camus bòidheach a bha 'n sin, agus tharruing mi an long a suas bràigh a' chladaich, agus chuir mi bùth a suas bràigh a' chladaich, anns an do chaidil mi 's an oidhche. 'N uair a dh' éirich mi an là 'r na mhàireach chunnaic mi long a' deanamh dìreach a-stigh air an àit an robh mi. 'N uair a bhuail i 'n grunnd thàinig ceatharnach mòr, làidir a-mach aiste, agus tharruing e suas i, agus mur robh i air thoiseadh air an té agam-sa cha robh i dad air deireach orra, agus thubhairt mi ris, ' Co 'm beadagan balaich thusa aig an robh a chridh' a long a tharruing suas ri broilleach na luing' agam-sa ?' ' 'S mise Macan-na-Sgéithe-Deirge,' ars' an ceatharnach, ' a' dol a dh' iarraidh nighean rìgh an domhain do Macan-an-athar, mac rìgh Lochlainn.' Chuir mi fàilt is furan 'air, agus thubhairt mi ris, ' Is mise t-athair ; 's math gu'n d' rinn thu tighinn.' Chuir sinn an oidhche seachad gu sunndach còmhla anns a' bhùth.

" 'N uair a dh' éirich mi 'n là 'r na mhàireach chunnaic mi long eile 'deanamh dìreach air an

"I then set off to the place where I fought a battle, and found the short spear where I left it; and I was very pleased that I found it, and that the ship was safe. I sailed a day's distance from that place, and entered a pretty bay that was there, hauled my ship up above the shore, and erected a hut there, in which I slept at night. When I rose next day I saw a ship making straight for the place where I was. When it struck the ground, a big, strong champion came out of it, and hauled it up; and if it did not surpass my ship it was not a whit inferior to it; and I said to him, 'What impertinent fellow are you that has dared to haul up your ship alongside of my ship?' 'I am Machkan-na-skaya-jayrika,' said the champion, 'going to seek the daughter of the King of the Universe for Machkan-an-ahar, son of the King of Lochlann.' I saluted and welcomed him, and said to him, 'I am your father: it is well that you have come.' We passed the night cheerily in the hut.

"When I rose on the following day I saw another ship making straight for the place where

àite 's an robh mi; 's thàinig gaisgeach mòr, làidir a-mach, is tharruing e 'long a suas ri broillech na loingis againn-ne; 's mur robh i air thoisich cha robh i dad air deireadh orra. 'Co 'm beadagan balaich thusa aig an robh a'chridh' a long a tharruing suas ri broilleach na loingis againn-ne?' arsa mi-fhéin. ''S mise,' ars' esan, 'Macan-na-Falluinne-Fliuiche 'dol a dh' iarraidh nighean rìgh an domhain do Mhacan-an-athar, mac rìgh Lochlainn.' ''S mise t-athair,' arsa mise; ''s e so do bhràthair, agus is math gu'n d' rinn thu tighinn.' Chuir sinn an oidhche sin seachad còmhla anns a' bhùth, mo dhà mhac 's mi-fhéin.

"'N uair a dh' éirich mi 'n là 'r na mhàireach chunnaic mi long eile 'tighinn, 's a' deanamh dìreach air an àite 's an robh mi-fhéin. Leum ceatharnach mòr, làidir a-mach aiste, agus tharruing e suas i ri broilleach na loingis againn-ne, agus mur robh i na's àirde cha robh i na's ìsle. Chaidh mi sìos far an robh e, agus thubhairt mi ris, 'Co 'm beadagan balaich thusa a tharruing suas a long ri broilleach na loingis againn-ne?' ''S mise Macann-an-Uaigneas,' ars' esan, 'a' dol a dh' iarraidh nighean rìgh an domhain do Mhacan-an-athar, mac rìgh Lochlainn.' 'Am bheil comharradh sam bith agad air a sin?' arsa mise. 'Tha,' ars' esan; 'tha

I was; and a big, strong hero came out of it, and hauled it up alongside of our ships; and if it did not surpass them it was not a whit inferior to them. 'What impertinent fellow are you that has dared to haul up your ship alongside of our ships?' said I. 'I am,' said he, 'Machkan-na-faluina-fleuicha, going to seek the daughter of the King of the Universe for Machkan-an-ahar, son of the King of Lochlann.' 'I am your father, and this is your brother: it is well that you have come,' said I. We passed the night together in the hut, my two sons and I.

"When I rose next day I saw another ship coming, and making straight for the place where I was. A big, strong champion sprang out of it, and hauled it up alongside of our ships; and if it was not higher than they, it was not lower. I went down where he was, and said to him, 'What impertinent fellow are you that has dared to haul up your ship alongside of our ships?' 'I am Machkan-an-uaigneas,' said he, 'going to seek the daughter of the King of the Universe for Machkan-an-ahar, son of the King of Lochlann.' 'Have you any token in proof of that?' said I. 'I have,' said he: 'here

fàinn' an so a thug mo mhàthair dhomh a dh' iarr m' athair orra a thoirt dhomh.' Rug mi air an fhàinne, agus chunnaic mi m' ainm ann, agus bha 'n gnothuch cinnteach. Thubhairt mi ris, 'Is mise t-athair, agus tha 'n so dà leth bhràthair dhuit. Bithidh sinn na's laidire nis airson dol a dh' iarraidh nighean rìgh an domhain. Tha ceithir duail na's laidire na trì duail.' Chuir sinn an oidhche sin seachad gu sunndach, gasda còmhla anns a' bhùth.

"Co 'thàinig a-stigh far an robh sinn ach Cruitean Ceòlar, agus fear eile, marcaich an eich bhàin. A h-uile uair a chuireadh Cruitean Ceòlar a suas a' phìob bha e 'g ar cur 'n ar cadal, agus dh' éireadh marcaich an eich bhàin, agus bheireadh e 'phìob as a bheul an drast 's a rìs. Mu dheireadh 'n uair a chunnaic marcaich an eich bhàin nach robh sinn a' faotuinn coire do Chruitean Ceòlar leig e leis cluich air aghaidh, agus thuit sinne 'n ar cadal, agus ghoid e 'n t-sleagh gheàrr leis. Thàinig marcaich an eich bhàin a-stigh 's a' mhaduinn, agus dh' fheòraich e dhinn cia-mar a dh' éirich dhuinn an raoir. Thubhairt sinn ris nach d' éirich ach gu dona, dubh, gu'n do ghoideadh an t-sleagh gheàrr oirnn. Thubhairt marcaich an eich bhàin, 'Innsidh mise dhuibh c' àit am bheil i. Tha i ann an uaimh shuas an sin far am bheil dà fhamhair mhòr a' fuireach.'

is a ring that my mother gave me at my father's request.' I took hold of the ring, and saw my name on it: and the matter was beyond doubt. I said to him, 'I am your father, and here are two half-brothers of yours. We are now stronger for going in quest of the daughter of the King of the Universe. Four plies are stronger than three plies.' We spent that night cheerily and comfortably together in the hut.

"Who should come in where we were but Kruitean Ceòlar and another, the rider of the white horse. Every time that Kruitean Ceòlar would blow up the pipe he would set us asleep; and the rider of the white horse would rise now and then, and take the pipe out of his mouth. When the rider of the white horse saw that we were not finding fault with Kruitean Ceòlar, he allowed him to play on. We then fell asleep, and the rider stole the short spear. He came in the morning, and asked how we fared last night. We said that we fared but badly and sadly, that the short spear was stolen from us. The rider of the white horse said, 'I'll tell you where it is: it is in a cave up there where two giants dwell.'

"Dh' fhalbh mi-fhéin 's mo thriùir mhac is ràinig sinn an uaimh, is ghlaodh sinn riù an t-sleagh gheàrr a chur a-mach g' ar n-ionnsuidh; agus 'n uair a chunnaic an dà fhamhair an coltas a bh' air na ceatharnaich ghabh iad an t-eagal, agus thilg iad an t-sleagh a-mach g' ar n-ionnsuidh. Thug sinn leinn an t-sleagh gheàrr, agus thill sinn do'n bhùth far an robh na loingis againn air an tarruing. Thàinig marcaich an eich bhàin far an robh sinn a rìs, agus thubhairt e ruinn, 'Mur meall thu ann am aithne mi 's tu Macan-an-athar, mac rìgh Lochlainn. Is fiosaiche mise, agus tha thu 'dol a dh' iarraidh nighean rìgh an domhain. Innsidh mi dhuit cuideachd c' àit am bheil i. Tha i aig mac an Lòin-duibh, Càrn Camailidh.'

"Chaidh Macan-na-Sgéithe-Deirge, agus ghlaodh e còmhrag ceud làn ghaisgeach, air neo nighean rìgh an domhain a chur a-mach g' a ionnsuidh. Chaidh an ceud a-mach, agus thòisich e-fhéin is iadsan air a chéile, agus mharbh e 'h-uile gin diubh. Ghlaodh Macan-na-Falluinne-Fliuiche còmhrag ceud eile, air neo nighean rìgh an domhain a chur a-mach g' a ionnsuidh. Marbh esan an ceud sin leis an t-sleagh gheàrr. Ghlaodh Macan-an-Uaigneas còmhrag ceud eile air neo nighean rìgh an domhain. Mharbh e 'h-uile gin diubh sin leis

"My three sons and I went to the cave, and called to the giants to send out the spear. When they saw the aspect of the heroes they got frightened, and threw the short spear out to us. We took it away, and returned to the hut where our ships were hauled up. The rider of the white horse came again where we were, and said to me, 'Unless you deceive me in my perception, you are Machkan-an-ahar, son of the King of Lochlann. I am a soothsayer: and you are going in quest of the daughter of the King of the Universe. I will tell you where she is: she is with the son of the Blackbird, Carn Camaley.'

"Machkan-na-skaya-jayriga then went and called for combat with a hundred fully trained heroes, or the sending out to him of the daughter of the King of the Universe. The hundred went out; and he and they began on each other, and he killed every one of them. Machkan-na-faluina-fleuicha called for combat with another hundred, or the sending out of the daughter of the King of the Universe. He killed that hundred with the short spear. Machkan-an-uaikneas called for combat with another hundred, or the daughter of the King of the Universe. He killed every one of these

an t-sleagh gheàrr. Chaidh mise 'n sin a-mach, agus bhuail mi beum-sgéithe air an fhaiche, 's chuir mi 'm baile mòr air chrith. Cha robh duin' aig Càrn Camailidh a chuireadh e mach. B' fheudar dha fhéin teannadh a-mach; agus thòisich e-ıhéin 's mi-fhéin air a chéile, agus tharruing mi 'n t-sleagh gheàrr 'air, agus thilg mi 'n ceann dheth, 's ghabh mi stigh do'n chaisteal aige, 's thug mi 'mach nighean rìgh an domhain. Thàinig mi-fhéin 's mo thriùir mhac dhachaidh agus nighean rìgh an domhain mhòir; agus sin agad mar a dh' éirich dhomh-sa. Sìn thusa 'mach do choise Céin gus an cuirinn-sa bile lusan is leigheas rithe; tinnean is gnothaichean, 's e mar éigeantas orm dol a dh' éisdeachd éibhneis a dh' eaglais mhòir na Roimhe am màireach."

Shìn Geur-mac-ul-Uaimh a-mach a chas, agus chuir am fear mòr bile lusan is leigheas rithe, 's bha i air a slànachadh. Thug am fear mòr air tìr as an eilean e, agus leig e leis dol dhachaidh a dh' ionnsuidh an rìgh.

with the short spear. I then went out to the field, and sounded a challenge on the shield, and made the town tremble. Carn Camaley had not a man to send out: he had to come out himself; and he and I began on each other, and I drew the short spear, and swept his head off. I then went into the castle, and took out the daughter of the King of the Universe. It was thus that it fared with me. Stretch your leg, Kian, that I may apply to it leaves of herbs and healing. Pressure and business are upon me; and I am under the necessity of going to the church of Rome to-morrow to listen to joy."

Geur-mac-ul-Uai stretched his leg; and the big man applied to it leaves of herbs and healing; and it was healed. The big man took him ashore from the island, and allowed him to go home to the king.

VIII.

LOD, MAC AN AOIREIN.

Bha Lod 'n a ghille comasach, làidir, 's cha ghabhadh e urram o dhuin' air bith. 'S e sin gu'n robh feadhainn aig 'athair a' gearradh mòine. Chuir 'athair measair mhòr de chàbhruich leis a dh' ionnsuidh muinntir na moine. Thuit a' mheasair 'air air an rathad is dhoirt e 'chàbhruich. Dh' fhalbh e 'n sin is thog e i air a h-ais do 'n mheasair le 'chròġan, 's bha i air a salachadh. Ràinig e 'n t-àite moine, agus thug e dhoibh a' chàbhruich; ach 'n uair a chunnaic iad cho salach 's a bha i cha ghabhadh iad deur dh' i. 'N uair a chaidh na daoine dhachaidh feasgar dh' innis iad d' a athair mar thachair. Thòisich 'athair an sin air trod 's air cur iomhchoir air, agus dh' iarr e air a bhi 'falbh roimhe, agus e 'ghabhail ceithir rathaide fichead, nach gleidheadh esan na b' fhaid' e.

"Ma's ann mar sin a tha faighibh dhomh-sa lorg iaruinn a chumas na coin uam."

"Gheibh thu sin," ars' 'athair.

Chaidh 'athair do 'n cheàrdaich, agus rinn e lorg a bha clach iaruinn air chuthdrom. Shìn

VIII.

LOD, THE FARMER'S SON.

Lod was a capable, strong lad, and would not accept of honour from any man. It happened that his father had a party cutting peats, and he sent the lad with a big dish of sowens[1] for them. He let the dish fall on the road, and spilt the sowens. He went and lifted them back into the dish with his hands; and they were dirtied. He reached the peat-moss, and gave the sowens to the peat-cutters; but when they saw how dirty they were they would not take any of them. When the men went home in the evening they told his father what had happened. His father then began to scold and blame him, and told him to go about his business, and take twenty-four roads, and said that he would not keep him longer.

"If that is the way of it," said Lod, "get an iron club for me that will keep the dogs off me."

"You shall get that," said his father.

His father went to the smithy, and made a

[1] A kind of porridge, made of the juice of the husks of oats.

e sid dha. "So," ars' esan; "sin agad deagh lorg."

Rug Lod air an lorg, agus a' cheud chrathadh a thug e orra bhris e i. "Feumaidh sibh falbh, agus lorg cheart fhaotuinn dhomh-sa a chumas rium."

Dh' fhalbh 'athair do 'n cheardaich, agus rinn e lorg, 's chuir e dà chloich air chuthdrom ìnnte. 'N uair a thàinig e air 'ais shìn e 'n lorg dha, 's thubhairt e, "Cha 'n fhaod e 'bhi nach cum an té sin riut."

Thug Lod crathadh orra, agus bhris e i. "Falbhaibh," ars' esan, "agus deanaibh lorg cheart dhomh-sa 'chumas na coin uam."

Dh' fhalbh 'athair an là so, agus rinn e lorg, agus chuir e trì chlachan gu leth ìnnte. Thàinig e dhachaidh 's thug e 'n lorg dha. Thug Lod crathadh orra, 's chuir e lùb mhath orra. "Tha mi 'n déigh ur sàrachadh," ars' esan, "'s ni mi leis an té so fhéin." Chuir e ri ghlùin i, 's rinn e dìreach i. Dh' fhàg e beannachd aig 'athair, 's dh' fhalbh e, 's chuir e 'n lorg fo 'achlais.

Ràinig e pailis rìgh mu'n do stad e, 's thòisich e air sràid-imeachd mu choinneamh a' phailis. Chuir an rìgh gille 'mach a dh' fheòruich dheth gu 'd é 'n duin' esan a bha sràid-imeachd mu choinneamh pailis an rìgh. "Dh' iarr an rìgh orm," ars' an gille, "'fheòruich dhiot co dhiubh is

club in which there was a stone's weight of iron, and handed it to him. "There is a good club for you," said he.

Lod took hold of the club, and broke it with the first shake that he gave it. "You must go and get a proper club that will be strong enough for me," said Lod.

His father went to the smithy, and made a club in which he put two stones' weight of iron. When he came back he handed the club to Lod, and said, "Surely that club is strong enough for you."

Lod gave it a shake, and broke it. "Go," said he, "and make a proper club for me that will keep the dogs off me."

His father went this day, and made a club in which he put three stones and a half. He came home, and gave Lod the club. Lod gave it a shake and put a good bend in it. "I have harassed you, and will do with this club," said he. He put it to his knee and straightened it. He bade his father good-bye, and went away with the club under his arm.

He reached a king's palace before he halted, and began to walk about in front of it. The king sent out a lad to ask who he was. "The king has desired me to ask you," said the lad, "whether you are a fellow that is in quest of

òlach thu 'tha 'g iarraidh gleachd no còmhraig no òlach a tha 'g iarraidh maighstir."

Thubhairt Lod ris, "Cha 'n òlach mi 'tha 'g iarraidh gleachd no còmhraig; ach is òlach mi 'tha 'g iarraidh maighstir math ma gheibh mi e."

Chaidh an gille stigh, agus dh' innis e do 'n rìgh mar thubhairt Lod ris. Chaidh an rìgh a-mach an sin, agus dh' fheòriuch e dheth gu 'd é 'n obair air an robh e math.

Thubhairt Lod, "Tha mi 'm bhuachaille math; 's e buachailleachd a bha mi 'cleachdadh daonan."

"Mata," ars' an rìgh, "is mise 'tha feumach air buachaille math. Cha d' fhuair mi buachaille math riamh, 's bha mo chuid cruidh a' falbh, 's cha robh fhios agam c' àit am robh iad a' dol no 'd é 'bha 'tighinn riù. Ma ni thu muinntearas agam-sa tha mi coma ged a dh' fheuchas mi greis dhiot."

Thubhairt Lod ris, "Mata ni mise muinntearas bliadhna ruibh no muinntearas leth-bhliadhna."

"'D é 'n tuarasdal a bhios tu 'g iarraidh 's an leth-bhliadhna?" ars' an rìgh.

"Bithidh mi 'g iarraidh," arsa Lod, "deich gininean 's an leth-bhliadhna, agus leth-bholla mine as t-seachduin, agus na dh' fheumas mi de bhaine leis airson brochain. Cha 'n 'eil mi a'

wrestling or combat, or a fellow that is in quest of a master."

Lod said, "I am not a fellow that is in quest of wrestling or combat, but a fellow that is in quest of a good master, if I can find one."

The lad went in and told the king what Lod said to him. The king went out and asked Lod what work he was good at.

Lod said, "I am a good herd. Herding is the work to which I have been always accustomed."

"Well," said the king, "I am much in want of a herd. I have never fallen in with a good herd; and my cattle have been disappearing, and I never knew where they were going or what was becoming of them. If you will take service with me, I do not care though I try you for a while."

Lod said, "I am willing to engage with you for either a year or half a year."

"What wages do you ask in the half-year?" said the king.

"Ten guineas," said Lod, "half a boll of meal a week, and as much milk as I shall require for porridge. I take but two meals a

gabhail ach dà bhiadh 's an là, mo bhraiceas agus mo shuipeir. Feumaidh mi tigh fhaotuinn anns am fuirich mi gun duine leam ach mi-fhéin, agus cnap math de *bhoilear* is leaba."

Thubhairt an rìgh an sin ris, "Tha 'n tuarasdal sin pailte mòr dhomh-sa ri 'thoirt seachad, agus tha 'n leth-bholla mine glé mhòr leam cuideachd ri 'bhi 'g a thoirt dhuit as t-seachduin."

" Mata," arsa Lod, " mur toir sibhse dhomh e, a rìgh, bheir fear eile dhomh e."

Smuainich an rìgh gu'm feuchadh e leth-bhliadhna dheth aig na cumhnantan a bha e 'g iarraidh ; agus thubhairt an rìgh ris, " Feuchaidh sinn leth-bhliadhna dhiot aig sin fhéin o 'n 'tha thu 'g ràdh gu bheil thu 'ad bhuachaille cho math."

An sin rinn Lod muinntearas ris an rìgh, agus fhuair e 'n tigh a chur an òrdugh, agus an leaba 's a' mhin. Chaidh an crodh a liubhairt dha 'n sin airson am buachailleachd. Chuir e air teine, 's rinn e 'bhrochan. Bha so mu fheasgar. 'N uair a ghabh e 'shuipeir chaidh e 'luidhe. Moch an là 'r na mhàireach dh' éirich e, 's rinn e 'm brochan, 's ghabh e e mu'n d' fhalbh e leis a' chrodh. Dh' fhalbh e 'n sin leis a' chrodh, 's an lorg 'n a achlais aige. Bha feadag aige 'g a séideadh as déigh a' chruidh, agus shaodaich e 'mach ri sliabh monaidh iad.

day, breakfast and supper. I must get a house to dwell in by myself, a good-sized boiler, and a bed."

The king then said, "Those wages are rather high for me to give; the half-boll of meal a week is also too much."

"Well," said Lod, "if you don't give them to me, another will."

The king thought he would try him for half a year on his own terms, and said, "We will try you for half a year on these terms, as you say that you are so good a herd."

Lod took service with the king, got the house put in order, and received the bed and the meal. The cattle were delivered to him to herd. He put on a fire and made his porridge. This was in the evening. When he had supper he went to bed. He rose early next day, made his porridge, and took it before setting off with the cattle. He set off with them, and had the club under his arm. He blew a whistle that he had after them, and drove them up the declivity of a hill. There was a thicket there

Bha badan coille an sin, agus chaidh e stigh ann a bhuain shlat. Cha robh e fada stigh 's a' choille 'n uair a chunnaic e famhair mòr, mòr a' tighinn far an robh e; 's thubhairt e ris, "Gu 'd é 'tha thu 'deanamh an so, 'ille bhig?"

"Ah! 'ille mhath," ars' esan, "na bi 'cur eagail orm; 's beag an rud a chuireas eagal orm. Cha 'n 'eil mise 'n so ach a ghearradh shlatan a dheanamh crò mheann do mhnaoi bhochd a's màthair dhomh. Ma 's e 'n crodh 'tha dhìth ort nach toir thu leat gu leòir dhiubh."

Dh' fhalbh am famhair mòr an sin, agus rug e air a' mhart a bu truime 's a bu reamhra, agus cheangail e a ceithir chasan, agus thubhairt e ri Lod, "Thig a-nall dh' fheuch an cuidich thu 'm mart a chur air mo mhuin."

"Ah! tha eagal orm-sa dol ad chòir," arsa Lod.

"U! cha bhean mi dhuit," ars' am famhair.

Chaidh e 'n sin a-null far an robh e, agus thubhairt e ris, "'S fhearra dhuit do cheann a chur a-stigh eadar a casan, agus théid mis' air do chùlaobh, agus togaidh mi suas ort i," ars' esan.

Cho luath 's a chuir am famhair a cheann a-stigh eadar a casan bha Lod air a chùlaobh agus tharruing e 'n lorg, agus spad e e. An

that he entered in order to cut rods. He was not long in the thicket when he saw a big, big giant coming where he was, and the giant said, "What are you doing here, little fellow?"

"Ah! my good sir," said Lod, "do not be frightening me; little is the thing that will frighten me. I am here only to cut rods to make a kid-pen for the poor woman who is my mother. If it be the cattle that you want, take enough of them."

The big giant went and caught the heaviest and fattest of the cows, and tied its four legs, and said, "Come here, and help to put the cow on my back."

"Ah! I am afraid to go near you," said Lod.

"Oo! I will not touch you," said the giant.

He then went over where the giant was, and said to him, "You had better put your head in between its legs, and I will go behind you and lift it up on you."

When the giant put his head in between the cow's legs, Lod went behind him, drew his club, and felled him. He then released the

sin leig e 'm mart mu 'r sgaoil, agus gheàrr e 'n ceann bhàrr an fhamhair, agus chroch e ann am meur craoibh e, agus leag e brùchd de sheann ghàradh phloc air muin a' chuirp. Cha d' thàinig nì g' a chòir an là sin tuilleadh. Feasgar chaidh e dhachaidh, agus an crodh sàbhailte, glan aige, a h-uile gin diubh. Choinnich an rìgh e 'n uair a chaidh e dhachaidh, 's thubhairt an rìgh ris, "Fhuair thu 'n crodh gu sàbhailte dhachaidh."

"Fhuair," ars esan; "carson nach fhaigheadh." Cha do ghabh e air ris an rìgh gu 'd é 'chunnaic e no 'thachair 'air. Chuir e stigh an crodh is bhiadh e iad, 's chuir e air am brochan. 'N uair a ghabh e 'shuipeir chaidh e 'luidhe.

'N uair a dh' éirich e 's a' mhaduinn rinn e 'bhrochan, 's ghabh e e. Leig e 'mach an crodh an sin is shaodaich e 'mach ri badan coille 's ri sliabh monaidh iad, agus thug e 'choill' air, 's thòisich e ri buain shlatagan. Cha robh e fad' an sin 'n uair thàinig famhair mòr a bu mhò na 'm fear a bh' ann an dé. "'D é 'tha thu 'deanamh an so, 'ille bhig?" ars' am famhair.

"Tha mi 'buain shlat a dheanamh crò mheann do mhnaoi bhochd a's màthair dhomh," arsa Lod; "na bi 'cur eagail orm; is beag an rud a chuireas eagal orm."

"Am fac thu fear an so an dé?" ars' am famhair.

cow, and cut off the giant's head, and hung it on a branch of a tree, and threw down a portion of an old turf dyke over his body. Nothing came to trouble him any more that day. He went home in the evening, and had the cattle with him safe and sound, every one of them. After he went home the king met him, and said, "You have got the cattle home safely."

"I have; why should I not?" said Lod. He did not let on to the king what he had seen and met. He put in the cattle, and fed them, and put on the porridge. When he had his supper he went to bed.

When he rose in the morning he made his porridge, and took it. He then let out the cattle, and drove them to a thicket and up the declivity of a hill, and he went into the thicket, and began to cut rods. He was not long there when there came a big giant, bigger than the giant of the previous day. "What are you doing here, little fellow?" said the giant.

"I am cutting rods to make a kid-pen for the poor woman who is my mother," said Lod. "Do not be frightening me: little is the thing that will frighten me."

"Did you see a man here, yesterday?" said the giant.

"Cha 'n fhac," arsa Lod; "cha robh mis' an so an dé idir; ach ma tha mart a dhìth ort thoir leat an té a's mò 's a's fheàrr a gheibh thu."

Ghabh am famhair an caraibh a' mhairt a b' fheàrr a bha 'n sin, is leag e i, is cheangail e 'ceithir chasan. An sin thubhairt e ri Lod, "Thig a-nall is cuidich am mart air mo mhuin."

"Ah! cha téid," arsa Lod; "tha thu 'cur eagail orm."

"Cha bhean mise dhuit," ars' am famhair.

Chaidh Lod an sin a nun, agus thubhairt e ris an fhamhair, "Cuir do cheann eadar a casan, 's théid mise air do chùlaobh, agus cuidichidh mi suas air do mhuin i." An sin tharruing e 'n lorg mhòr, agus spad e 'm famhair. Thug e dheth an ceann, agus chroch e ris a' chraoibh e air an robh am famhair eile, agus leag e brùchd de 'n ghàradh air a chorp, air chor is nach fhaiceadh duine sam bith e. 'N uair a thàinig am feasgar dh' fhalbh e-fhéin 's an crodh dhachaidh; is thachair an rìgh air, is thubhairt e ris, "Am bheil naigheachd agad an diugh dhomh?"

"Cha 'n 'eil: 'd é 'bheireadh dhomh naigheachd mur tugadh an crodh ud an sin, is fraoch, is coille, is mòine," ars am buachaille.

"Mata," ars' an rìgh, "is math an naigheachd dhomh-sa gu'n d' thàinig thu-fhéin 's an crodh

"I did not," said Lod: "I was not here yesterday. If you want a cow, take with you the biggest and the best that you can find."

The giant approached the best of the cows, knocked it down, and tied its four legs. He then said to Lod, "Come here, and help to put the cow on my back."

"Ah! no," said Lod: "you are frightening me."

"I'll not touch you," said the giant.

Lod went over and said to the giant, "Put your head between its legs, and I will go behind you, and help to put it on your back." He then drew the big club, and felled the giant. He took off his head, and hung it on the tree on which was the head of the other giant, and threw down over him a portion of an old turf dyke, so that no one could see him. When evening came he and the cattle went home: and the king met him, and said, "Have you news for me to-day?"

"I have not: what would give me news, unless the cattle yonder, and heather, and wood, and moss should?" said Lod.

"Well!" said the king, "it is good news to me that you and the cattle have come safely

dhachaidh sàbhailte. Is tu 'm buachaille math, 's is tu 'm buachaille sona," ars' esan. "Cha d' fhuair mise buachaille riamh a thug dhachaidh an crodh sàbhailte ach thu-fhéin."

Chuir e 'n sin a-stigh an crodh, agus bhiadh e iad : rinn e 'bhrochan, ghabh e 'shuipeir, 's chaidh e 'luidhe. 'N uair a dh' éirich e 's a' mhaduinn rinn e 'bhrochan, ghabh e 'bhraiceas, is dh' fhalbh e leis a' chrodh, is feadag aig' as an déigh. Thog e 'mach ri badan coille 's ri sliabh monaidh iad, agus thug e 'choill' air 's thòisich e ri buain shlat. Cha robh e fad' an sin 'n uair a thàinig famhair mòr a bu mhò na càch. Thubhairt am famhair ri Lod, "Gu 'd é 'tha thu 'deanamh an so, 'ille bhig ?"

"Tha mi 'buain shlat a dheanamh crò mheann do mhnaoi bhochd a's màthair dhomh," arsa Lod. "Ma 's e crodh a tha dhìth ort thoir leat uiread 's is urrainn thu."

"Bheir mi leam té mhath co dhiubh," ars' am famhair. Ghabh e 'n taic' a' mhairt, rug e orra, is leag e i, is cheangail e 'ceithir chasan, agus thubhairt e ri Lod, "Thig a-nall, 'fhir bhig, agus cuidich am mart air mo mhuin."

"Cuir do cheann eadar a casan, 's théid mise air do chùlaobh, is cuidichidh mi suas i," arsa Lod.

An sin tharruing e 'n lorg mhòr air, agus

home. You are the good and lucky herd. I never got a herd that brought the cattle safely home but yourself."

He then put in the cows, and fed them. He made his porridge, had his supper, and went to bed. When he rose in the morning he made his porridge, had his breakfast, and set off with the cattle, blowing his whistle after them. He drove them to a thicket and up the declivity of a hill, and he went into the thicket and began to cut rods. He was not long there when there came a big giant, bigger than the others. The giant said to Lod, "What are you doing here, little fellow?"

"I am cutting rods to make a kid-pen for the poor woman who is my mother," said Lod. "If it be cattle that you want, take with you as many of them as you can."

"I will take a good one, at any rate," said the giant. He approached the cow, caught it, knocked it down, and tied its four legs, and said to Lod, "Come here, little fellow, and help to put the cow on my back."

"Put your head between its legs, and I will go behind you, and help it up on you," said Lod.

He then drew his club on him, and felled

spad e e. Gheàrr e 'cheann, is chroch e ris a' chraoibh e air an robh càch; leag e brùchd de'n ghàradh air a' mhuin, is dh' fholluich e e. Cha d' thàinig nì g' a chòir an là sin tuilleadh a chur eagail no oillt 'air. 'N uair a thàinig am feasgar chaidh e dhachaidh leis a' chrodh. Chuir e stigh iad, is bhiadh e iad. Thàinig an rìgh far an robh e, 's thubhairt e ris, "Am bheil naigheachd agad dhomh an diugh?"

"Cha 'n 'eil; 'd é 'bheireadh naigheachd dhomh-sa mur tugadh an crodh, fraoch, coille, 's mòinteach?"

"'S math an naigheachd leam-sa gu'n d' thàinig thu-fhéin's an crodh sàbhailte dhachaidh; is tu am buachaille math, 's is tu am buachaille sona," ars' an rìgh. An sin rinn e 'bhrochan, 's chaidh e 'luidhe.

'N uair a dh' éirich e 's a' mhaduinn rinn e 'bhrochan, 's ghabh e 'bhraiceas 's leig e 'mach an crodh, 's dh' fhalbh e leò. Thog e 'mach ri badan coille 's ri sliabh monaidh iad, 's thug e 'choill' 'air, 's thòisich e air buain shlat. Cha b' fhada 'bha e 'n sin 'n uair a thàinig cailleach mhòr, ghairbhridh, ghlas; 's thubhairt i ris, "Am bheil thu 'n so, a dhearg shlaightear, 'fhir bhig?" ars' ise. "Mharbh thu mo thriùir mhac, 's bheir mis' ort nach téid thu 'dh' innseadh sgeòil."

him ; he cut his head off, and hung it on the tree on which were the other heads, and threw down over him a portion of the dyke, and hid him. Nothing came near him any more that day to terrify or frighten him. When evening came he went home with the cattle, put them in, and fed them. The king came where he was, and said to him, "Have you news for me to-day ?"

"I have not : what would give me news, unless the cattle, heather, wood, and moss should ?" said Lod.

"It is good news to me," said the king, "that you and the cattle have come safely home. You are the good and lucky herd." He then made his porridge, and went to bed.

When he rose in the morning he made his porridge, had his breakfast, let out the cattle, and went away with them. He drove them to a thicket and up the declivity of a hill, and went to the thicket, and began to cut rods. He was not long there when a big, coarse, grey hag came, and said to him, "Are you here, you thorough rascal, little fellow ? You have killed my three sons, and I will make you that you will not go to report what happens."

A-null ghabh i far an robh e, 's rug i 'air, 's chuir e 'dha làimh bhog gheal mu dhà thaoibh chairtidh, chruaidh na caillich, 's chuir a' chaillleach a dà làimh chruaidh, chairtidh mu dhà thaoibh bhuig, ghil Lod mhic an aoirein. Dheanadh iad a bhogain a bhogain, a chreagain a chreagain, tobar fala fìor-uisge am fìor aodann gach creagain, far am bu bhuige gu'n sùilean, 's far am bu chruaidhe gu'n glùinean, 's far am bu mheadhonaiche gu ceann reamhar na sléiste. Smuainich Lod gu'n robh e dlùth g' a nàmhaid agus fad' o chàirdean, 's thug e 'n togail bheag, mhòr air a' chaillich, 's bhris e 'casan fòipe 's a gaoirdean os a cionn, 's chuir e air stéigh a droma i.

"Trom os do chionn, a chailleach," arsa Lod; "gu 'd é t-éirig?"

"'S mòr sin 's cha bheag e; *trunk* òir is *trunk* airgid fo stàirsnich na h-uamha ud thall," ars' ise.

"'S leam fhéin sin," ars' esan. "Am bheil tuilleadh eirig agad?"

"Cha 'n 'eil," ars' ise.

"Mur h-eil," ars' esan, "cha bhi sinn 'g ad chumail na 's fhaide ann am péin"; 's thilg e 'n ceann d' i, 's chroch e ris a' chraoibh e far an robh càch, is leag e brùchd de 'n ghàradh air muin a' chuirp aice. 'N uair a thàinig am

Over she went where he was, and caught him; and he put his two soft, white hands round the hag's two hard, swarthy sides; and the hag put her two hard, swarthy hands round his two soft, white sides. They made the soft ground softer and the rocky ground harder, and a well of blood of a well of spring water in the very face of each rocky place. Where it was softest they sank to their eyes, where it was hardest to their knees, and where it was intermediate to the thick end of the thigh. Lod thought that he was near his foe and far from his friends, and he gave the hag a little strenuous lift, and broke her legs under her, and her arms above her, and laid her on the flat of her back.

"There is a weight above you, hag," said Lod. "What is your ransom?"

"That is great and not little—a trunk of gold and a trunk of silver under the threshold of yonder cave," said she.

"That is my own," said he. "Have you more ransom?"

"I have not," said she.

"If you have not," said he, "we will not be keeping you longer in pain." With this he cut off her head, and hung it on the tree on which were the other heads, and he broke down a

feasgar chaidh e dhachaidh leis a' chrodh. Chuir e stigh an crodh, is bhiadh e iad. Thàinig an rìgh far an robh e, agus thubhairt e ris, "An d' thàinig thu ?"

"Thàinig," ars' esan.

"Am bheil naigheachd agad an diugh ?"

"Cha 'n 'eil," ars' esan: "'d é 'bheireadh naigheachd dhomh-sa mur tugadh an crodh ud an sud, fraoch, coille, is mòinteach."

Feasgar rinn e 'bhrochan, ghabh e 'shuipeir, 's chaidh e 'luidhe. An là 'r na mhàireach 'n uair a dh' éirich e rinn e 'bhrochan, ghabh e 'bhraiceas, leig e 'mach an crodh, is dh' fhalbh e leò. Shaodaich e 'mach iad ri badan coille 's ri sliabh monaidh, 's thug e 'choille air mar b' àbhaist da. Cha d' thàinig dad g' a chòir fad an là so. Feasgar dh' fhalbh e dhachaidh leis a' chrodh : chuir e stigh iad, agus bhiadh e iad. Rinn e 'bhrochan, ghabh e 'shuipeir, 's chaidh e 'luidhe. Cha d' thàinig rìgh no ridir g' a chòir, 's bha iongantas uamhraidh air. Dh' fheòruich e 'dh' fheadhainn a bha 'n sin gu 'd é bu chiall nach do thachair an rìgh 'air an raoir. Thubhairt iad ris gu'n robh am bail' ann am bròn 's an duilichinn mhòir airson nighean an rìgh, gu'n d' thàinig famhair mòr g' a h-iarraidh, 's mur faigheadh e i gu'n robh e ris a h-uile duine 's a' bhaile a mharbhadh. Ghabh an

portion of the dyke over her body. When evening came he went home with the cattle, put them in, and fed them. The king came where he was, and said to him, "Have you come?"

"I have," said Lod.

"Have you news to-day?" said the king.

"I have not," said Lod: "what would give me news, unless yonder cattle, heather, wood, and moss should?"

In the evening he made his porridge, had his supper, and went to bed. When he rose on the morrow he made his porridge, had his breakfast, let out the cattle, and set off with them. He drove them to a thicket, and up the declivity of a hill, and he went to the thicket as usual. Nothing came to trouble him all day. He went home in the evening with the cattle, put them in, and fed them. He made his porridge, had his supper, and went to bed. Neither king nor knight came near him; and he was very much surprised. He inquired what was the meaning of the king's not meeting him on the previous evening. He was told that the town was very sad and grieved for the king's daughter. A big giant had come for her, and threatened to kill everyone in the town unless he should get her. The squint-eyed,

còcaire claon, ruadh os làimh gu'm marbhadh esan am famhair, is dh' fhalbh e le nighean an rìgh g' a liubhairt do 'n fhamhair mar g'um b' fheadh; oir bha 'm famhair a' fuireach ann an eilean làmh ris an àite far an robh an còcaire 'dol leatha. Na 'm marbhadh an còcaire am famhair gheibheadh e nighean an rìgh ri 'pòsadh; ach mur marbhadh gheibheadh fear sam bith eil' i a mharbhadh e. 'N uair a ràinig iad an t-àite far an robh am famhair ri 'n coinneachadh chaidh an còcaire claon, ruadh am falach air cùl cloiche; agus chuir e feamain air a mhuin fhéin los nach faichteadh e.

Dh' fhalbh Lod, 's leig e 'mach an crodh, 's shaodaich e 'mach iad far am b' àbhaist da. 'N uair a chunnaic e nach robh nì sam bith a' tighinn a chur dragh' air dh' fhalbh e 'shealltuinn nighean an rìgh dh' fheuch cia-mar bha 'dol dhi. 'N uair a ràinig e bha nighean an rìgh a' caoineadh 's a' bròn, 's an còcaire claon, ruadh am falach cùl na cloiche.

"Ah!" arsa nighean an rìgh, "gu 'd é 'thug an so thu? 'S leòir mi-fhéin a bhi aig an fhamhair gun thusa 'bhi air do mharbhadh leis."

"Cha dean e dheth sin," arsa Lod, "ach na dh' fhaodas e. Tòisich thusa air fasgaidh mo chinn, 's ma thig an cadal orm dìusg mi."

Thubhairt ise ris, "'D é 's ciall-dùsgaidh dhuit?"

red-haired cook undertook to kill the giant, and he went with the king's daughter by way of delivering her to the giant, who was residing on an island near the place where the cook was going with her. If the cook should kill the giant he would get the king's daughter in marriage; but if he should fail to kill him, another would get her, who would kill him. When they had reached the place where the giant was to meet them, the squint-eyed, red-haired cook hid himself behind a stone, and covered himself with sea-weed.

Lod went and let out the cattle, and drove them forth to the usual place. When he saw that nothing was coming to trouble him, he set off to see how it fared with the king's daughter. When he arrived she was weeping and wailing, while the squint-eyed, red-haired cook was hid behind a stone.

"Ah!" said the king's daughter, "what has brought you here? It is enough that the giant should have me, without your being killed by him."

"As to that," said Lod, "he cannot go beyond his ability. Begin you to pick vermin from my head; and if I fall asleep, waken me."

She said to him, "What is the mode of wakening you?"

" Tha," ars' esan, " gu'n toir thu bàrr lùdaig na làimhe d eise dhiom, agus cuiridh tu 'ad phòca i."

Chaidil esan, 's a cheann air a ghlùin. 'N uair a chunnaic i 'm famhair a' tighinn thug i 'mach sgian-pheann as a pòca, 's gheàrr i dheth bàrr na lùdaige. Air a bhonn bha Lod, agus sìos ghabh e do chlachan a' chladaich a choinneachadh an fhamhair. Tharruing e 'n lorg mhòr, agus thilg e na trì cinn deth. Thug e leis na cinn, agus thilg e air a' chòcaire chlaon, ruadh iad. An sin thug e 'n crodh 'air, 's dh' fhalbh an còcaire claon, ruadh dhachaidh le nighean an rìgh is trì cinn an fhamhair aige. Bha nighean an rìgh aige an so ri 'faotainn. Chaidh là bainnse 'chur a-mach air an son, agus cuireadh a thoirt do mhòran ; ach cha d' fhuair Lod bochd cuireadh idir.

Là na bainnse 'n uair a bha iad uile cruinn thubhairt nighean an rìgh, " An d' fhuair a h-uile duine cuireadh ?"

Thubhairt an rìgh gu'n robh e 'smuaineachadh gu'n d' fhuair.

Thubhairt ise, " Cha 'n fhaic mi 'm buachaille 'n so."

" Oh ! cha 'n fhaod am buachaille gun a bhi 'n so," ars' an rìgh ; " faighear e gu h-ealamh."

Fhuair ise deise chiatach ùr dha, 's chaidh a

"Cutting off the point of the little finger of my right hand, and putting it in your pocket," said he.

He slept with his head on his knee. When she saw the giant coming she took a pen-knife out of her pocket, and cut off the point of his little finger. Lod sprang to his feet, and went down to the stones of the shore to meet the giant. He drew his club, and swept the three heads off him. He took away the heads, and threw them at the squint-eyed, red-haired cook. He then betook himself to the cattle; and the cook went home with the king's daughter and the giant's three heads. He was now to get the king's daughter. A day was appointed for their wedding, and invitations were sent to many, but poor Lod did not receive an invitation.

On the wedding day, when all were assembled, the king's daughter said, "Has everyone been invited?"

The king said that he thought so.

She said, "I don't see the herd here."

"Oh! the herd must not be absent," said the king: "let him be got quickly."

She procured for him a fine new suit, and

chur ann an uidheam mhath. Cha 'n aithneadh iad a-nis gu'm b' e 'm buachaille 'bh' aca idir. Thubhairt an nighean ris an rìgh, "So am fear a shàbhail mise o 'n fhamhair, 's cha b' e 'n còcaire claon ruadh."

"'D é 'n dearbhadh a bheir thu dhomh-s' air a sin?" ars' an rìgh.

Chuir i 'làmh 'n a pòca 's thug i 'mach bàrr na lùdaige, agus thubhairt i ri Lod, "Sìn an so do làmh dheas."

Chunnaic an rìgh an so gu'n robh mar thubhairt i fìor. Chaidh Lod, mac an aoirein, is nighean an rìgh an sin a phòsadh. Rinn iad banais mhòr, aidhearach, aobhaidh, iongantach; agus mur b' e 'n là mu dheireadh a b' fheàrr cha b' e òirleach a bu mhiosa. Rinn iad teine mòr de ghlas-darach, agus loisg iad an còcaire claon, ruadh. An sin thug Lod leis a bhean agus an rìgh, agus ràinig iad far an robh e ris a' bhuachailleachd, agus leig e fhaicinn cinn nam famhair 's na caillich 's an cuirp. Chaidh iad an sin, agus thug iad leo an t-òr 's an t-airgiod a bha 's an uaimh. Thàinig mac Lod a-stigh gu bhi 'n a rìgh air an rìgheachd.

got him dressed well, so that he could not now be recognised as the herd. The king's daughter said to the king, "This is the man that saved me from the giant, and not the squint-eyed, red-haired cook."

"What proof will you give me of that?" said the king.

She put her hand in her pocket, and took out the point of the little finger, and said to Lod, "Stretch your right hand in this direction."

The king saw now that what she said was true. Lod, the farmer's son, and the king's daughter were then married. They had a merry, joyous, wonderful wedding; and if the last day of it was not the best, it was not a whit the worst. They made a big fire of pealed oak, and burnt the squint-eyed, red-haired cook. Lod then took his wife and the king with him to the place where he was herding, and showed them the heads of the giants and of the hag. After that they went and took away the gold and silver that were in the cave. Lod's son succeeded to the throne.

IX.

AN DÀ DHUIN' UASAL ÒG.

Dh' iarr an dà dhuin' uasal air an athair a' chuid a thigeadh orra a thoirt doibh. Thug an athair sin doibh. An sin dh' fhalbh iad, agus thug iad baile mòr orra. Cha do stad iad gus an do chosd iad na bh' aca, 'g a itheadh 's 'g a chluich. Mu dheireadh theirig an cuid, 's cha robh peighinn aca ach aon cheithir sgillinn a bh' aig fear dhiubh. Bha iad an sin là 'gabhail sràid 'n an dithis feadh a' bhaile : agus gu 'd é 'thachair orra ach cailleach a bha creic tùirneap ; agus cheannaich iad tùirneap am fear. Thubhairt am fear aig an robh na ceithir sgillinn ris a' chaillich, " Sin agad mo chuid de'n t-saoghall air mo bhois."

" Och ! och !" thubhairt a' chailleach, " bu mhòr am beud e a leithid de dhuin' uasal òg, eireachdail a bhi 'n a leithid de chor. Ma théid thu leam-sa 'dh' ionnsuidh an tighe agam bheir mi dhuit biadh agus leabaidh gus am faic thu gu 'd é 'thachras."

Dh' fhalbh e leatha 'dh' ionnsuidh an tighe ; ach cha robh a' chompanach ri dol leis. Bha

IX.

THE TWO YOUNG GENTLEMEN.

The two gentlemen asked their fathers to give them the portions that would fall to them. Their fathers gave them that. They then set off, and betook themselves to a large town. They did not halt till they spent all that they had in eating and drinking. At last their means were spent; and they had not a penny except fourpence that one of them had. As they were one day taking a walk through the town, who should meet them but an old woman who was selling turnips: and they bought a turnip each. He who had the fourpence said to the old woman, "There is on the palm of my hand all that I have of the world's gear."

"Alas! alas!" said the old woman, "it would be a great pity that so young and handsome a gentleman should be in such a condition. If you go with me to my house I will give you food and bed till you see what will turn up."

He went off with her to the house; but his companion was not to go with him. She had

tigh briagh, grinn aice. Thug i do sheòmar e, 's thug i cathair dha, 's dh' iarr i 'air suidhe. Chaidh bòrd a chur an òrdugh air a bheulaobh le biadh cho math 's a b' urrainn duine iarraidh. 'N uair a bha e réidh d' a bhiadh chuir i 'làmh 'n a pòca, 's thug i 'mach sporan, agus thug i dha gini, agus thubhairt i ris, "A nis théid thu 'ghabhail sràid mar chì thu freagarrach. Feuch nach bi sgillinn de 'n ghini nach cosd thu mu'n till thu 'dh' ionnsuidh do dìnnearach."

Dh' fhalbh e 'n sin a-mach, agus fhuair e 'chompanach, agus thug e dha dàrna leth a' ghini; agus chosd iad an leth eile. Bha iad a' sràid-imeachd air an ais 's air an aghaidh feadh a' bhaile mar a chunnaic iad iomchuidh. Aig àm dìnnearach thill e 'dh' ionnsuidh tigh na caillich. An sin thubhairt i ris, "An do chosd thu 'n gini?"

"Chosd gu dearbh," ars' esan.

Ars' ise, "Cumaidh mise gu leòir a dh' airgiod riut."

Ghabh e 'n sin a dhìnneir. Chuir a' chaillleach a làmh 'n a sporan, 's thug i gini eile dha. "Falbh a-nis," ars' ise, "is cosd sin, 's na biodh sgillinn agad dheth 'n uair a thig thu stigh gu d' shuipeir."

Dh' fhalbh e 'n sin a-mach, is fhuair e 'chompanach, 's thug e leth a' ghini dha, 's

a fine house. She brought him to a room, gave him a chair, and requested him to be seated. A table was set in order before him with as good food as any man could desire. When he was finished with his food the old woman put her hand in her pocket, and took out a purse, and gave him a guinea, and said to him, "You shall now go to take a walk as you see proper. See that you have not a penny of the guinea before you return to dinner."

He then went out, and found his companion, and gave him half a guinea; and they spent the other half. They were walking backwards and forwards through the town as they saw proper. At dinner-time he returned to the old woman's house; and she said to him, "Have you spent the guinea?"

"I have indeed," said he.

She said, "I will supply you with enough of money."

He then had dinner. The old woman put her hand in her purse, and gave him another guinea. "Go now," said she, "and spend that, and have not a penny of it when you come in to supper."

He then went out, and found his companion, and gave him half a guinea; and they spent

chosd iad an còrr. 'N uair a thàinig am feasgar chaidh e dhachaidh a dh' ionnsuidh na caillich. Thug i 'n sin a stigh e do sheòmar briagh 's dh' iarr i air dol a luidhe. Chaidh e 'luidhe an sin. Feadh na h-oidhche mhothaich e cuid-eigin a' dol air a chùlaobh 's an leabaidh ; ach cha robh 'fhios aige co 'bh' ann, agus dh' fhuirich e sàmhach mar a bh' aige, agus cha dubhairt e, "Co thu ?" Beagan ro bheul an là dh' éirich an t-aon a bh' ann, agus dh' fhalbh e ; agus thàinig a' chailleach a stigh 's a' mhaduinn, agus thubhairt i ris, "An d' fhuair thu cadal math an raoir ?"

"Oh ! fhuair, cadal gasda," ars' esan.

Fhuair i uisge, siopunn, is searadair dha 'g a ghlanadh fhéin, agus dh' iarr i air éiridh, gu'm biodh a bhraiceas deas an ùine ghoirrid. Chuir i 'n sin a bhraiceas air a' bhòrd dha, braiceas nach d' fhuair e riamh na b' fheàrr an tigh 'athar. 'N uair a bha bhraiceas aige seachad chuir i 'làmh 'n a pòca, 's thug i dha gini eile, agus thubhairt i ris, "A-nis rach a-mach, 's gabh do shràid mar a chi thu freagarrach, agus 'n uair a thig thu stigh gu d' dhìnneir feuch nach bi sgillinn dheth gun chosd."

Dh' fhalbh e 'n sin a-mach, 's fhuair e 'chompanach, 's thug e 'dhàrna leth dha ; 's chosd iad an leth eile. Thill e gu 'dhìnneir ;

the remainder. When evening came he went home to the old woman. She took him to a fine room, and requested him to go to bed ; and he did so. During the night he perceived some one going behind him in the bed ; but he did not know who it was, and remained quiet, and did not say, " Who are you ?" A little before daybreak the person rose, and went away. The old woman came in in the morning, and said to him, " Did you sleep well last night ?"

" Oh yes ! very well," said he.

She fetched water, soap, and a towel for him that he might wash himself, and requested him to rise, and said to him that breakfast would be ready in a short time. She then set breakfast on the table for him, a breakfast than which he never had a better at his father's table. When it was over she put her hand in her pocket, and gave him another guinea, and said to him, " Go out now, and take your walk as you see proper, and when you come in to dinner see that there be not a penny of it unspent."

He then went out, and found his companion, and gave him the half of it : and they spent the other half. He returned to dinner : and

agus 'n uair a ghabh e 'dhìnneir thug i dha gini eile, ag iarraidh air a chosd, 's gun sgillinn a bhi aige dheth 'n uair a thilleadh e gu 'shuipeir.

Chaidh e 'n sin a-mach, 's fhuair e 'chompanach, 's thug e 'dhàrna leth dha, 's chosd iad an leth eile. Aig àm suipearach thill e stigh, 's thubhairt a' chailleach ris, "An do chosd thu na thug mi dhuit?"

"Chosd," ars' esan.

"Tha nis an t-àm agad dol a luidhe," ars' ise.

Chaidh e 'luidhe an sin, agus mhothaich e mu mheadhon oidhche duine 'dol air a' chùlaobh mar air an oidhche roimhe. 'N uair a bha e teann air beul an là dh' éirich an duine 'bh' ann gu falbh; agus thubhairt an duin' uasal ris fhéin, "Bithidh fhios agam co thu mu'n leig mi air falbh thu."

'N uair a bha 'n duine 'bh' ann a' dol thar taobh na leapach fhuair e greim air làimh 'air, agus thàinig a' mhiotag a bh' air dheth, agus lean an duin' uasal rithe. Gu 'd é 'bh' ann ach boirionnach. Chaidil e 'n sin gus an d' thàinig a' mhaduinn. N' uair a' thàinig a' mhaduinn thàinig a' chailleach a-stigh far an robh e, agus dh' iarr i air éiridh gu h-ealamh, agus a tigh fhàgail.

when he had dinner she gave him another guinea, requesting him to spend it, and not to have a penny of it when he should return to supper.

He then went out, and found his companion, and gave him the half of it ; and they spent the other half. At supper-time he returned in ; and the old woman said to him, " Have you spent what I gave you ?"

" I have," said he.

" It is now time for you to go to bed," said she ; and he did so.

About midnight he perceived a person going behind him as on the previous night. When it was near daybreak the man rose to go away: and the gentleman said to himself, " I will know who you are before I let you away."

When the person was going over the side of the bed the gentleman got hold of him by the hand ; and the glove that was on him came off ; and the gentleman kept it. What was the person but a woman ! After that he slept till morning. When morning came the old woman came in where he was, and bade him rise quickly and leave her house.

"Carson?" ars' esan. "'D é 'rinn mi?"

"Rinn thu gu leòir orm-sa," ars' ise. "An t-aon a bha 'cumail rium-sa gu leòir de dh' òr 's de dh' airgiod chaill mi sin a-nis air do thàileabh-sa. Bi falbh, 's na faiceam do shùil tuilleadh a-stigh an so."

Cha b' e so an uair a b' fheàrr a bha 'n duin' uasal 'g a fhaicinn fhéin, 's e 'smuaineachadh gu'n robh fortan a' tighinn air. Dh' fhalbh e 'n sin a dh' fhaicinn a chompanaich. Bha beagan aig a chompanach a ghleidh iad tacan feadh a' bhaile.

Dh' fhalbh e 'n sin, agus chuir e 'mhiotag 's leig e pìos dhi 'mach thar beul a phòca. Bha e 'dol troimh shràid 's a' bhaile, e-fhéin 's a chompanach, 's chunnaic e bean-uasal bhriagh ag amharc thar uinneig air aghaidh na sràide, agus thug i 'n aire do 'n làmhainn. Dh' fhalbh i 's chuir i gille 'mach far an robh e a dh' iarraidh 'air tighinn a bhruidhinn rithe. Chaidh e stigh leis a' ghille 'n sin. Thug a' bhean-uasal a-stigh do sheòmar briagh e, 's chuir i 'n a shuidhe 'n cathair e, agus thubhairt i ris, "C' àit an d' fhuair thu 'n làmhainn bhriagh 'bha 'mach air beul a' phoc' agad?"

"'S math tha 'fhios agad air," ars' esan. "Fhuair mi i ann an tigh a' leithid so de chaillich oidhche 'bha mi 'm luidhe ann."

"Why?" said he. "What have I done?"

"You have done enough to me," said she. "The person who has been supplying me with enough of gold and silver has withdrawn her bounty on your account. Be off with you, and let me not see your eye here any more."

This was not the time when the gentleman saw himself most prosperous, while he was expecting that he was going to be prosperous. He then set off to see his companion. His companion had a little that kept them in town for a while.

One day he took the glove, and let a bit of it hang out of his pocket. As he was going through the town with his companion, he saw a beautiful lady looking out at a window in front of the street. The lady, having noticed and recognised the glove, sent a man-servant out to request him to come to speak to her. He went to the house with the servant. The lady took him into a fine room, made him sit in a chair, and said to him, "Where did you find the fine glove that was hanging out of your pocket?"

"You know well," said he: "I got it in such a woman's house a night that I was sleeping there."

"Am bheil fhios agad," ars' ise, "gur mise 'bha 'n sin air do chùlaobh? Bha mi 'g ad fhaicinn air t-ais 's air t-aghaidh feadh a' bhaile, 's ghabh mi gaol ort, 's cha robh fhios agam cia-mar a gheibhinn ann am bruidhinn riut, gus an d' innis mi do'n chaillich mar bha 'chùis; agus thubhairt a' chailleach, 'Ni mise dòigh air a sin.' Ma phòsas tu mise gheibh thu 'h-uile nì 'th' aig m' athair an là' 's bàs da, oir 's mise thig a-stigh air a h-uile nì 'th' aige. Cha 'n 'eil de chloinn aige ach mi-fhéin."

"Mata," ars' esan, "tha sin glé mhath air a ràdhainn; ach cha 'n 'eil stòras sam bith agam-sa."

Thubhairt ise, "Tha trì loingis mhòr' aig m' athair eadar so 's na H-Innsean le luchd a-null 's le luchd a-nall. 'S e marsanta mòr a th' ann am athair, aig am bheil mòran stòrais. Innsidh mi-fhéin dhuit cia-mar a thig thu mu'n cuairt air m' athair gu bruidhinn air mo shon. Cumaidh tu romhad gur fear thu 'bhios a' ceannach rud sam bith a bhios air chall 's nach bi forfhais air. Their esan riut, 'Tha trì loingis agam, agus creicidh mi riut iad, agus 's leat fhéin iad, iad-fhéin 's an luchd, ma thig iad, 's mur tig iad feumaidh tu pàigheadh air an son.' An sin feòraichidh tu dheth cia meud a tha e 'cur mu'n coinneamh. Bheir mise dhuit a h-uile sgillinn

"Do you know," said she, "that it is I that was there behind you? I saw you going backwards and forwards through the town, and I fell in love with you, and I did not know how to get into conversation with you till I told the old woman how the matter stood; and she said, 'I will manage that.' If you marry me you shall get on the day of my father's death all that he has; for it is I who am to inherit all that he has. I am his only child."

"Really that is well spoken," said he; "but I have no wealth."

She said, "My father has three large ships between this and the Indies, with cargoes hither and thither. My father is a great merchant, and has great wealth. I will myself tell you how you shall come round him to speak to him for me. You will maintain that you are a buyer of anything that is lost and not heard of. He will say to you, 'I have three ships which I will sell you, and they shall be yours if they come; but if they do not come you must pay for them.' You will then ask him what value he puts upon them. I will give you the money to pay for

a phàigheas na loingis co dhiubh a thig iad no nach tig. Fhuair mise fios gu bheil na soithichean a' tighinn; ach cha 'n 'eil fhios aig m' athair air. Bruidhnidh mise ri m' athair gu bheil duin' uasal an sud a tha 'g iarraidh *chances* de rud sam bith a bhios air chall, 's nach 'eil fiughair ris."

Dh' fhalbh i 'n so, agus bhruidhinn i ri 'h-athair, agus thubhairt i ris, "'Athair, tha naigheachd agam dhiubh. Tha duin' uasal an so, agus 's fhearra dhuibh na loingis a chreic ris, a chionn nach 'eil fiughair riu gu bheil iad sàbhailte."

"Creicidh mis' iad," ars' esan r' a nighinn. "C' àit am bheil e chum gu'm faic mi e?"

"Tha e 'n a leithid so de thigh-òsda, 's cuiridh mise gille g' a iarraidh," ars' ise.

"Rachadh sibhse stigh d' ar seòmar, agus théid an duin' uasal a-stigh a bhruidhinn ruibh."

Bha 'n duin' uasal aice-se a-stigh ann an seòmar eile, ach cha do leig i stigh e far an robh a h-athair gus an saoileadh e gu'n d' thàinig e o 'n tigh-òsda. Chaidh e stigh far an robh a h-athair, agus dh' iarr a h-athair air suidhe, agus thubhairt e ris, "'D é do naigheachd?"

"Cha 'n 'eil agam-sa dad de naigheachd ùr," ars' esan.

them whether they come or not. I have received intelligence that they are coming, but my father is not aware of it. I will tell him that there is a gentleman in the place who wishes to speculate in anything that is lost and not to be found."

She went, and spoke to her father, and said to him, "Father, I have news for you. There is a gentleman here to whom you had better sell the ships, as it is feared that they are lost."

"I will sell them," said he to his daughter. "Where is he, that I may see him?"

"He is in such an inn, and I will send a servant for him," said she. "Go you to your room, and the gentleman will go in to speak to you."

She had the gentleman waiting in another room, but she did not let him in where her father was till such time would elapse as would make him think that he had come from the inn. He went in where her father was; and her father requested him to be seated, and said to him, "What is your news?"

"I have no fresh news," said he.

Thubhairt a h-athair ris, "Gu 'd é 's àbhaist dhuit a bhi deanamh ?"

Thubhairt an duin' uasal ris, "Tha mi 'ceannach rud sam bith a bhios air chall 's nach bi fiughair ri' fhaotinn."

Thubhairt athair na mna-uaisail ris, "Tha trì loingis agam-sa thairis anns na H-Innsean, agus cha 'n 'eil fhios agam co dhiubh a thig no nach tig iad."

"Gu 'd é," ars an duin' uasal, "tha sibh ag iarraidh orra uile, eadar iad-fhéin 's an luchd."

Thubhairt athair na mna-uasail ris, "Trì fichead mìle."

"'S e mo chuid-sa iad," ars' an duin' uasal ; agus fhuair e sgrìobhadh orra. "Bithidh mise 'n so am màireach air a leithid so de dh' uair g' ur pàigheadh."

Fhuair an duin' uasal cothrom air bruidhinn ris a' mhnaoi-uasail òig, agus air innseadh dhi gu'n do cheannaich e na loingis air a leithid so de phrìs. An là 'r na mhàireach fhuair ise 'n t-airgiod do 'n duin' uasal. An sin chaidh e far an robh a h-athair, agus phàigh e dha 'n trì fichead mìle, agus fhuair e *reseat* o athair na mna-uasail. Chaidh an là so seachad.

An là 'r na mhàireach ràinig ise 'h-athair, 's i anabarrach duilich 'n a coltas. Thubhairt a h-athair rithe, "Am bheil dad a' cur duilichinn ort ?"

Her father said to him, "What are you in the habit of doing?"

The gentleman said, "I buy anything that is lost and not expected to be found."

The lady's father said to him, "I have three ships across in the Indies, and I do not know whether they will come or not."

"What do you ask for them all with their cargoes?" said the gentleman.

The lady's father said to him, "Sixty thousand."

"They are mine," said the gentleman; and he got a written agreement. "I will be here to-morrow at such an hour to pay you."

The gentleman got an opportunity of speaking to the young lady, and of telling her that he had bought the ships at such a price. She got the money for him on the following day. He then went to her father, and paid him the sixty thousand; and he got a receipt from him. This day passed.

Next day the daughter went to her father, looking very grieved. Her father said, "Does anything grieve you?"

"Tha," ars' ise, "agus duilichinn na 's leòir."

"Gu 'd é 'tha 'cur duilichinn ort?" ars' esan.

"Tha gu'n do chreic sibh na loingis; 's gu'n d' fhuair mise fios gu'm bi iad a-stigh an ceann dà là," ars' ise.

"Cha 'n 'eil atharrach air; tha 'n gnothuch seachd a-nis," ars' esan. "Chaill mise ris trì fichead mìle co dhiubh."

Bha e-ıhéin 's a nighean a bruidhinn eatorra mu'n ghnothuch gu'm bu duilich mar thachair. Thubhairt a h-athair, "Cuiridh sinn fios 'air e 'thighinn an so gu bheil toil agam-sa bruidhinn ris."

Chaidh fios a chur air an sin, is thàinig e. Thubhairt a h-athair ris, "Tha thu ann am buidhinn mhath dhiom-sa. Am bheil thu pòsda?"

Thubhairt an duin' uasal ris, "Cha 'n 'eil gu dearbh."

Thubhairt an seann duine, "Am bheil thu ann ad sgoilear math?"

Thubhairt an duin' uasal ris, "Dhaoite gu bheil fear a's fheàrr, agus dhaoite gu bheil fear a's miosa na mi: ni mi mo rathad leis na th' agam taobh sam bith a ghabhas mi."

"Tha agam-sa aon nighean," ars' an seann duine, "agus ma phòsas tu i gheibh thu a h-uile

"Yes; and grieve me enough," said she.

"What grieves you?" said her father.

"That you have sold the ships, while I have received intelligence that they will be in at the end of two days," said she.

"It cannot be helped; the business is now settled," said he. "I have lost sixty thousand by it, at any rate."

He and his daughter were expressing to each other their regret at what had happened. Her father said, "We will send him word that I wish him to come here to speak to him."

He was sent for, and came. Her father said to him, "You are a considerable gainer by me. Are you married?"

The gentleman said, "Indeed I am not."

The old man said to him, "Are you a good scholar?"

The gentleman said to him, "Perhaps there is a better and perhaps there is a worse scholar than I am. I can make my way with what I have wherever I go."

"I have an only daughter," said the old man; "and if you marry her you shall get on the day

nì a th' agam-sa 'n là 's bàs dhombh-sa." An sin thug e dha paipeir, peann, is inc, agus thubhairt e, "Leig fhaicinn do làmh-sgrìobhaidh."

'N uair a chunnaic e 'làmh-sgrìobhaidh chòrd i ris anabarrach math. Ars' an duin' uasal òg, "Tha sibh a' labhairt glé cheart, ach cha 'n 'eil fhios agam-sa an gabh a' bhean-uasal mi."

Thubhairt a h-athair, "Cuiridh sinn fios orra, 's cuiridh mis' a' cheist orra." Thàinig a' bhean-uasal òg a-stigh an sin, agus thubhairt a h-athair rithe, "Am bi thu toileach an duin' uasal so a phòsadh? Fhuair e cheana mòran de m' chuid, agus ma phòsas tus' e gheibh sibh a h-uile nì a th' agam an là 's bàs dhomh-sa."

Thubhairt ise, "Cha 'n 'eil fhios agam-sa am pòs e mi."

Chuir e 'cheist air-san an robh e toileach a nighean a phòsadh; agus thubhairt e gu'n robh. Fhuair a h-athair sgrìobhadh air a so gu'n robh iad toileach taobh air thaobh. Thàinig na loingis a-stigh sàbhailte an ceann a dhà no thrì làithean. Chaidh an duin' uasal òg, agus ghabh e liubhairt annta. Chaidh an luchd a chur a-mach asda. Bu leis a-nis na trì loingis. Chaidh an sin là 'chur a-mach air-son pòsaidh. 'N uair a thàinig an là chaidh am pòsadh le ministear.

An déidh a' phòsaidh ràinig e 'chompanach, agus thug e 'dh' ionnsuidh an tighe e còmhla

of my death all that I have." He then gave him paper, pen, and ink, and said, "Show me your handwriting."

When he saw his handwriting he was very well pleased with it. The young gentleman said, "You speak very properly, but I do not know if the young lady will accept of me."

Her father said, "We will send for her, and I will put the question to her." The young lady then came in, and her father said to her, "Are you willing to marry this gentleman? He has already received much of our means; and if you marry him you shall both get on the day of my death all that I have."

She said, "I do not know if he will marry me."

Her father asked him if he was willing to marry her; and he said that he was. Her father got it put in writing that they were mutually willing. The ships came in safely at the end of two or three days. The young gentleman took delivery of them, and got their cargoes discharged. The three ships were his now. A day was then appointed for the marriage. When the day arrived they were married by a minister.

After the marriage he went to his companion, and brought him with him to the house to

ris gu dìnneir; agus bha oidhche chridheil, shunndach aca; agus thug e dha beagan airgid a chumadh e car ghreis, agus thug e comhairl' 'air e 'dh' fhàs glic, agus gu'n robh e 'n dòchas gu'n tionndadh e 'mach dha mar a thionndaidh e dha-san. Chaidh a chompanach an sin do *ludgins*, agus dh' fhuirich e 'n sin gus an do chosd e na bh' aige. 'N uair a theirig a chuid cha robh fhios aige 'd é 'dheanadh e. Smaoinich e 'n sin gu'm falbhadh e, agus gu'm fàgadh e 'm baile dh' fheuch an tachradh fortan 'air, 's e 'cur iomhchoir' air fhéin gu fuathasach gu'n d' fhàg e tigh 'athar, 's gu'm faodadh e 'bhi gu math an sin a chionn gu'm faigheadh e na bh' aig 'athair aig a' cheann mu dheireadh. Ghabh e air 'aghaidh a-mach air an dùthaich, 's gun nì aige. Ràinig e mu dheireadh tigh gàrnalair làmh ri tigh duin' uasail. Chaidh e stigh, 's thubhairt e ri bean a' ghàrnalair am faigheadh e cuid na h-oidhche aige. Thubhairt i ris, "Gu dearbh gheibh air-son do dheadh choltais."

'N uair a thàinig am feasgar thàinig an gàrnalair dhachaidh as a' ghàradh; agus bruidhinn an gàrnalair ris, agus thaitinn e ris gu h-anarrabach math. Dh' innis an duin' uasal òg a h-uile nì mar a dh' éirich dha.

"Dh' fhaodainn-sa 'bhi gu math dheth mur

dinner; and they had a hearty, cheery night of it. He gave his companion a little money that would keep him for a while, and advised him to become wise, and expressed the hope that matters would turn out for him as they had done for himself. His companion then went to lodgings, and remained there till he spent all that he had. When his means were spent he did not know what to do. It occurred to him that he would go and leave the town, to see if he would meet with good fortune. He blamed himself exceedingly for leaving his father's house, where he might be well off, for he would get at last all that his father had. He was penniless as he pursued his way out in the country. He reached at last a gardener's house near a gentleman's house. He went in, and asked the gardener's wife if he would get a night's lodgings with them. She said to him, "Indeed you shall get that on account of your good looks."

When evening arrived the gardener came home from the garden, and he spoke to the young gentleman, and was very much pleased with him. The young gentleman told all that had happened to him. "I might be well off but for my own folly," he said.

"Keep up your courage," said the gardener's

bhi mo ghòraiche fhéin," ars' esan. "U," arsa bean a' ghàrnalair, "gleidh suas do mhisneach. Cha 'n 'eil fhios cia-mar a thionndaidheas cùisean a-mach dhuit fhathast. Cha 'n 'eil thu ach òg."

Thubhairt an gàrnalair ris, "Ma théid thu còmhla rium-sa 'dh' obair 's a' ghàradh gheibh thu pàigheadh, biadh, is leaba cho fada 's a dh' fhanas tu, gus an tachair rud a's fheàrr ort."

"Tha cho math dhomh 'fheuchainn greis co dhiubh," ars' an duin' uasal òg.

An là 'r na mhàireach chaidh e 'dh' obair 's a' ghàradh; 's bha e 'còrdadh gu math ris a ghàrnalair mar bha e 'deanamh. Bha là faighreach ri 'ghleidheadh goirrid o 'n àite aig an àm so; agus bha 'n gàrnalair a' dol a dh' ionnsuidh' na faighreach. Thubhairt bean a' ghàrnalair ris an duin' uasal, "Nach fhearra dhuit-sa dol leis a' ghàrnalair a dh' ionnsuidh na faighreach!"

"'D é 'ni mis' ann?" ars' esan: "cha 'n fhaic mi duin' ann a dh' aithneas mi."

"U! théid thu ann co dhiubh," ars' ise.

Dh' fhalbh i, 's chuir i aodach cho math 's a b' urrainn di fhaotuinn 'air, oir bha 'n t-aodach aige fhéin air fàs lom, sean, air dhòigh 's nach freagradh e do duine d' a choltas a dhol am measg cuideachd. Dh' fhalbh e-fhéin 's an gàrnalair a dh' ionnsuidh na faighreach. Cha 'n

wife. "You do not know how matters may turn out for you yet. You are but young."

The gardener said to him, "If you go to work with me in the garden you shall get payment, food, and bed as long as you stay, till better turn up for you."

"It is as well for me to try it for a while, at any rate," said the young gentleman.

He went next day to work in the garden; and the gardener was well pleased with his manner of working. A fair was to be held at this time a short distance from the place; and the gardener was to go to the fair. The gardener's wife said to the gentleman, "Had you not better go with the gardener to the fair?"

"What shall I do there?" said he. "I shall not see anyone that I know."

"You will go, at any rate," said she.

She went, and put on him as good clothes as she could find; for the clothes that he had had become bare and old, so that it would not befit a man of his appearance to go into company with them. He and the gardener went to the

fhac e duin' air an fhaighir a dh' aithnich e, no 'thubhairt ris, "Co thu?" Thàinig e-fhéin 's an gàrnalair dhachaidh 's an fheasgar.

An là 'r na mhàireach thàinig litir a dh' ionnsuidh a' ghàrnalair a' feòraich an robh a leithid so de dhuin' uasal aige, gu'n robh e ri dol a chumail caonnaig ri duin' uasal eile le claidheamh. Thubhairt an duin' uasal ris a' ghàrnalair, "Cha 'n 'eil fhios gu 'd é 'm fear a bhios an sin." Thubhairt an gàrnalair nach ròbh fhios aige-san. Thubhairt an duin' uasal, "Cha téid mis' ann."

"Théid thu ann, agus feumaidh tu dol ann," arsa bean a' ghàrnalair, "agus bheir mise dhuit claidheamh agus each cho math 's a ghabhas faotuinn."

An là 'r na mhàireach chaidh an t-each 's an claidheamh fhaotuinn da, agus a *dhressadh* gu h-anabarrach. Ràinig e 'n t-àite 'bh' air a chur a-mach air-son na caonnaig, agus chunnaic e 'n duin' uasal eile 'tighinn, agus an deàrsadh a bha o' chlaidheamh chitheadh e mìl' air astar e. Choinnich an dà ghaisgeach a chéile 'n sin. Thubhairt an duin' uasal eile ri gill' a' ghàrnalair, "Am bheil thu 'n so, 'ille ghàrnalair?"

"Tha," arsa gille ghàrnalair: "gu 'd é 'th' agad ri ràdh ris?"

fair ; but he saw no one there whom he knew, or who said to him, " Who are you ?" He and the gardener came home in the evening.

Next day a letter came to the gardener asking if such a gentleman was with him, and saying that he was to go to fight such a gentleman with a sword. The gentleman said to the gardener, " I wonder who he is." The gardener said that he did not know. The gentleman said, " I will not go."

" You shall and must go," said the gardener's wife, "and I will give you as good a sword and horse as can be found."

Next day the sword and horse were got for him, and he was dressed exceedingly well. He arrived at the place appointed for the combat, and saw the gentleman coming, and could see the gleaming of his sword a mile off. The two heroes then met. The other gentleman said to the gardener's lad, " Are you here, gardener's lad ?"

" Yes," said the gardener's lad : " what have you to say to him ?"

"Am bheil thu air-son thu-fhèin fheuchainn an diugh?" ars' an duin' uasal eile ri gill' a' ghàrnalair.

"Tha," arsa gill' a' ghàrnalair; "'s e sin a thug an so mi."

"Tha mi toileach an gnothuch a leigeil seachad an diugh," ars' an duin' uasal eile, "ach cuiridh mi fios ort am màireach."

Dh' fhàg an dithis là math aig a chéile, 's thill gill' a' ghàrnalair dhachaidh. Thubhairt bean a' ghàrnalair ris a' ghille, "Cia-mar a chaidh dhuit an diugh?"

Thubhairt an gille rithe, "Chaidh gu math: cha 'n 'eil an sud ach fìor ghealtaire."

An là 'r na mhàireach thàinig litir a dh' ionnsuidh gill' a' ghàrnalair gu'n robh a leithid so de dhuin' uasal 'g a iarraidh. Ràinig e 'n duin' uasal. Chaidh e stigh d' a thigh, is thàinig an duin' uasal mòr far an robh e, agus thubhairt e, "Am bheil thu 'n so, 'ille ghàrnalair?"

"Tha mi, 's 'd é 'th' agad-sa ri ràdh rium?" arsa gill' a' ghàrnalair.

Dh' fhosgail an duin' uasal dorus seòmair, 's thubhairt e, "Thig a-stigh an so." 'N uair a fhuair e stigh e thubhairt e ris, "Fan thusa 'n sin gus an tig binn do chrochaidh a-mach," 's dhùin e 'n dorus 'air.

"Are you for trying yourself to-day?" said the other gentleman.

"I am," said the gardener's lad: "that is what has brought me here."

"I am willing to let the matter pass to-day," said the other gentleman; "but I will send for you to-morrow."

The two bade each other good-day; and the gardener's lad returned home. The gardener's wife said to him, "How did it fare with you to-day?"

"Well," said the lad: "yon man is nothing but a thorough coward."

Next day a letter came to the gardener's lad to the effect that such a gentleman wanted him. He went to the gentleman, and entered his house. The great gentleman came where he was, and said to him, "Are you here, gardener's lad?"

"Yes; and what have you to say to me?" said the gardener's lad.

The gentleman opened the door of a room, and said, "Come in here." When he got him in he said to him, "Stay you there till the sentence of your hanging be pronounced"; and he shut the door upon him.

Cha robh 'fhios aige an sin gu 'd é 'dheanadh no 'theireadh e. 'N uair a bha e sgìth a' feitheamh bhuail e aig an dorus, agus thubhairt e ri muinntir an tighe an dàrna fios a thoirt da 'd é 'bha iad a'dol a dheanamh ris. Dh' fhosgail an duin' uasal an sin an dorus, agus thubhairt e ris, "Tha mi 'faicinn gur saighdear math thu. Tha mi 'dol a bhruidhinn riut. Bha thu air an fhaighir an là roimhid, agus bha nighean leam-sa air an fhaighir, agus ghabh i gaol ort, agus cha robh fhios agam co dhiubh 's e saighdear no gealtaire 'bh' annad. Ma phòsas tu mo nighean gheibh thu na bheil agam de stòras; agus tha mòran stòrais agam."

"Thà sin gu toil na mna-uasail fhéin," arsa gill' a' ghàrnalair.

"Am bheil thu 'd sgoileir?" ars' an duin' uasal.

"Tha mi 'm dheadh sgoilear," arsa gill' a' ghàrnalair.

"Leig fhaicinn domh do làmh-sgrìobhaidh," ars' an duin' uasal. Leig gill' a' ghàrnalair fhaicinn i. "Tha thu taghta air an sgrìobhadh," ars' an duin' uasal.

Thug e 'n sin leis e sìos do sheòmar eile far an robh a' bhean-uasal, agus dh' fheòraich e de 'n dithis an robh iad toileach a chéile 'phòsadh. Thubhairt iad gu'n robh. Fhuaradh ministear,

The lad did not know what to do or say. When he was tired of waiting he knocked at the door, and demanded of the people of the house to let him know what they were going to do to him. The gentleman then opened the door, and said to him, "I perceive that you are a good soldier. I am going to speak to you. You were at the fair the other day. A daughter of mine was there, and fell in love with you. I did not know whether you were a soldier or a coward. If you marry my daughter you shall get all my great wealth."

"That must be left to the lady's own will," said the gardener's lad.

"Are you a good scholar?" said the gentleman.

"I am," said the gardener's lad.

"Show me your hand-writing," said the gentleman. The gardener's lad showed it. "You are an excellent writer," said the gentleman.

He then took him down to another room where the lady was, and asked both of them if they were willing to marry each other. They said that they were. A minister was procured,

agus chaidh am pòsadh. An là 'r na mhàireach thug e suas e gu cnoc àrd a bha os ceann an tighe, agus thubhairt e ris, "Cho fad 's a chì thu uait 's leat-sa agus le m' nighinn an là 's bàs dhomh-sa." Chuir e 'n sin fios air a' ghàrnalair, agus thug e d' a ghàradh fhéin e a dh' obair.

and they were married. Next day the lady's father took her husband up to a high hill above the house, and said to him, "All within the reach of your vision shall be yours and my daughter's on the day of my death." He then sent for the gardener, and took him to his own garden to work.

X.

SGEULACHD MHÀNUIS ÒIG, MAC RÌGH LOCHLAINN.

'N UAIR a rugadh Mànus agus a chuir a mhàthair air a glùn é los cìoch a thoirt dà thàrladh a' cheud sgobag a thug e 'aiste gu'n d' thug e 'chìoch 's an cridhe a mhàthair, 's bha i marbh. Fhuair an rìgh an sin ban-altrum dha, ach rinn e 'cheart leithid oirre, agus mar an ceudna air leth-cheud eile. Thug 'athair an sin thairis e do'n ghàirneileir a chum deanamh ris mar chitheadh e iomchuidh ; ach a h-uile ban-altrum a gheibheadh an gàirneilear mharbhadh Mànus le aon sgobag a thoirt a 'cìch.

Latha de na làithean thàinig Bean-chaol-a-chota-uaine an rathad, a thairg a bhi 'n a ban-altrum da air duais, 's e sin, an dara leth as na bh' aige ris an t-saoghal. Dh' aontaich an gàirneilear gu toileach. Dh' iarr a' bhean air e dh' fhaotainn di trì builionnan cruineachd, trì searragan fìona, agus seachdnar fhear làidir,—ceatharnaich na tìre. Fhuair e sin di, agus dh' ith i builionn is dh' òl i botul : chaidh i air a glùn agus dh' earalaich i air an t-seachdnar

X.

THE TALE OF YOUNG MANUS, SON OF THE KING OF LOCHLANN.

When Manus was born and his mother put him on her knee to suckle him, it happened that the first sip that he took from her he took the breast and heart out of her: and she was dead. The king then got a nurse for him, but he did the very same to her and to fifty others. His father then gave him over to the gardener that he might deal with him as he should see fit; but every nurse that the gardener got Manus killed with the first sip that he took from her breast.

On a certain day, the slender woman with the green kirtle came the way, and offered to become his nurse for a reward, viz., the half of all that he had in the world. The gardener willingly agreed to this. The woman requested him to get for her three wheaten loaves, three bottles of wine, and seven strong men—the stalwart men of the land. He got that for her, and she ate a loaf and drank a bottle. She went on her knee, and urged on the seven men to take hold

greim a dheanamh orra, agus a cumail fodha fhad 's a bhiodh Mànus 'g a deothal. Rinn iad sin, ach a' cheud sgobag a thug esan as a' chìch sgap a' bhean feadh an tighe an t-seachdnar. "An iad so na daoine làidir," ars' ise, "'n uair nach cumadh iad spìontag bhoirionnaich fòpa?"

Dh' ith i builionn is dh' òl i botul fìona eile, agus thubhairt i ris na fir, "Gleidhibh fodha mi a nis ma 's urrainn duibh."

Chaidh iad 'n a caraibh is dh' fheuch iad a rithist, ach an ath sgobag a thug Mànus sgap i air falbh iad an dara uair. "Obh! obh!" ars' ise, "an iad so na ceatharnaich ghramail, làidir a th' agad."

Dh' ith i builionn is dh' òl i botul fìona eile, agus thubhairt i ris na fir, "A nis, 'fheara, ma rinn sibh riamh e gleidhibh fodha mi an dràsta dh' fheuch am faigh e aon sgobag eile."

Chaidh i air a glùn, ghlac na fir i, agus fhuair Mànus an sgobag; ach thilg ise na daoine air feadh an tighe mar gu'm biodh ann cuileagan, is dh' éirich i 'n a seasamh. "A nis," ars' ise, "tha e ullamh cìche."

Chaidh an gille air choiseachd, agus a' chuid nach cinneadh air an latha chinneadh air an oidhche. Thubhairt Bean-chaol-a-chota-uaine ris a' ghàirneileir, "Pàidh dhomh mo thuarasdal."

of her and keep her down while Manus would be suckling her. They did so: but the first sip that he took from her breast the woman scattered the seven through the house. "Are these the strong men," said she, "when they cannot keep down a spare slip of a woman?"

She ate another loaf and drank another bottle of wine, and said to the men, "Keep me down this time if you can."

They tackled her again, but the next sip that Manus took she scattered them for the second time. "Dear me," said she, "are these your stalwart, strong men?"

She ate another loaf and drank another bottle of wine, and said to the men, "Now men, keep me down this time if ever you did so, that he may get one other sip."

She went on her knee: the men took hold of her, and Manus got the sip; but she threw the men about the house as if they were flies, and she stood up. "Now," said she, "he is done with suckling."

The boy began to walk, and the part that did not grow during the day grew during the night. The slender woman with the green kirtle said to the gardener, "Pay me my wages."

"Nì mi sin; gheibh thu mo chuid an t-saoghal," ars' esan.

"Gu'n robh math agad, a dhuine bhochd," ars' ise: "cha ghabh mi nì uait: pàidhidh mo dhalta fhéin dhomh fathast e."

Dh' fhan i ùine bheag còmhla ris an déigh sin; agus an uair a bha 'n gille a' cluich 's a' ruideanaich feadh an àite, thubhairt i gu'n robh an t-àm aice falbh; agus dh' iarr i air a' ghàirneilear is air Mànus dol còmhla rithe greis an rathad. Dh' fhalbh iad; agus mar a bha iad ag imeachd thun a' chladaich thàinig iad gu bearradh stallachan chreagan àrda; rug i air a' ghille, agus thilg i leis e, 's cha 'n fhacas an dara sealladh dhi tuilleadh. Bha 'n gàirneilear an sin gu brònach; cha robh fhios aige ciod a dheanadh e. Mu dheireadh fhuair e bealach leis an do theirinn e gu bun nan stallachan. Sheall e shìos is sheall e shuas dh' fheuch am faigheadh e a bheò no 'mharbh. Sùil g' an d' thug e gu dé a b' iongantaiche leis na Mànus fhaicinn ag iomain air an tràigh shìos fodha le caman òir is ball airgid a thug a mhuime dha. Thug an gàirneileir leis dhachaidh e agus ghleidh e seachd bliadhna e.

An sin thug an rìgh cuireadh do dh' àrd-uaislean Lochlainn gu cuirm thighinn dachaidh a mhic. 'N uair a shuidhicheadh a' chuirm 's a

"I will do so; you shall get my share of the world."

"Thank you, poor man," said she: "I will not take anything from you. My foster-son will himself pay for it yet."

She remained with him for a short time after this; and when the boy was playing and frisking about the place, she said that it was time for her to go; and she requested the gardener and Manus to go with her a part of the way. They set off, and as they were walking towards the shore they came to high, rocky precipices. Here she took hold of the boy and threw him over, and she was seen no more. The gardener was sad, and did not know what to do. At last he found a gap by which he descended to the foot of the precipices. He looked up and down to see if he could find the boy dead or alive. From a glance that he gave, what surprised him more than seeing Manus playing shinty on the shore below him with a gold club and a silver ball, which his nurse gave him! The gardener brought him home with him, and kept him for seven years.

The king then invited the high nobles of Lochlann to the feast of the home-coming of his son. When the feast was set and Manus

thàinig e dhachaidh bha 'athair 's na h-aoidhean ro mhoiteil uime, làn aidhir is subhachais. Ach ann an teas na cuirme thàinig caismeachd beum-sgéithe air faiche na lùchairt o Ghruag-aich-a-chota-uaine 's na gruaige duinne, is dh' eubh i cath no còmhrag a chumail rithe-se air-neo Mànus òg, mac rìgh Lochlainn a chur a mach h-uice. 'S e sid a gheibheadh i, 's cha b' e Mànus. Chuireadh a mach trì cheud lùth ghaisgeach, trì cheud làn ghaisgeach, is trì cheud treun ghaisgeach, is chuir i as do na h-uile aon diubh. Dh' eubh i a rithist cath no còmhrag no Mànus òg, mac rìgh Lochlainn. 'S e còmhrag a gheibheadh i 's cha b' e Mànus. Chuireadh a mach uiread eile an dara uair, agus rinn i a chionna chiadna orra. Dh' eubh i a rithist. 'N uair a chunnaic Mànus a leithid de chall ann thubhairt e, "'Athair, is mise 'tha i 'g iarraidh agus théid mi mach."

"O! gu 'd é 'ni thusa, 'laochain?" ars' 'athair.

"Ge b' air bith 'd é 'ni mi théid mi mach."

Dh' fhalbh e: choinnich iad. "Seadh, a Mhànuis, thàinig thu mu dheireadh. Co dhiubh is fheàrr leat gleachd no còmhrag?"

"'S fheàrr leam-sa gleachd fhéin: 's i a's mo 'chleachd mi."

Rug iad air a chéile an uair sin. Dheanadh iad a' bhogain a bhogain, a' chreagain a' chreagain:

came home, his father and the guests were very proud of him, full of joy and gladness. But when the feast was at its height the alarm of a challenge on the shield sounded on the lawn of the castle. It was given by the maiden with the green kirtle and the brown hair, who called for battle or combat, or the sending out to her of young Manus, son of the king of Lochlann. She would get combat, but not Manus. Three hundred strong heroes, three hundred fully trained heroes, and three hundred brave heroes were sent out, and she destroyed them all. She called again for battle or combat, or young Manus, son of the king of Lochlann. She would get combat but not Manus. The same number of heroes were sent out the second time, but she treated them as she had treated the others. She called again. When Manus saw what a great loss of men there was, he said, "Father, it is me she wants, and I will go out."

"O! what can you do, my boy?" said his father.

"Whatever I may do, I will go out."

He went and they met. "Well, Manus, you have come at last. Which do you prefer, wrestling or combat?"

"I prefer wrestling, because I have practised it most."

They then caught each other. They made the boggy place boggier and the rocky place

far am bu bhuige an rachadh iad fodha rachadh iad fodha gu'n sùilean, is far am bu chruaidhe an rachadh iad fodha rachadh iad fodha gu'n glùinean. Ach anns na cuir a bh' ann chuir ise air a ghlùn e. "Ad! ad!" ars' esan, "mac rìgh air a glùn: leig air a chois e."

"A Mhànuis," ars' ise, "cha deachaidh air a ghlùn nach deachaidh air 'uilinn; ach cha dean sinn tuilleadh gleachd an dràsta; ach cuiridh mi fo gheasaibh thu. Tha mise 'cur ort mar gheasaibh, 's mar chroisibh, 's mar naoidh buaraichean mnatha sìthe, siùbhla, seacharain, laochan beag a's meataiche 's a's mi-theòiriche na thu féin a thoirt a' chinn, 's nan cluas, 's nan comada beatha dhiot, mur faigh thu mach fios do mhuime. So dhuit slatag; agus 'n uair a bhuaileas tu air creig i leumaidh long fo thrì chrannaibh air sàile dhuit."

Dh' fhabh i, 's cha robh an t-ath shealladh r' a fhaicinn dith. Thill Mànus thun na cuirme, agus leag e 'uileann air a' bhòrd, agus leig e osnadh as. Thubhairt 'athair ris, "Osnadh mac rìgh fo gheasaibh!"

"'S e," arsa Mànus.

"'D é na geasan a chuir i ort?"

"Tha fios mo mhuime 'fhaotainn."

"Tut! is fhurasda sin fhaotainn," ars' an rìgh. "Tha fios aig a' ghàirneileir 'air."

harder. In the softest place where they sank they sank to their eyes, and in the hardest place where they sank they sank to their knees. In the twists that they gave each other, she put him on his knees. "Ah! ah!" said he, "a king's son on his knee: allow him to rise."

"Manus," said she, "no one has gone on his knee who has not gone on his elbow. We will give over wrestling for the present; but I will put you under spells. I lay on you as spells and crosses and as nine fetters of a fairy, travelling, wandering woman, that a little fellow more timid and more feeble than yourself deprive you of your head, your ears, and your powers of life unless you get information about your nurse. Here is a rod for you; and when you strike a rock with it a three-masted ship will leap on the sea for you."

She went away, and was seen no more. Manus returned to the feast, and laid his elbow on the table, and gave a sigh. His father said to him, "The sigh of a king's son under spells!"

"It is so," said Manus.

"What spells has she laid on you?"

"That I get information about my nurse."

"Tut! that is easy to get," said the king. "The gardener knows about it."

Fhuaradh an gàirneileir airson na geasaibh a thogail bhàrr Mhànuis ; ach cha robh fios aigesan cia as a thàinig, co i, no c' àit an deachaidh Bean-chaol-a-chòta-uaine.

An là 'r na mhàireach thog Mànus 'air a dh' fhaotainn fios a mhuime. Thug e leis aon ghille. Ràinig iad an cladach. Bhuail e 'n t-slatag air creig, agus leum long mhòr thrì chrann fo làn uidheam a mach air fairge fo 'n casan. Thog iad an sin na siùil bhreaca, bhaidealach an aghaidh nan crann fada, fulangach ; is cha robh crann gun lùbadh no seòl gun reubadh, a' caitheamh na fairge fulcanaich, falcanaich, leobhar ghuirme, leobhar dheirge Lochlannaich. 'S e bu cheòl tàimh dhoibh beuchdail mhuc is rànaich thorc, a' mhuc a bu mhotha ag itheadh na muice 'bu lugha 's a' mhuc a bu lugha 'deanamh mar a dh' fhaodadh i. Shéid an sgairt ghaoth ghreannach o mhullach nam beann gu ìochdar nan gleann, a' spìonadh an t-seilich òig as a bhun 's as a fhreumhaichean. Bha lùbartaich easgann, bha sgreadartaich fhaoileann : bha slatan-mara 'deanamh lagan 'n a druim. An fhaochag chrom, chiar, a bha seachd bliadhna air an aigeal, bheireadh i fead air a beul-mòr is cnag air a h-ùrlar aig fìor fheabhas a stiùiridh. Dheanadh an t-òigear stiùir 'n a deireadh is

The gardener was brought that he might raise the spells off Manus; but he did not know whence the woman with the green kirtle came, who she was, nor where she went.

Next day Manus set off to get information about his nurse. He took one man-servant with him. They reached the shore. He struck a rock with the rod, and a three-masted, fully-equipped ship leaped out on the sea under their feet. They then hoisted the spotted, towering sails to the long, tough masts, and there was not a mast unbent nor a sail unrent as they were cleaving the dashing, splashing, light-blue, light-red Scandinavian sea. Their lulling music was the squealing of pigs and the roaring of boars, the bigger pig eating the smaller pig, and the smaller pig doing as it best could. The loud, surly wind blew from the top of the mountains to the bottom of the glens, tearing the young willow from its stock and roots. Eels were swimming about with serpentine motion, and gulls were screaming. Sea-tangle was making dents in the bottom of the boat. The spiral, dusky periwinkle that was for seven years in the bottom of the sea made a hissing noise on her gunwale and a cracking noise on her floor, through the superiority of her sailing. The youth was a helm in

ball siùil 'n a toiseach, is iomairt air clàr tàileisg 'n a seòmar meadhoin. Dh' iarr e air à' ghille sealltuinn suas gu 'd é an t-astar a bh' aice.

" Tha i cho luath ri fiadh an t-sléibhe."

" Cha 'n astar leam sin di," ars' esan. " Cuir tuilleadh aodaich rithe."

Thog iad an sin na siùil bhreaca, bhaidealacha, dhìonach ri crannaibh fiùthaidh, fada, feadanta ; is cha robh crann gun lùbadh, etc. Dh' iarr e air a' ghilie rithist sealltuinn suas gu 'd é 'n t-astar a bh' aice.

" Beiridh i air a' ghaoth luath Mhàirt a tha roimpe, 's a' ghaoth luath Mhàirt a tha 'n a déigh cha bheir i oirre."

" Cha 'n astar leam sin di. Cuir tuilleadh aodaich rithe."

Thog iad an sin na siùil, etc. Dh' iarr e rithist air a' ghille sealltuinn suas gu 'd é 'n t-astar a bh' aice.

" Tha i cho luath ri aigne nàm ban baoth," ars' an gille.

" Foghnaidh sin di. Tha gu leòir rithe," thubhairt Mànus.

Dh' eubh e rithist e shealltuinn suas am faiceadh e fearann.

" Tha mi 'faicinn tìr bheag, ach mas tìr bheag is tìr mhòr i."

" Stiùiridh sinn oirre."

her stern and a sail-rope in her bow, and played on a chess-board in her middle cabin. He bade his servant look up to see what way was on her.

"She goes as fast as the deer of the mountain."

"There is not enough of way on her. Put more sail on her."

They then hoisted the spotted, towering, wind-tight sails to the arrowy, long, tapering masts; and there was not a mast unbent, etc. He bade his servant again look up to see what way was on her.

"She will overtake the swift March wind that is before her, and the swift March wind that is behind her will not overtake her."

"There is not enough of way on her. Put more sail on her."

Then they hoisted, etc. He bade his servant again look up to see what way was on her.

"She moves as fast as the thoughts of silly women," said the man.

"That will do. There is enough of sail on her," said Manus.

He called to him again to look up to see if he could descry land.

"I see a little land; but if it be a little it is a big land."

"We will steer towards it.'

'N uair a ràinig iad port rug e air sgròban air an luing is tharruing e suas i far nach biodh beadagain a' bhaile mhòir a' magadh no sgeig oirre, is far nach sgreubhadh grian 's nach grodadh uisg' i. Chaidh e suas air feadh an àite. Thàinig an oidhch' 'air. Chunnaic e aitreabh mhòr, bhriagh air a soillseachadh le dreòs na céire deàrsaich, loinnearaich. Chaidh e stigh, agus dh' amais seòmar fada, farsuing 'air is bòrd air a chuibhrigeadh leis gach seòrsa bidhe, air an robh dà bhuillionn deug chruineachd agus dà mhias deug bidhe annasaich. Thug Mànus greim as gach builinn agus balgum as gach méis, agus dh' fhalaich e e-féin ann an cùil, oir cha robh duine stigh no r' a fhaicinn. Gun dàil thàinig na fir mhòra dhachaidh. Shuidh iad mu'n bhòrd, agus thubhairt a h-uile fear riamh, "Tha greim as mo bhuilinn-sa."

Thubhairt am Fear Ruadh, an ceannard a bh' orra, "Tha sin as mo thé-sa cuideachd; ach seallaibh air a shon is faighibh e, oir cha d' fhàg e so fathast."

Fhuair iad e am falach, agus thog fear dhiubh air a bhois e, is bha iad 'g a chur o làimh gu làimh gus mu dheireadh na chuir iad 'n a sheasamh air a' bhòrd e, is cha 'n fhac' iad duineachan cho beag, bòidheach, coltach ris. Ghabh iad am

When they reached the harbour, he caught the boat by the bow and drew her up where the fops of the city would not mock nor ridicule her, and where the sun would not crack her nor water rot her. He went up through the place. Night came upon him. He saw a big, fine building lighted by the blaze of the bright, brilliant wax. He went in, and found a big, wide room, and a table covered with every kind of food, and on which there were twelve wheaten loaves and twelve dishes of rare food. Manus took a bit out of each of the loaves and a mouthful out of each of the dishes ; and he hid himself in a corner, for there was no one within or to be seen. The Big Men came home without delay. They sat round the table, and each of them said, "There is a bit out of my loaf."

The Red-haired Man, who was their commander, said, "There is a bit out of mine also; but look for him that took it, and find him ; for he has not left this yet."

They found him in hiding ; and one of them took him up on the palm of his hand ; and they passed him from hand to hand, till at last they put him standing on the table. They never saw so little and pretty a manikin. They took

biadh agus chaidh iad a chadal, ach cha robh an cadal a' tighinn air an Fhear Ruadh. Thubhairt e ri Mànus, "Innis naigheachd nogabh sgeulachd dh' fheuch an tig cadal orm." Thòisich Mànus agus ghabh e sgeulachd da, is fhuair am Fear Ruadh cadal. Cha robh e fada 'n a chadal 'n uair a dhùisg e. "Mata, 'laochain, cha d' fhuair mi an uiread ud de chadal o cheann sheachd bliadhna," ars' esan. "Innis naigheachd no gabh sgeulachd eile, is bi'dh a' bhuaidh 's a' bheannachd dhuit."

Ghabh Mànus an ath sgeulachd, agus fhuair am Fear Ruadh lochdan eile cadail. Dhùisg e, "Sid an cadal a b' fheàrr a fhuair mi o cheann là 's seachd bliadhna; na'm faighinn lochdan eile bhithinn ceart deth. Gabh sgeulachd eile, 'Mhànuis."

"Innis féin naigheachd dhomh-sa gu 'd é 'bha 'g ad chumail gun chadal fad na h-ùine sin."

"Innsidh mi sin," ars' am Fear Ruadh. "Tha mi 'cogadh ri trì fuamhairean mòra agus am màthair 's ri 'n cuid sluaigh o cheann sheachd bliadhna le 'n deich ceud lùth ghaisgeach, deich ceud làn ghaisgeach, agus deich ceud treun ghaisgeach, agus mar mharbhas sinn 's an latha tha iad a tighinn beò 's an oidhche, agus a' cumail cogaidh a h-uile latha, 's iad a' fàsachadh na rìoghachd; agus bha e 's an

their food and went to sleep; but the Red-haired Man was not getting sleep. He said to Manus, "Repeat a tale, to see if I can sleep." Manus began, and repeated a tale to the Red-haired Man, and he fell asleep. He was not long asleep when he wakened. "Well, my boy, I have not had so much sleep as that for seven years," said he. "Repeat another tale, and you will have success and blessing from it."

Manus repeated another tale, and the Red-haired Man got a little more sleep. He wakened. "That is the best sleep that I have had for a day and seven years. If I could get a little more I would be all right. Repeat another tale, Manus."

"Tell you me what has kept you sleepless for so long a time."

"I will tell you that," said the Red-haired Man. "I have been for the last seven years fighting against three big giants, their mother, and their hosts, with their ten hundred strong heroes, their ten hundred fully trained heroes, and their ten hundred brave heroes; and those that we kill during the day come alive at night, and they maintain the fight every day, and are devastating the kingdom. It is prophesied

tailgeannach* gu'm mair sin gus an tig mac peathar dhomh-sa, Mànus, mac rìgh Lochlainn, a chuireadh as doibh, ach cha 'n 'eil e ach òg fathast."

"Is mis' e," thubhairt Mànus.

"Ciod! thusa, 'shìochaire leibideach. Bi 'ad thosd, 's na biodh droch oilean ort; ach gabh sgeulachd eile dh' fheuch am faigh mi lochdan cadail."

Rinn e sin, 's 'n uair a fhuair e 'n a chadal e tharruing e leis an claidheamh a bh' aig bràthair a mhàthar air bruaich na leapach, agus thug e air falbh air a dh' ionnsuidh na h-àrfhaich. Leig e e-féin 'n a shìneadh am measg nan daoine marbha. Cha robh e ro fhada an sin 'n uair a chunnaic e fuamhair mòr, iargalta, duaichnidh a' tighinn is ballan-ath-bheothachaidh aige airson iadsan a bha gun deò a dhùsgadh 's a thoirt beò, agus e 'glaodhaich, "Am bheil duine beò 'n ur measg a chuidicheas leam no leis an cuidich mi?"

Fhreagair Mànus gu tiamhaidh, truagh, "Ma chuidicheas tu leam cuidichidh mi leat."

"Thig a nall an so 's gu'n cuirinn mo mheur ad bheul."

* This word is elsewhere spelt *Tairgneachd* and *targanach*.

that this state of things will last till the son of a sister of mine comes, Manus, son of the King of Lochlann, who will destroy them, but he is but young as yet."

"I am he," said Manus.

"What! you! you insignificant creature. Be quiet, and do not be ill-bred; but repeat another tale, to see if I can get a little sleep."

He did so; and when he got him to sleep he took away the sword that his mother's brother had at the side of the bed, and set off to the battle-field. He laid himself down among the dead men. He was not very long there when he saw a big, surly, ugly giant coming with a reviving cordial to waken and bring alive the dead; and he was calling, "Is there anyone alive among you who will help me or whom I can help?"

Manus answered sadly and pitifully, "If you will help me, I will help you."

"Come here that I may put my finger in your mouth."

"Thig fhéin a nall an so, 's tu a's comasaiche."

"Ciamar, a dhuine thruaigh, a dh' fhàgadh thusa beò ?"

"Cha 'n 'eil fhios agam, ach dh' fhàgadh mi."

Thum am fuamhair a mheur 's a' bhallan is dh' iarr e air Mànus a bheul fhosgladh, is chuir e 'chorrag 'n a bheul. Thug Mànus sgrog is fàsgadh oirre. "Ad ! ad ! a shlaightir, cha bhi mo mheur-sa a nasgaidh dhuit. Bha e 's an tailgeannach gu'n deanadh Mànus, mac rìgh Lochlainn so, ach cha dean thus' orm e. Co dhiubh a's fheàrr leat gleachd no còmhrag ?"

"Is fheàrr leam gleachd théin, oir is i is motha 'chleachd mi," thubhairt Mànus, 's e 'g éiridh.

Shìn Mànus a ghàirdeanan boga, bàna mu thaobhan seanndaidh, cairtidh an fhuamhair, agus shìn am fuamhair a sheann ghàirdeanan ciara, seargta mu thaobhan geala, mìne Mhànuis; is dheanadh iad a bhogain a bhogain, a chreagain a chreagain, tobar fionna fìor-uisge ; far am bu bhuige an rachadh iad fodha rachadh iad fodha gu'n sùilean, is far am bu chruaidh' an rachadh iad fodha rachadh iad fodha gu'n glùinean ; ach 'n uair a chuimhnich Mànus gu'n robh e fada bho chàirdean is goirid d' a naimh-

"Come you here, for you are more able than I."

"How is it, poor man, that you have been left alive."

"I do not know, but I have been left."

The giant dipped his finger in the cordial, and asked Manus to open his mouth; and he put his finger in his mouth. Manus bit and squeezed it. "Ah! ah! you rascal, you will pay for what you have done to my finger. It was prophesied that Manus, son of the King of Lochlann, would do this, but you shall not do it to me for nothing. Which do you prefer, wrestling or combat?"

"I prefer wrestling, for it is that that I have practised most," said Manus, rising.

Manus stretched his soft, white arms round the giant's old, swarthy sides, and the giant stretched his old, sable, withered arms round Manus's white, soft sides; and they made the boggy place boggier, and the rocky place harder, and a cool well of spring-water. In the softest place where they sank they sank to their eyes, and in the hardest place where they sank they sank to their knees; but when Manus remem-

dean, thug e 'n togail bheag, shunndach, eutrom, aidhearach dha, is bristear gàirdean fodha is aisinn os a cheann. Thog e 'chlaidheamh. "Bàs os do cheann, a bhodaich. Gu 'd é t-éirig?"

"Is mòr sin," ars' esan, "ach 's suarach mise seach mo bhràthair. Leig mo bheatha leam, oir tha bràthair agam a' tighinn a tha fada na's motha 's na's treise na mise, agus cuidichidh mi leat 'n a aghaidh."

"Cha 'n iarrar do chuideachadh," arsa Mànus; agus sgath e dheth na còig cinn.

Leig e e-féin 'n a shìneadh 's an àrfhaich, 's e sgìth. Chunnaic e 'n dàrna fuamhair a' tighinn. 'S e bu mhotha 's a bu ghràinde na 'cheud fhear, is thòisich e air càineadh a bhràthar a chionn nach do bheothaich e na daoine. "Tha thus' air falbh a' suiridhe air clann rìghrean is ridirean, is dh' fhàg thu agam-sa an obair so r' a deanamh; ach am bheil duine idir beò an sin a chuidicheas leam no leis an cuidich mi?"

Thubhairt Mànus le osnadh thruim, "Ma chuidicheas tu mi cuidichidh mi thu."

"O! dhuine bhochd! ciamar a dh' fhàgadh thusa beò? Thig a nall an so 's gu'n cuirinn mo mheur 'ad bheul."

"Cha 'n urrainn mi: thig fhéin an so; 's tu 's fheàrr is urrainn."

bered that he was far from his friends, and near his enemies, he gave the giant a little, cheery, light lift, and broke an arm under him and a rib above him. He raised his sword. "Death is over you, churl. What is your ransom?"

"That is great," said he; "but I am of little account compared to my brother. Spare my life; for my brother who is coming is much bigger and stronger than I, and I will help you against him."

"Your help shall not be asked," said Manus; and he lopped off his five heads.

Being tired, he laid himself down in the battle-field. He saw a second giant coming. He was bigger and uglier than the first; and he began to revile his brother because he did not bring the men alive. "You are away courting the children of kings and knights, and have left this work for me to do; but is there no one alive there to help me, or whom I can help?"

Manus said, with a deep sigh, "If you will help me I will help you."

"O! poor man, how have you been left alive? Come here that I may put my finger in your mouth."

"I cannot. Come you here. You are best able."

'N uair a chuir e 'mheur 'n a bheul thug Mànus fàsgadh oirre ; agus thuig am fuamhair co 'bh' ann, agus gu'n do mharbh e 'bhràthair, is thubhairt e, "Bha so 's an tailgeannach. Cha bhi bàs mo bhràthar a nasgaidh dhuit. Ged mharbh thu esan cha mharbh thu mise. Co dhiubh a's fheàrr leat gleachd no còmhrag ?"

Ceart mar thachair do'n cheud fhear thachair do'n dàrna fear, agus sgath Mànus na còig cinn dheth. An sin leig e e-féin 'n a shìneadh 's an àrfhaich a dh' fheitheamh an treasa fuamhaire ; agus 'n uair a thàinig e 'm fagus 's e bu mhotha, a b' oilteile, 's a b' fhiadhaiche nan dithis eile. Agus o'n nach robh na daoine air am beothachadh chàin is smàd e 'dhà bhràthair. "Mo nàire ! mo nàire oirbh ! air falbh as déigh chlann rìgh is ridirean 'n uair bu chòir iad so 'bhi air an ath-bheothachadh, agus an obair so gun deanamh. Bheir mis' oirbh nach buidhe dhuibh. Am bheil duine beò an sin a chuidicheas mise no a chuidichinn."

"Tha mise 'n so," thubhairt Mànus.

"Thig a nall 's gu'n cuirinn mo mheur 'ad bheul."

"O ! cha 'n urrainn mi : thig fhéin an so."

Thàinig am fuamhair, 's chuir e 'mheur 'n a bheul 's thug esan fàsgadh orra. "Ad ! ad ! a shlaightir. Is tusa Mànus, mac rìgh Lochlainn.

When he put his finger in his mouth Manus gave it a squeeze. The giant understood who he was, and that he killed his brother, and he said, "This was prophesied. You will pay for my brother's death. Though you have killed him you shall not kill me. Which do you prefer, wrestling or combat?"

The same fate befell the second giant that befell the first. Manus lopped off his five heads. He then laid himself down in the battle-field to wait for the third giant, and when he came near he was bigger, more horrible, and wilder than the other two. And because the men were not brought alive, he reviled and threatened his two brothers. "Shame! shame on you! away after the children of a king and knights, when these ought to have been brought alive; and the work is undone. I will teach you that it will not be well for you. Is there anyone living there who will help me, or whom I can help?"

"I am here," said Manus.

"Come here that I may put my finger in your mouth."

"O! I cannot. Come you here."

The giant came, and put his finger in his mouth; and Manus gave it a squeeze. "Ah! ah! you rascal, you are Manus, son of the

S fhada ona bha 's an tailgeannach gu'n tigadh tu; ach ged mharbh thu mo dhà bhràthair cha mharbh thu mise, 's cha bhi am bàs a nasgaidh dhuit. Co dhiubh a's fheàrr leat gleachd no còmhrag?"

"Gleachd fhéin, oir is i 's motha 'chleachd mi."

Shìn Mànus a dhà ghàirdean bhoga, gheala mu thaobha cairtidh an fhuamhair, is shìn am fuamhair a dhà ghàirdean chruaidh, chairtidh mu thaobha boga Mhànuis, is dheanadh iad a bhogain a bhogain, a chreagain a chreagain, etc. Chuir Mànus fodha e. "Bàs os do cheann: gu 'd é t-éirig?"

"Is mòr sin, ach is suarach mise no mo bhràthairean uile seach mo mhàthair 'n uair a thig i. Na'n leigedh tu mise 'm sheasamh chuidichinn leat agus dh' innisinn duit an dòigh mharbhaidh a th' oirre."

"Innis sin an toiseach."

"Tha ball-dòrain fo n' chìch dheis aice, agus mur amais thu sin cha ghabh i marbhadh."

"Cha bhi thusa 'g innseadh sgeòil ciamar a dh' éireas dhomh-sa," thubhairt Mànus, agus chuir e na còig cinn deth. Leig e 'n sin' anail.

Agus 'n uair a bha e dlùthachadh air an latha chunnaic e ban-uamhair a' tighinn, 's i 'glaodhaich r' a cloinn, 'Ca bheil sibh? Tha

King of Lochlann. It was long ago prophesied that you would come; but though you have killed my two brothers you shall not kill me; and you shall pay for their deaths. Which do you prefer, wrestling or combat?"

"Wrestling; for it is that that I have practised most."

Manus stretched his soft, white arms round the giant's swarthy sides, and the giant stretched his two hard, swarthy arms round Manus' soft sides; and they made the boggy place boggier, and the rocky place harder, etc. Manus put him down. "Death is over you," he said. "What is your ransom?"

"That is great; but I and my brothers are of little account compared to my mother when she comes. If you will allow me to rise I will help you, and tell you how she can be killed."

"Tell that first."

"There is a mole under her right breast, and unless you hit it she cannot be killed."

"You shall not have it in your power to tell what will befall me;" and he took his five heads off him. He then rested himself.

When day was approaching he saw a giantess coming, who was calling to her children, "Where are you? You are, as usual, courting

sibhse mar is àbhaist a' suiridhe air clann rìgh is ridirean, 's cha do bheothaich sibh na daoine fathast. Am bheil duine beò an sin a nì còmhnadh leam ?"

" Tha mise 'n so", thubhairt Mànus.

Thuig a' chailleach mar bha, agus thairg i cath no còmhrag dha. Thòisich 'a chòmhrag agus fhuair e strì mhòr rithe. Mu dheireadh chuimsich e 'm ball-dòrain, agus leag e i ; ach chumadh i còmhrag ris 'n a sìneadh. Mar a sgathadh e ceann dhith leumadh ceann oirre ; agus bha e 'g a shàrachadh. Thàinig guth os a' cheann, " Cum do lann air an amhaich gus am fuaraich an fhuil 's an reòth an smior." Rinn e sin, 's chuir e as do na fuamhairean uile.

Bha e 'n sin sgìth is shuidh e, 'n uair a thàinig clàrsairean a chluich ciùil da los a chur 'n a chadal. Dh' éirich e is mharbh e na clàrsairean, ach cha luaithe a shuidheadh e na bhiodh iad beò a rithist, 's iad a' cluich dha. Chum iad fada mar so, is theab iad a chlaoidh a mach, gus mu dheireadh an d' thàinig guth os a cheann a dh' innis dha nach rachadh aige air na clàrsairean a mharbhadh ceart gus an gabhadh e còrr an clàrsaichean fhéin doibh. Rinn e sin, is chuir e as doibh uile. Leig e e-fhéin 'n a shìneadh 's an àrfhaich.

the children of a king and knights, and have not yet brought the men alive. Is there any-one alive there who will help me ?"

" I am here," said Manus.

The hag understood how the matter was, and offered him battle or combat. The battle began, and he had a hard struggle with her. At last he hit the mole and felled her ; but she maintained the fight with him after she was down. When he would lop a head off her another would leap on her ; and he was hard-pressed. A voice came above him which said, " Keep your sword on the neck till the blood becomes cold and the marrow freezes." He did so ; and he destroyed all the giants.

He was tired, and sat down. Then harpers came to play music to him, in order to put him asleep. He rose and killed the harpers ; but he was no sooner seated than they were alive again, and played to him. This state of things continued, and he was well-nigh exhausted, when a voice came above him which told him that he would not succeed in killing the harpers properly unless he should take the corners of their own harps to them. He did so, and destroyed them all. He then laid himself down on the battle-field.

'N uair a dhùisg bràthair a mhàthar bha 'n latha geal ann. Dh' ionndrainn e 'chlaidheamh, 's cha robh sgeul air Mànus. Dh' fhalbh e 'dh' ionnsuidh a' bhlàir, agus mar bha e 'tighinn air 'adhart cha robh e 'faicinn creutair a' carachadh. Dhìrich e 'n a ghribhinich anns an athar, agus feuch bha 'n àrfhaich làn chorp mar dh' fhàg e 'n dé i.

'N uair a mhothaich Mànus a' bhéist ghrànnda os a cheann shaoil leis gur tuilleadh feargnaidh a bh' ann, agus dh' éirich e 'n a sheasamh deas gu cath ; ach 'n uair a chunnaic bràthair a mhàthar co 'bh' aige thàinig e nuas le mòr thoileachas is othail, oir chreid e nis gur h-e Mànus a bh' ann gun teagamh. Chaidh iad dhachaidh, is fhios aige air ceann a shaoid 's a shiubhail.

Thog iad orra an sin a dh' fhaotainn fios a mhuime. 'N uair a ràinig iad an caisteal 's an robh i rinn i sùlas mòr ris, agus dh' fheumadh e cadal còmhla rithe. Cha robh iad ach an déidh dol a laidhe 'n uair a thàinig am boinne-fala a b' eireachdeile air na dhearc sùil riamh a dh' ionnsuidh bruaich na leapach, agus a' ceumnaich air a h-ais s' air a h-adhart. Dh' éirich Mànus airson breith oirre. Chaidh ise mach. Lean e i dlùth. Chaidh i stigh ann an talla mhòr chreige taobh a' chladaich. Chaidh

When his mother's brother wakened it was daylight. He missed his sword, and there was no news of Manus. He set off to the battle-field; and as he was advancing he could not see a creature moving. He ascended into the air in the form of a griffin, and behold! the battle-field was full of bodies, as he left it.

When Manus perceived the ugly monster above him, he deemed it further provocation, and he stood up ready for battle; but when his mother's brother saw whom he had, he descended with great pleasure and bustle, for he now believed that it was Manus without doubt. They went home, and his uncle knew the object of Manus's journey.

They then set off to obtain information about Manus's nurse. When they reached the castle where she was she was overjoyed at seeing him; and he had to lie down beside her. They had only lain down, when the handsomest beauty that eye ever beheld came to the side of the bed, and was walking backwards and forwards. Manus rose to take hold of her. She went out, and he followed her closely. She went into a big hall in a rock, and he went in after her. She struck him with a magic rod, and

esan a stigh na déidh. Bhuail i slatag dhruidheachd 'air is rinn i carragh cloiche dheth. 'N uair a dhùisg a mhuime cha robh Mànus aice. Dh' eubh i c' àit an robh e, is thòisich i air caoineadh 's air lasagaich. Thàinig am Fear Ruadh a nuas is bha e-fhéin ann an imcheist. Dh' innis ise dha gu'n robh droch bhoirionnach a' fuireach ann an uaimh dlùth orra, agus gu'm bu chleachdadh dhi 'bhi 'tighinn do 'n chaisteal aice-se a mhealladh a h-uile mac rìgh is ridire a thigeadh an rathad ; " agus is iomadh uair a dh' fheuch mi ri cur as di, ach cha robh a' dol agam air. Theagamh gu'n dean thus' e. Théid thu 'laidhe còmhla rium-sa 'nochd, agus ma thig i ann an cruthachd briagh maighdein éiridh tu, agus leanaidh tu i, agus bheir thu leat an t-slatag so, 's an uair a théid i stigh do'n uaimh buail i leis an t-slait mu'n tàr i dad a dheanamh 'ort, agus òrdaich i 'bhi 'n a creutair sam bith a chì thu fhéin iomchuidh. Gheibh thu 's an talla ballan-ath-bheothachaidh, agus tum an t-slatag ann, agas buail i air na carrachan, agus éiridh iad suas beò, slàn. Tha mi cinnteach gu'm faigh thu mo dhalta 'n am measg."

Is ann mar so a bha. An déidh dol a laidhe thàinig ise. Dh' éirich am Fear Ruadh is lean e i. Ghabh i rathad a' chladaich. Ràinig i stalla mhòr chreige. Bhuail i an t-slat is dh'

made a pillar of stone of him. When his nurse wakened she had not Manus with her; and she began to cry and to be angry. The Red-haired Man came down, and was in perplexity. She told him that there was a bad woman in a cave near them who was in the practice of coming to her castle to wile away every king's and knight's son that came the way, and that she had many a time tried to destroy her, but could not manage it. "Perhaps you can manage it. You shall lie down beside me to-night, and should she come in the beautiful form of a maiden, you will rise and follow her. You will take this rod with you; and when she goes into the cave you will strike her with the rod before she can do anything to you, and you will order her to become any creature that you may see fit. You will find in the hall a reviving cordial. Dip the rod in it, and strike the pillars with the rod, and they will rise up alive and well. I am sure that you will find my foster-son among them."

It was thus that it turned out. After they had lain down the beauty came. The Red-haired Man rose and followed her. She took the road to the shore. She reached a big, rocky precipice. She struck it, and a

fhosgail dorus. Dìreach 's an dol a stigh dhlùthaich am Fear Ruadh, bhuail e 'n t-slatag oirre, is smaoinich e i 'bhi 'n a galla-choin, is dh' fhàs i mar sin, 'g a leantuinn a h-uile taobh a rachadh e. Chaidh e stigh is fhuair e 'm ballan. Thum e 'n t-slat ann, is bhuail e i air na carrachan. A h-uile fear air am buaileadh e 'n t-slat dh' éireadh e 'n a fhleasgach ùrair, àluinn is choisicheadh e mach; ach Mànus cha robh r' a fhaotainn. Bha 'n t-eagal air an Fhear Ruadh gu'n caitheadh an stuth iongantach a bha 's a' bhallan no gu'n dìobradh buaidh na slataig mu'n ruigeadh e Mànus; ach chum e gu faicilleach air 'adhart gus mu dheìreadh anns a' chùil a b' fhaide stigh bhuail e carragh a bha 'n sin, agus dh' éirich Mànus suas. Rinn iad sòlas ri 'chéile, is dh' fhalbh iad do chaisteal a' mhuime, agus rinn i gàirdeachas mòr ris.

Dh' fhuirich iad grathunn an sin gus an d' innis a mhuime dha am feum sònraichte a bh' aice 'air, gu'n robh béist mhòr, anagnàthach ann an ceàrn de 'n rìoghachd aice a bha 'fàsachadh an àite. Na'n tigeadh duine no beothach no creutair sam bith mar uidhe sheachd mile dhi shrùbadh i stigh e. Shluigeadh i sìos an t-seisreach, an crann, 's an treabhaiche. "Tha e 's an fhàidheachd gur tus' am fear a chuireas as di; agus on fhuair thu an gaisgeach mòr,

door opened. Just at the entrance the Red-haired Man approached, struck her with the rod, and thought of her becoming a bitch. She did become a bitch, and followed him wherever he went. He went in and found the reviving cordial. He dipped the rod in it, and struck the pillars with the rod. Every one whom he struck with the rod rose a blooming and lovely youth, and walked out; but Manus was not to be seen. He was afraid the wonderful stuff of which the cordial was composed would be exhausted, and that the rod would lose its virtue before he would reach Manus; but he went forward cautiously, till at last he struck a pillar in the innermost corner, and Manus rose up. They rejoiced together, and set off to the nurse's castle. She rejoiced greatly at seeing him.

They remained there for a while, till she told him the special use that she had for him. There was a big, uncommon beast in a quarter of her kingdom which was desolating the place. Should a man, or an animal, or any creature come within seven miles of it, it would suck them in. It would swallow a team of six horses, the plough, and the ploughman. "It is prophesied that you are the man to destroy it; and as you have the big hero, your mother's

bràthair do mhàthar, còmhla riut, cha'n eagal duibh."

Thug iad leò lannan is sgeanan. Lean a' ghalla iad. 'N uair a bha iad mar sheachd mìle do'n bhéist chaidh an tarruing 's an òl a sìos 'n a broinn. 'N uair a fhuair iad a stigh 'n a broinn tharruing iad na sgeanan. Chaidh fear air gach taobh dhi gu tolladh troimpe, 's bha 'ghalla a' stròiceadh a' mhionaich, gus an d' thàinig iad a mach air gach taobh dhi 'n an lòbhrain shallach, dhuaichnidh. Phill iad dhachaidh mar sin, ach nigh is dh' ionnail ise iad. Thug i dhoibh uisge blàth gu'n casan is leaba bhog fo'n leasan, is anns a' mhadainn bha iad gu h-ùrair, àluinn.

brother, with you, there will be no fear of you."

They took with them swords and knives. The bitch followed them. When they were at a distance of seven miles from the beast they were drawn and sucked into its belly. When they got in they drew the knives. They went one on each side of it, in order to make a hole through it, and the dog kept tearing the entrails, till they came out on each side of it, dirty, ghastly wretches. They returned home, and the nurse washed and bathed them. She gave them warm water for their feet, and a soft bed under their thighs; and in the morning they were fresh and lovely.

XI.

LEÒMHAN CRIDHEACH, MAC RÌGH EIRINN, AGUS CEUDAMH, MAC RÌGH NAN COLA.

Bha fear ann roimhe so ris an abradh iad Leòmhan Cridheach, mac rìgh Eirinn, agus Ceudamh, mac rìgh nan Cola, 'bha 'n a chompanach dha, agus am Boinne Geal Dìreach, mac rìgh an domhain. Chaidh an triùir sgoileirean sin do'n Ghréig a dh' ionnsachadh an tuilleadh sgoil. Là de na lathaichean bha iad a-mach a' gabhail sràid. Chunnaic iad nighean rìgh na Gréige agus am maighdeanan coimheadachd; agus thubhairt an Leòmhan Cridheach ri Ceudamh, "Feumaidh tu dol a bhruithinn ri nighean rìgh na Gréige. Cha bhi mi ceart mur fhaigh mi ri 'pòsadh i."

Dh' fhalbh Ceudamh, mac rìgh nan Cola, far an robh nighean rìgh na Gréige le teachdaireachd mhic rìgh Eirinn airson a pòsadh. Fhreagair nighean rìgh na Gréig' e, agus thubhairt i nach biodh i beò mur pòsadh e-fhéin i. Fhreagair esan, agus thubhairt e nach pòsadh e i le eagal Leòmhan Cridheach gu'm marbhadh e e. Thu-

XI.

LEOÄN CREEÄCH, SON OF THE KING OF EIRIN, AND KAYTAV, SON OF THE KING OF THE COLA.

THERE were men formerly who were called Leoän Creeäch, son of the King of Eirin, Kaytav, his companion, son of the King of the Cola, and Boinne Geal Jeerach, son of the King of the Universe. These three scholars went to Greece to improve their education. As they were one day out walking, they saw the daughter of the King of Greece and her maids in waiting; and Leoän Creeäch said to Kaytav, "You must go to speak to the daughter of the King of Greece. I shall not be right unless I get her in marriage."

Kaytav, the son of the King of the Cola, went to the daughter of the King of Greece with the message that the son of the King of Eirin wished to marry her. The daughter of the King of Greece replied that she could not live unless he would marry her himself. He said that he would not marry her, for he was afraid that if he did, Leoän Creeäch would kill

bhairt ise ris nach deanadh sid feum, gu'm feumadh e 'pòsadh, agus gu'm fàgadh iad an t-àite.

Dh' fhalbh iad le chéile; agus 's e smaoineachadh a rinn iad gu'm falbhadh iad do chùirt Fhinn Mhic Chumhail; agus ràinig iad. Chuir Fionn Mac Chumhail ceist airsan 'd é 'n obair a bha e math air. Thubhairt e ris gu'n robh e 'n a chòcaire math.

"'S math," arsa Fionn Mac Chumhail, "do mhodh 's do mhiadh 's a' bhaile. An diugh fhéin dh' fhalbh an cocaire 'bh' againn. 'D é 'n duais a bhios tu 'g iarraidh airson do shaoithreach?"

"Cha bhi," ars' esan, "ach toiseach laidhe 's deireadh éiridh a bhi aig mo mhnaoi air mnathan na Féinne."

"Bithidh t-iarrtas agad ri 'fhaotainn," arsa Fionn.

Thòisich e 'n sin air a' chòcaireachd, 's cha d' fhuaras riamh ann an cùirt Fhinn Mhic Chumail a leithid de chòcaire. An sin thàinig teacaireachd o rìgh Lochlainn a dh' ionnsuidh Fhinn Mhic Chumail a dhol gu cuirm 's cuid oidhche g' a ionnsuidh do Lochlann. Dh' fheumadh an còcaire falbh le Fionn 's le 'chuid daoine do Lochlann. Thubhairt bean a' chòcaire, "Ma bheir sibh leibh e tha eagal orm-sa

him. She said to him that that would not do, that he must marry her, and that they would leave the place.

They set off together, and resolved to go to Feunn Mac Cüail's court. After their arrival, Feunn Mac Cüail asked Kaytav what work he was good at. He answered that he was a good cook.

"You are well bred, and in demand in the town," said Feunn Mac Cüail. "This very day our cook left us. What reward do you ask for your labour?"

"I only ask," said Kaytav, "that my wife be allowed to go to rest and to rise before the women of the Fayn."

"Your request shall be granted," said Feunn.

He then began his work as cook; and there never was such a cook in Feunn Mac Cüail's court. Then a message came from the King of Lochlann, inviting Feunn Mac Cüail to go to feast and lodge at night with him in Lochlann. The cook had to go to Lochlann with Feunn and his men. The cook's wife said, "If you take him with you, I am afraid that he

nach till e ; ach co dhiubh a bhios e beò no marbh thugaibh am ionnsuidh-sa dhachaidh e." Gheall Fionn sin.

Dh' fhalbh Fionn 's a chuid daoine, 's ràinig iad Lochlann ; agus thòisich an còcaire air deasachadh na cuirme ann an tigh rìgh Lochlainn. Co an sin a thàinig a dh' ionnsuidh an tighe ach Leòmhan Cridheach, 's e 'n déigh seachd ranna ruadh an domhain a shiubhal ag iarraidh Cheudaimh. 'N uair a ghabh Ceudamh teas ris a' chòcaireachd thog e 'n ceann-eudaich a bha mu 'cheann. Cha d' aithnich Leòmhan Cridheach e gus an do thog e 'n ceann-eudaich ; 's an caraibh a chéile chaidh iad air an ùrlar. A-mach a ghabh iad ; agus aig a' cheann mu dheireadh bhuadhaich Leòmhan Cridheach, mac rìgh Eirinn, air Ceudamh, agus mharbh e e.

'N uair a thill Fionn Mac Chumail dhachaidh thug e leis corp Cheudaimh, an cocaire, a dh' ionnsuidh a mhnatha mar gheall e. An sin ràinig Fionn 's a chuid daoine dhachaidh. Dh' fhàg iad corp a' chòcaire air a' chladach, 's chuir iad fios a dh' ionnsuidh a mhnatha far an robh e. Dh' fhalbh ise, a' tuireadh 's a' bròn, 's shuidh i làmh ris. 'D é 'chunnaic i ach bàta 'tighinn seach an cladach far an robh i 'n a suidhe, agus dithis dhaoin' innte, fear 's an deireadh 's fear

will not return; but whether he be alive or dead, bring him home to me." Feunn promised that he would do so.

Feunn and his men set off, and reached Lochlann; and the cook began to prepare the feast in the King of Lochlann's house. Who should then come to the house but Leoän Creeäch, after travelling over the seven red divisions of the Universe in quest of Kaytav. When Kaytav became heated at the cooking, he raised the head-dress that he had on. Leoän Creeäch did not know him till he raised the head-dress; and they then attacked each other on the floor. Out they went; and at last Leoän Creeäch, son of the King of Eirin, overcame and killed Kaytav.

When Feunn Mac Cüail returned home, he took with him Kaytav's body, to give it to his wife, as promised. They left Kaytav's body on the shore, and sent word to his wife where he was. Lamenting and sorrowing, she went and sat beside him. What should she see but a boat passing the shore where she was sitting, with two men in it, one in the stern and one in the bow. The man in the stern had a gold apple and a silver apple, and his work was

's an toiseach, agus ubhal òir agus ubhal airgid aig an fhear a bha 's an deireadh. Thilgeadh am fear a bha 's an deireadh fear de na h-ùbhlan air an fhear a bha 's an toiseach agus chuireadh e 'n ceann deth. Thilgeadh e 'n ubhal eile 's chuireadh e 'n ceann 'air. Chunnaic bean Cheudaimh an obair a bh' aig na daoine 'bha 's a' bhàta, agus ghlaodh i riu na'n tugadh iad d' i tacan beag de na h-ùbhlan gu'm biodh i fuathasach toilichte. Fhuair i sin, agus rinn i leis na h-ùbhlan mar a chunnaic i iadsan a' deanamh. Thilg i fear de na h-ùbhlan air an duin' aice 's chuir i 'n ceann deth, agus thilg i fear eil' 'air 's chuir i 'n ceann 'air ; agus dh' éirich e beò, slàn mar bha e riamh.

throwing the apples at the man in the bow. When he threw one of the apples at the man in the bow he knocked his head off, and when he threw the other apple at him he put his head on again. Kaytav's wife saw what the men in the boat were doing; and she called to them that she would be exceedingly pleased if they would give her a little while of the apples. They gave her the apples, and she did with them as she saw the men doing. She threw one of the apples at her man and knocked his head off, and she threw the other at him, and put the head on him again; and he rose up alive and whole as he ever was.

XII.

BLÀR A BH' AIG NA LOCHLANNAICH AN DÙN-MAC-SNITHEACHAIN.

Mhothaich muinntir Aird-na-murchann do na Lochlannaich a' tighinn. Chuir iad teine air àit àrd mu choinneamh na Morairne, 's chuir a' Mhorairne teine an sealladh Lise-moire. Chaidh Conal le bàta 's sgioba g' a innseadh an Dùn-mac-snitheachain. Thàinig na Lochlannaich air an dara là 'n déidh so do Dùn-mac-snitheachain ; agus thubhairt an rìgh Lochlannach gu'm biodh trì deuchainnean ann ; agus b' i 'cheud deuchainn gu'n rachadh dithis de na Lochlannaich agus dithis de mhuinntir Dhùn-mac-snitheachain a thuasaid. Ghabh na Lochlannaich air am dithis de mhuinntir Dhùn-mac-snitheachain.

B' e 'n ath rud a chaidh iad a dheanamh tilgeil iaruinn. Bha na Lochlannaich a' buidhinn ; agus thàinig rìgh Lochlainn, agus chuir e 'n t-iarunn pìos mòr air thoiseach orra uile. Bha Dùn-mac-snitheachain fo smuairean leis mar bha iad a' call ; agus mu'n àm so chunnaic iad gill' òg a nìos an cladach, 's e 'n a dhui-

XII.

A BATTLE FOUGHT BY THE LOCHLANNERS IN DUN-MAC-SNEEÄCHAIN.

The people of Ardnamurchan noticed the Lochlanners coming, and put a fire on a height opposite Morvern. The people of Morvern put a fire in sight of Lismore; and Conal went with a boat and crew from Lismore to tell the news in Dun-mac-sneeächain. The Lochlanners arrived at Dun-mac-sneeächain on the second day after this; and the King of Lochlann said that there would be three trials of strength. The first was a combat between two of the Lochlanners and two of the men of Dun-mac-sneeächain. The Lochlanners beat the two Dun-mac-sneeächain men.

The next thing that they set about was throwing an iron. The Lochlanners were winning; and the King of Lochlann came and threw the iron a long distance beyond them all. The people of Dun-mac-sneeächain were grieved at their losses. At this time they saw a young man coming at full speed along the

ruith. Dh' fheòraich e am faodadh esan an t-iarunn a thilgeil. Thubhairt iad gu'm faodadh. Dh' fheumadh am fear a bhiodh a' tilgeil an iaruinn a leigeil air uchdan a choise. 'N uair a dh' fheuch esan so cha robh a' bhròg 'air. Chuir e 'làmh ri 'cheann, ach cha robh a' bhoineid ann. An sin spìon e sop de 'n fheur, agus chuir e air a chois e, agus chuir e 'n t-iarunn air muin sin. Thilg e 'n t-iarunn an sin, agus chuir e air thoiseach air rìgh Lochlainn fad' e.

'S e 'n ath rud a dh' iarr an rìgh Lochlannach réis bhàtaichean a bhi aca; agus chaidh so a dheanamh. Dh' fhalbh iad a-mach mu'n cuairt rudha na Garbhaird, agus bha aca ri dol mu'n cuairt an déidh sin air eilean gun ainm. Bha rìgh Lochlainn air thoiseach le 'bhata fhéin a' dol mu'n cuairt an eilein. Thubhairt e ris an sgioba 'bha còmhla ris, "Am bheil an fheadhainn a tha 'n ar déidh a' teannadh oirnn?"

Thubhairt fear de 'n sgioba, "Chì mi bàta 'tighinn is trì raimh orra, agus tha 'cholltas gu'n téid i seachad òirnn-ne."

Thubhairt an rìgh Lochlannach ris, "Cha 'n 'eil air an t-saoghal bàta 'théid air thoiseach air mo thé-sa."

"Tha eagal orm," ars' an gille, "gu'n téid i air thoiseach oirnn." An sin chaidh i air thoiseach orra, té nan trì ràimh, agus bha i air tìr air

shore. He asked if he would be allowed to throw the iron; and they said that he would. It was required of the thrower of the iron that he should lay it on the instep of his foot. When the man tried to do this he had no shoe on. He put his hand to his head, but there was no bonnet there. He pulled a bunch of grass and put it on his foot, and he put the iron on the top of that. He then threw the iron, and sent it far beyond the King of Lochlann's throw.

The King of Lochlann requested next that there should be a boat-race; and this was complied with. They set off, and went first round the point of Garvaird. After that they went round an island without a name. The King of Lochlann's boat was foremost going round the island. He said to his crew, "Are those behind nearing us?"

One of the crew said, "I see a boat with three oars coming; and she is likely to pass us."

The King of Lochlann said, "There is not a boat in the world that will go before my boat."

"I fear," said the lad, "that she will go before us." Then the boat with the three

a' chladach mu'n d' thàinig rìgh Lochlainn air tìr.

Thubhairt an rìgh Lochlannach, "'S e 'bhios ann am màireach fear fhaotainn a chumas tuasaid rium-sa. Ma bhuadhaicheas mi 'air bithidh a 'bhàruinn agam ; ach ma bhuadhaicheas esan orm-sa caillidh mise 'h-uile rud a th' ann."

Thàinig am màireach, agus sheas an rìgh Lochlannach aig àite na tuasaid. Thòisich Dùn-mac-snitheachain air dol fo dhìobhail misnich bhochd. Beagan an déidh so thàinig fear a-stigh do dh' àite na tuasaid 's e air éideadh le clogaid 's le lùirich. Thòisich an rìgh Lochlannach 's e-fhéin air an tuasaid. Bhuail an rìgh Lochlannach a' cheud bhuill' 'air, 's chuir e leth char dheth mu'n cuairt. Air an ath bhuille bhuail esan an rìgh Lochlannach 's chuir e 'n ceann deth leud iomaire treabhaidh. Thòisich an tuasaid an sin 'n am measg uile taobh air thaobh.

Chunnaic iad seann duine liath a' tighinn 's a cheann-eudaich 'n a làimh. Chunnaic e 'n tuasaid a' dol air a h-aghaidh, agus thubhairt e ris a' cheud fhear a thachair 'air, "An d' thàinig coigreach sam bith an rathad ?"

"Thàinig," thubhairt am fear eile: "bha feum againn-ne gu'n d' thàinig: 's e 'rinn a h-uile

oars went before them, and she landed on the beach before the King of Lochlann arrived.

The King of Lochlann said, "A man must be found to-morrow who will do combat with me. If I overcome him, I shall have the queen; but if he overcomes me, I shall lose everything."

The morrow came; and the King of Lochlann stood in the place of combat. The people of Dun-mac-sneeächain began to lose courage sadly. A little after this a man who had on a helmet and coat-of-mail entered the place of combat. The King of Lochlann and he began to fight. The King struck the first blow, and turned his antagonist half round. At the next bout the man struck the King, and knocked his head off as far as the breadth of a ridge of ploughed land. The fight then became general.

An old, grey-headed man was seen coming with his head-dress in his hand. He saw the fight going on, and said to the first man that he met, "Has any stranger come the way?"

"Yes," said the other: "we had need of his coming: it is he that has done every feat that

tapadh a rinneadh an Dùn-mac-snitheachain o 'n a thàinig e."

"Tha mi toilichte dheth sin," ars' an seann duine: "'s e odha dhomh-sa 'th' ann. 'S mise rìgh na H-Eireann; 's cha 'n 'eil mo mhac beò. 'S e so m' odha 'theich orm. Chaidh Calum-cille a I g' a iarraidh, 's cha tugainn da e; agus theich e deich mìle 'n cois a' chladaich orm-sa. Thug Calum-cille stigh an sin e 's chuir e air tìr e 'n Cinntìre. Cha 'n àm stad dhomh-sa: feumaidh mi dol a chuideachadh muinntir Dhùin-mac-snitheachain."

Chaidh rìgh na H-Eireann a mharbhadh, 's chaidh Conal a chaidh a Liosmor a mharbhadh. Chaidh a h-uile Lochlannach a mharbhadh ach còignear a theich. Cha d' thàinig na Lochlannaich riamh tuilleadh do 'n dùthaich le fios domh-sa.

has been done in Dun-mac-sneeächain since he came."

"I am glad of that," said the old man. "I am the King of Eirin, and my son is not alive. This is my grandson, who ran away from me. Calum-killé came for him from I', and I would not give him to him; and he ran away from me a distance of ten miles along the shore: Calum-killé then took him in, and landed him in Cantire. This is no time for standing still: I must go to help the people of Dun-mac-sneeächain."

The King of Eirin and Conal from Lismore were killed. All the Lochlanners were killed except five, who fled. The Lochlanners did not come again to the country, so far as known to me.

NOTES.

NOTES.

THE following notes are mine, save such as bear Mr. MacInnes's signature. I have striven to make them useful to the student of Celtic antiquity as well as to the folklorist, and have therefore paid special attention to two points: (1) What relation, if any, obtains between the folk-tales current in Gaelic Scotland and the older Gaelic literature? (2) What traces of early Celtic belief and customs do these tales reveal?

I have restricted comparison to variant tales found on Celtic soil. The practice, so common among folk-lore editors, of accumulating *titles* of variants, benefits the ordinary reader, who has not a large collection at his disposal, but little; and as a *complete* list of variants is never given, the results of comparison, even if the reader does work them out, are necessarily defective. To confine the critical apparatus to one group of tales which *ex hypothesi* are connected, but to examine these fully, seems to me the better plan. Moreover, professed storyologists are having admirably full lists of variants provided for them by Miss Cox in her tabulation of *Grimm's Tales*, now being printed by the Folk-Lore Society in its journal. It seems to me useless to do good work twice over.

I have to thank the many friends who have helped me in these notes. Mr. Egerton Phillimore, Mr. Joseph Jacobs, and Mr. A. MacBain have read the proofs of my Study on the Ossianic Saga, and given me valuable suggestions; Dr. Douglas Hyde has had all the proofs through his hands, and placed his rich store of Irish folk-lore at my disposal with the most ungrudging generosity. Professor Kuno Meyer has supplied me with numerous most important references to the older Irish literature, and has given me translations of hitherto inedited texts. I am

greatly indebted to the Council of the Royal Irish Academy for permission to have a transcript made of O'Longan's version of the *Agallamh na Senorach*. I am grateful to both Lord Archibald Campbell and the Rev. D. MacInnes for the opportunity of becoming their fellow-worker in the preservation and elucidation of these "Waifs and Strays" of Gaelic folk-fancy.

I had wished to make my commentary much more detailed and exhaustive than it is; but my time is not my own, and I fear, did I delay publication longer, it might be altogether deferred. I would, however, ask the reader to bear in mind the conditions under which my work has been done, and to be lenient towards shortcomings of style and arrangement. Errors of fact I have done my best to avoid.

I append a list of abbreviated titles of works to which frequent reference is made in these notes. Works not in this list are quoted under titles sufficiently full, it is trusted, to identify them. References are, as a rule, given in the body of the text, generally in brackets at end of passage cited or referred to.

Ag. na S.—Agallamh na Senorach : The Dialogue of the Elders. I have used a transcript which the Royal Irish Academy allowed me to make from the MS. translation of the *Book of Lismore* text, by J. O'Longan, preserved in their library.

A. R.—Archæological Review, vols. i-iv. London, 1888-9. I have quoted chiefly from the following articles in this periodical : Prof. Kuno Meyer's translation of the *Tochmarc Emer*, vol. i, Nos. 1-4 ; my own "Celtic Myth and Saga," vol. ii, No. 2 ; and Mr. MacRitchie's articles, vol. iv, Nos. 3, 4, and 6.

C. M.—Celtic Magazine, vols. xii-xiii. Inverness, 1887-88. During these two years the *Celtic Magazine* was edited by Mr. A. MacBain. These volumes are indispensable to every student of Celtic folk-lore.

F.-L. R.—Folk-Lore Record, vols. i-v. London, 1878-82. I have chiefly quoted my two articles : "The Aryan Expulsion and Return Formula in the Folk- and Hero-Tales of the Celts," vol. iv, and "Mabinogion Studies," No. 1 : "The Mabinogi of Branwen, the Daughter of Llyr" (vol. v).

Oss. Soc.—Transactions of the Ossianic Society, vols. i-vi (all published). Dublin, 1854-61.

R. C.—Revue Celtique, vols. i-ix. Paris, 1870-89.

S. C. R.—Scottish Celtic Review, vol. i (all published). Glasgow, 1881-85. I have chiefly quoted from the tales and ballads collected by the Rev. J. G. Campbell of Tiree, and from my own article in the second number.

A.C.C.—The *Amra Choluim Chilli of Dallan Forgaill.* The original Irish and literal translation. O'Beirne Crowe. Dublin, 1871.

A.F.M.—Annals of the Four Masters. Quoted from O'Donovan's 7 vol. edition.

Arth. Loc.—Arthurian Localities. By J. S. Stuart Glennie. (Merlin, part iii.) London, 1869.

Miss Brooke.—Reliques of Irish Poetry. . . . By Miss Brooke. Dublin, 1789.

Campbell.—All references to Campbell alone are to the *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, 4 vols. Edinburgh, 1860-62 (now being reprinted by Mr. Gardner of Paisley).

L. na F.—Leabhar na Feinne, vol. i, Gaelic text (all published). Arranged by J. F. Campbell. London, 1872.

Grail.—My *Studies on the Legend of the Holy Grail, with especial reference to the Hypothesis of its Celtic Origin.* London, 1888.

Hibb. Lect.—Lectures on the Origin and Growth of Religion as illustrated by Celtic Heathendom. By John Rhys. London, 1888.

Hyde.—Irish Folk-Tales. Translated and edited by Dr. Douglas Hyde. (In the press.)

Joyce.—Old Celtic Romances. Translated from the Gaelic by P. W. Joyce. London, 1879.

Keating.—The History of Ireland from the Earliest Period to the English Invasion. Translated by John O'Mahony. New York, 1866.

Kennedy.—Legendary Fiction of the Irish Celts. London, 1866.

L.L. and *L.U.*, respectively *Book of Leinster* and *Leabhar na h'Uidhre (Book of the Dun Cow)*, are quoted from the Royal Irish Academy *facsimile* edition.

Lect.—Lectures on the Materials of Ancient Irish History. By Eugene O'Curry. Dublin, 1861.

Lismore.—The Dean of Lismore's Book. Edited by the Rev. Th. McLauchlan. Edinburgh, 1862.

Luzel.—Veillées Bretonnes. Par F. M. Luzel. Morlaix, 1879. I have also looked through the *Breton Märchen*, published by M. Luzel in *Mélusine.*

The *Mabinogion* are quoted from the 1 vol. edition. London, 1877.

M. C.—On the Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish. A series of Lectures by E. O'Curry ; three vols. London, 1873.

Mesca Ulad.—M. U., or the Intoxication of the Ultonians. With translation and introductory notes by W. M. Hennessy, R.I.A., Todd Lecture Series, vol. i, part 1. Dublin, 1889.

Séb.[1] (*Paul Sébillot*).—*Contes populaires de la Haute-Bretagne.* Paris, 1880.

Séb.[2]—*Contes des Paysans et des Pêcheurs.* Paris, 1881.

Séb.[3]—*Contes des Marins.* Paris, 1882.

Troude et Milin.—As Marvailler Brezounek (*Le Conteur Breton*), *ou contes Breton, recueillis par MM. A. Troude et G. Milin, avec le Français en regard.* Brest, 1870.

Zimmer[1].—*Keltische Studien* 5: *Ueber dem compilatorischen Charakter der irischen Sagentexte im sogennanten Lebor na hUidre.* Zeitschrift für vergleichende Sprachforschung. Band xxviii, heft 5, 6. Gütersloh, 1887.

Zimmer[2].—*Keltische Beiträge I: Germanen, germanische Lehnwörter und germanische Sagenelemente in der altesten Ueberlieferung der irischen Heldensage.* Zeitschrift für deutsches Alterthum, vol. xxxii, heft 2. Berlin, 1888.

Zimmer[3].—*Keltische Beiträge II: Brendan's Meerfahrt.* Zeitschrift für deutsches Alterthum, vol. xxxiii, heft 2, 3, 4. Berlin, 1889.[1]

Zimmer G. G. A.—Göttingische gelehrte Anzeigen. (March 1, 1887.) Containing review of D'Arbois de Jubainville's *Essai d'un Catalogue de la Littérature épique de l'Irlande.*

[1] This valuable paper came into my hands just as I was finally revising my proofs. It enabled me to add some important references and afforded welcome confirmation, on many points, of opinions I had arrived at respecting the age of the Irish saga texts.

ALFRED NUTT.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE FENIAN OR OSSIANIC SAGA.

As the heroic tales in this volume belong exclusively to the Fenian or Ossianic saga, I have thought it advisable to preface the Notes by discussing the development of this saga, in opposition to the views of Mr. Skene, which are summed up as follows by Mr. MacInnes:—

"Who were the Fayn? To this question Irish scholars have a ready answer. They maintain that the Fayn were an Irish Militia, raised for the purpose of repelling invaders. They were divided into four bands, one for each of the four provinces into which Ireland was divided. Feunn Mac Cüail, with his sons Ossian and Fergus, his grandson Oscar, and his nephew Caoilte Mac Ronain, were of the Leinster band or the Clanna Boisgne. Feunn, the commander of this band, flourished in the time of Cormac Mac Art, who began his reign in A.D. 226. Such, briefly, is the Irish account of the Fayn. W. F. Skene, the highest living authority on the early history of the Highlands, has investigated the grounds on which this account is founded, and has shown clearly that they are purely fabulous. Besides, he has given an account of his own, of which the following is an outline. He shows from *The Book of the Dean of Lismore*, and a poem on the battle of Gavra in the *Transactions* of the Irish Ossianic Society, that there were Fayn of Lochlann, of Alba, and of Breatann, as well as Fayn of Eirin. Alba is Scotland to the north of the Friths of Forth and Clyde. Breatann is the south of Scotland, including Dumbarton. Lochlann was primarily the country lying along the southern shore of the Baltic, but included latterly Denmark and Norway. Dr. Skene shows that the only people that were connected with these four countries are the Tuath De Danan and the Cruithne. The Tuath De Danan

came from Lochlann to Alba, and founded settlements there. From Alba they went to Eirin, where they were eventually subdued by the Scots. The Cruithne went from Lochlann to Eirin, and from Eirin they came to Alba. The old historic tales bring the Fayn into close connection with the Tuath De Danan. They were also connected with the Cruithne, as is shown in an ancient poem published in Miss Brooke's collection. There is another ancient poem, in which the poet of the Cruithne bears a name very like Ossian. The inference that Dr. Skene draws from these particulars is that the Fayn, whether a military band or not, were of the population that preceded the Scots in Eirin and Alba, and that they belonged to the period when there was free intercourse between the two countries as if they were one, and when race, and not territory, formed the bond of union. We need not, therefore, be surprised at finding their names and exploits localised in both countries."

This theory of Dr. Skene's, summarised by the Rev. D. MacInnes in the foregoing words, has been extended by Mr. D. MacRitchie in three remarkable articles in the *Archæological Review* (Aug.-Oct. 1889), and made the basis of some far-reaching deductions. Mr. MacRitchie sees in the "Fayn" (to use Mr. MacInnes's transliteration) a non-Celtic race, allied to, if not actually corresponding with, the Picts of history. He furthermore holds that this race is the original of the *sidhe* or fairies of Gaelic tradition. He points out (*A. R.*, Oct., 203) that J. F. Campbell was "persuaded of the former existence of a race of men in these islands who were smaller in stature than the Celts, who used stone arrows, lived in conical mounds like the Lapps, knew some mechanical arts, pilfered goods and stole children" (iv, 344), and he has little difficulty in showing the close relations that obtained between the "Fayn" and the Tuatha de Danann, in whom modern research has recognised the dispossessed members of a Celtic Olympus, owning much the same powers and implicated in much the same adventures as the fairies told of by the peasantry of to-day. I propose to examine, firstly, Mr. Skene's theory, then Mr. MacRitchie's corollary,

and, lastly, to state briefly my own views with regard to Finn Mac Cumhail and his band of warriors.

At the outset we must note in what shape or shapes the Fenian tradition exists, and trace its growth as far as is possible. None but a practised Irish scholar with wide knowledge of the MS. literature could do this thoroughly. I can, therefore, claim no finality for the conclusions I arrive at, and shall be content if I induce competent Celtic scholars to take up the subject and thoroughly work it out.

Existing Fenian tradition falls formally into two well-defined classes, according as it is in prose or verse. The slightest examination of the mass of Fenian verse still current or only lately extinct in the Highlands, shows us that we are dealing with a product of partly literary origin, and that we have here the fragmentary remains of a literature preserved in Ireland in more perfect form. It is otherwise with the prose tales. There is community of *märchen* between the Gael of Ireland and the Gael of Scotland, as we should naturally expect, and as will be made apparent throughout the course of these notes; but the impression left upon the mind is not, as is the case with the ballads, that the one set of tales is derived from the other, still less that it is derived from a form that had already assumed a fixed literary shape.

On turning for an explanation of these facts to the history of the tradition, we find that the oldest mentions of Finn to which we can assign, with certainty, an approximate date are those of 10th-11th century Irish "antiquaries", men who made a profession of studying and recording the historical and mythical traditions of the race. Gilla Caemhain, who died in 1072, thus records Finn's death in a chronological poem dealing with the events of history from the beginning of the world to the year 1071:—"Fifty-seven years, without pain, from the battle of Muccrima of the nobles till Find fell by them, though it was treachery, by the spear-points of Urgriu's three sons." (Stokes, *Tripartite Life*, ii, 537.)

The battle of Magh-Mucruimhe, fought by Lughaidh Maccon (Houndson) against Art, son of Conn the Hundred-fighter, in which the latter was slain, is placed by the

A. F. M. in A.D. 195 (p. 109). Tighernach, who died in 1088, enters Finn's death, *s. a.* A.D. 283, as follows: "Finn, grandson of Baisgne, fell by Aichleach, son of Duibhdreann, and the sons of Uirgreann of the Luaighni Teamhrach at Ath-Brea upon the Boyne." Both of these mentions are perhaps partly based upon a verse in the poem on the Fianna by Cinaeth hua Artacain, who died in 985, which is preserved in the *Book of Leinster*, fol. 31*b*:

> "Mongan—a diadem of all generations—
> Fell by the Fiann of Kintyre,
> By the Fiann of Luagne was the death of Find[1]
> At Ath-Brea on the Boyne."[2]

It is certain that Tighernach and his contemporary annalists looked upon Finn as a genuine historical personage of the third century.

The earliest MS. mention of Finn and the Fenians is to be found in the oldest Irish MSS., the *Lebor na h' Uidhre* (**L.U.**), written at the end of the 11th century; the *Book of Leinster* (**L.L.**), written in the middle of the 12th century, and the *Liber Hymnorum*, of the 11th century. As regards the date of the redactions found in these MSS., I accept Professor Zimmer's conclusions (*ZvS.*, 660-680) that **L.U.** was copied from MSS. compiled, possibly by Flann Manistrech, in the early part of the 11th century. It is more difficult to date the redaction of **L.L.** as a whole. Professor Zimmer's contention, that many of the saga-texts preserved therein represent an older redaction than that of **L.U.**, seems justified;

[1] The second half-verse likewise occurs in a four-stanza poem in the historical tract entitled "Aided Finn", printed in Prof. Kuno Meyer's edition of *Cath Finntraga*, pp. 72 *et seq.*, from *Laud* 610, and *Egerton* 1782, both MSS. of the 15th century. Prof. Meyer has kindly communicated to me a MS. translation of this curious tract, which is partly in verse, partly in prose; the verse being, for the most part, of a "mythic" character, containing references to adventures of Finn to which Prof. Meyer knows no allusion elsewhere; whilst the prose is partly "mythical", partly an amplification of the annalistic notices.

[2] I owe this translation to Prof. K. Meyer.

but **L.L.** is a MS. of the most miscellaneous character, and some of its contents may be little, if any, older than the date at which the MS. was written. It should be noted that these two MSS. contain the genealogical and historical poems of the great Irish antiquaries of the 10th and 11th centuries, which are the basis of the entire Irish annalistic scheme.

The references in **L.U.** are as follows (I quote from the *R. I. A.* facsimile) :—

L.U., 11*b*. A poem on the approach of winter, put into Finn's mouth. This is quoted in a commentary on the *Amra Choluim Chilli* of Dallan Forgaill (which is likewise found in the *Liber Hymnorum*) ; in it Find is described as "hu Baiscne" (*A. C. C.*, edited by O'Beirne Crowe, 45). Zimmer, *G. G. A.* 186, calls this passage the oldest testimony to Finn and to the Fenian saga. But as we do not know the date of the commentary —though it is certainly as old as the middle of the 11th century—it is impossible to say whether or no this is earlier than Cinaeth hua Artacain's mention. The *A.C.C.* (23) contains another most important reference to Finn. The commentator is explaining the words diu = long and derc = eye, and quotes as follows: "As Granne, daughter of Cormac, said to Find—

> "'There lives a man,
> On whom I would love to gaze long,
> For whom I would give the whole world,
> All, all, though it is a fraud.'"

I owe this version to Prof. Kuno Meyer. It differs somewhat from the text in **L.U.**, translated by O'Beirne Crowe. As Prof. Meyer points out, this verse containing two words which required explanation in the 11th century presupposes the Grainne and Diarmaid story; one might otherwise suppose this to have been influenced by the tragic 12th-century tale of adultery of which Diarmaid of Leinster was the hero, and which had such far-reaching consequences for Ireland.[1]

[1] Prof. Kuno Meyer will shortly issue in the *Revue Celt.* an inedited Story of Finn and Grainne's Courtship from the *Book*

P. xvi, fol. 41-2. *Fotha Catha Cnucha* ("the cause of the battle of Cnucha"). This tract has been translated by the late W. M. Hennessy, *Rev. Celt.*, ii, 86-91, summarised and discussed by myself, *F. L. R.*, iv, 14-16. Though short, it implies a great part of Fenian tradition as contained in later literature. It wears a sober historical aspect, and is in substantial agreement with the history found in the annals. I do not think it has been noted before that it makes Urgrend a prominent adversary of Finn's father, Cumhall, in the battle of Cnucha, in which the latter was slain. This, in conjunction with the verse quoted from Gilla Caemhain, points to a feud between the family of Urgriu and that of Cumhall, in which the former were twice successful; of this feud the later saga has kept no trace, although even more stress is laid upon it in some of the later annalistic tracts. The other references are of a different character. They celebrate adventures of Finn under the name of Mongan, whom the annalists made an Ulster king of the seventh century, and are brought together, pp. xxv-xxvi, fol. 133-34. The most famous of these has been summarised *M. C.*, iii, 174-76, and *Arbois de Jubainville*, ii, 336-43. It relates a dispute between Mongan-Finn and Dallan Forgaill, which was settled to the advantage of the former by the appearance from the land of shades of Cailte Mac Ronain, who reveals the identity of Mongan with Finn, owing to the former's father not being, as commonly supposed, the mortal Fiachna, but Manannan Mac Lir, one of the Tuatha de Danann.[1] Another short tale relates how Mongan laid Dallan Forgaill under obligation to fetch a precious stone from the fairy mansion of Cnoc Bane, and how the latter fulfilled the

of Lecan. Grainne imposes tasks upon Finn; he accomplishes them with Cailte's help, and wins her, but not her goodwill. This strikes me as an evident *märchen* incident, fitted into a *fixed* saga framework.

[1] O'Curry's summary minimises the supernatural nature of the tale to the utmost. The appearance of Cailte is significant. He plays the same part here as in the Agallamh na Senorach; he is the witness *par excellence* to the history of the Fenians.

behest. Mongan's parentage and dwelling-place (in Antrim) are likewise described. These accounts of Finn-Mongan should be compared with the verse of Cinaeth hua Artacain, cited *supra*, p. 402. The significance of the whole episode is pointed out *infra*, p. 428.

The **L.L.** references are more numerous. I first note those of which an English translation or summary exists :—

P. 37, fol. 154*a*. Poem on the battle of Gabhra, put in Oisin's mouth, translated by O'Curry, *Oss. Soc. I.*, 50.

P. 54, fol. 207*b*. Poem put in Oisin's mouth, analysed *Lect.*, 305, translated by Mr. Whitley Stokes, *Rev. Celt.*, vii, 289 *et seq.*, under title *Find and the Phantoms;* cf. Mr. John Fleming's corrections of the translation, *Academy*, Aug. 24, Sept. 24, 1889.

P. 55, fol. 208*a*. Poem put in Oisin's mouth, translated by Mr. Skene from a 17th century copy, *Lismore*, lxxxv. Mr. Skene opines this describes the capture of a whale, and was written in Scotland. Professor Atkinson describes it as a dream of the chase of a pig.

Other references are—

P. 32, fol. 143*a*. A poem of Gilla in Chomded, who is possibly one of two like-named personages who died in 1103 and 1124 respectively, mentions several incidents of the "Boyish Exploits of Finn", a tract only known to us, as such, in a 15th-century form.

P. 25, fol. 48*b*. *The Exploits of the Men of Leinster against North Ireland* has the following passage :

> "Aed Mac Fidaig fell by the hand of Find,
> From the spear of Fiacail Mac Conchenn,
> For the love he gave to the maiden of Brí Eile.
> By the same spear Find killed
> Culdub Mac Fidga Forfind ;
> By that spear was killed of yore
> Deicell Find, an *aithech* of Erand."[1]

An allusion to this poem is found in the 15th century "Boyish Exploits of Finn" (*Rev. Celt.*, v, 203).

Pp. 50-54, fol. 195-204. Passages in the *Dindsenchas*, a

[1] I owe this translation to Prof. K. Meyer.

topographical tract, which preserves, in abridged form, a number of legends. Cf. *Lect.*, 302. The most interesting of these passages is a long topographical poem put in Finn's mouth, in which he recounts the exploits of Goll mac Morna, and describes in especial how he put the host to sleep by the playing of his harp. Another passage (fol. 195*a*) tells how the lady Moer sent love-nuts to Finn, but he refused to eat them. One of these passages, it may be noted, the *Dind-senchas* of Almu, is partially quoted in the **L.U.** "Fotha Catha Cnucha". Prof. Meyer tells me he thinks that by the Find to whom a poem, fol. 206*a*, is ascribed, Finn Mac Cumhail is meant.

P. 23, fol. 43*a*. Battle of Cnámross, in which Finn helps the Leinster men against Cairpre Liphechair.

P. 40, fol. 160*b*. The Fianna of Melgi kill Aige transformed into a deer.

P. 49, fol. 193*a*. Poem on slaying of Unchi Eochair-bel by Cailte and Oisin, put in Finn's mouth.

P. 54, fol. 207*b*. Poem put in Cailte's mouth, how three strange hunters slay Duban's dog. They first offer their own hound as compensation, but then slay it, and are pursued over sea by the Fianna.

P. 55, fol. 208*a*. Poem put in Cailte's mouth, describing happy days of yore, before the advent of St. Patrick.

P. 55, fol. 208*a*. Poem put in mouth of a follower of Finn's, who sends him out at night to search for water. This is the beginning of a poem found complete, *Rawl. B.* 502, printed and analysed by Prof. Zimmer, *G. G. A.* 184 *et seq.*

P. 68, fol. 296*b*-298*b*. Finn is brought into contact with St. Molling, whom he asks for advice whether he should help the Leinster men against the Borama tribute. Molling says yes, and the battle of Cnámross ensues, in which the Leinster men are successful.

P. 70, fol. 311. The genealogy of Finn.[1]

[1] The questions concerning Finn's genealogy are fully discussed by Prof. Kuno Meyer, *Academy*, Feb. 21, 1885. Prof. Meyer distinguishes three accounts, the **L.U.** one, in which the

P. 80, fol. 396*a*. Genealogy of Diarmaid hua Duibne.

There are two other references of great importance on account of their probable age; they may indeed possibly be the earliest of all. They occur in the so-called *Cormac's Glossary*. Cormac died at the beginning of the 10th century, and there is no reason to doubt that the greater part of the work which goes under his name is his, or is as old as his age. But the *Glossary* as we have it has been interpolated, and as our references do not occur in the **L.L.** fragment, the only really old text, it is impossible to be quite sure of their early date. The references are two: one at p. 38 of Stokes' *Three Irish Glossaries;* one at p. 34, where an extremely curious story is told of Lomna, Finn's fool, detecting an amour of Finn's wife with Coirpre, a champion of Luigne, and being slain by the latter in revenge. If this story is as old as Cormac, it shows that the unfaithfulness of Finn's wife belongs to the oldest stratum of the saga.[1]

The foregoing passages comprise the oldest forms of the Fenian saga as well as the oldest pseudo-historical accounts of Finn, and the 9th to early 11th centuries may be put down, provisionally, as the period in which they were redacted. Few as they are, important deductions may, nevertheless, be made from them. Firstly, they can only be a sample of the extensive mass of poems and tales which must have existed, describing the exploits of the Fenian warriors in quasi-dramatic fashion. No one at the present day contends that the poems ascribed to Finn, to Oisin, to Cailte, and to Fergus are the compositions of these personages, or are anything else than scraps of a saga, related by means of narratives put into the hero's mouth descriptive of adventures in which

descent is only given up to Finn's grandfather, Trenmor; the *Book of Lecan* one (otherwise unknown) which he surmises to be the Munster tradition; and the **L.L.** one, which derives Finn from Nuadu Necht, the fabled ancestor of all the Leinster clans.

[1] Mr. Whitley Stokes informs me that he has little, if any, doubt that these stories belong to the oldest portion of the *Glossary*.

he had taken part. Had these poems and tales not been widely spread the compilers of **L.U.** and **L.L.** would hardly have admitted any of them into their collections. This *a priori* contention is strengthened by an examination of the passages themselves, the majority of which are obviously fragmentary and presuppose considerable masses of tradition. Why the Fenian saga and the pseudo-historic account of Finn are so slightly represented in the oldest MSS. in comparison with the Ultonian saga is a question of the highest importance, to which I shall recur later. Secondly, the saga in this, its earliest, just as in its younger forms, is mythic and romantic, rather than historical and heroic. The latter class of mentions can again be classified under two heads. The annalistic Finn who is placed in the 3rd century—though, as we see, there is discrepancy between the chronology of Gilla Caemhain and that of Tighernach—must be distinguished from the Finn of what may be called the Leinster heroic saga, who figures as a representative of the Leinster tribes in their conflict with the remainder of Ireland, in especial with Ulster, and who comes in contact with St. Moling, who died in 696.[1] Thirdly, all these early mentions of Finn connect him with the south of Ireland: the majority are in the *Book of Leinster;* Cormac was Bishop of Cashel in Munster; Finn's dwelling-place is at Almu in Kildare. There is one exception, but an important one. The Mongan story found in **L.U.** (an Ulster MS.) locates Finn in Antrim. This story also connects him prominently with Dallan Forgaill, the disciple of Columba, and therefore probably an Ulsterman. The significance of this fact will be brought out later. Fourthly, the activity of Finn and his companions is wholly restricted to

[1] I follow Prof. Atkinson's summary of **L.L.** in identifying the Molling of the **L.L.** Borama tribute tract with the 7th century saint. O'Curry, *M. C.*, ii, 384, distinguishes two Molings, an earlier Molling the Swift, and the Saint; but, from the details given by Prof. Atkinson, it seems certain that the writers of the tract thought of Finn's interlocutor as the well-known 7th century saint.

Ireland, with the single exception of the **L.L.** Cailte story about the over-sea hunters. In this, and in the poem put in Cailte's mouth descriptive of the happy pre-Patrician days, we have the first germs of the two most fruitful *motifs* in the later development of the saga; we also find in Cormac's Lomna story and in the *Amra Choluim Chille* verse put in Grainne's mouth a clear indication of another most important incident, the faithless wife; and in the topographical poem assigned to Finn by the *Dindsenchas* we have the model upon which a large portion of the later texts of the cycle are, formally, constructed.

To sum up: an examination of the oldest passages in which Finn is mentioned discloses three main modes of considering him—a pseudo-historic or annalistic mode, a heroic-saga mode, and a mythic-saga or romantic mode, the latter of which are, chronologically, in disaccord with the former. The 10th century saga in its mythic form is of the same essential nature, and possesses in germ the most characteristic features of the later legend.

Before proceeding further I must state my opinion concerning the earliest Irish annals. These seem to me to be the outcome of the same movement which in England produced first Nennius and then Geoffrey, and which disseminated the legend of their Trojan origin throughout all the nations of Western and Northern Europe. Gilla Caemhain, one of the main builders up of this artificial scheme, translated Nennius into Irish, a fact the significance of which has hardly been rightly estimated. Every Celtic tribe possessed traditions, both mythical and historical, the former of substantially the same character, the latter necessarily varying. Myth and history acted and re-acted upon each other, and produced heroic saga, which may be defined as myth tinged and distorted by history. The largest element is, as a rule, supplied by myth, so that the varying heroic sagas of the various portions of a race have always a great deal in common. These heroic sagas, together with the official or semi-official mythologies of the pre-Christian Irish, are the subject-matter of the annals; they were thrown into a purely

artificial chronological shape by men familiar with Biblical and Classic history. A framework was thus created into which almost the entire mass of native legend was gradually fitted, whilst the genealogies of the race were modelled, or it may be remodelled, in accord with it. In studying the Irish sagas we may banish entirely from our mind all questions as to the "truth" of the early portions of the annals. The subject-matter of the latter is mainly mythical, the mode in which it has been treated is literary. What residuum of historic "truth" may still survive can be but infinitesimal.

The next stage in the development of the Fenian saga, one of full maturity, is best represented by the longest of all the texts of the cycle, the *Agallamh na Senorach*, or Discourse of the Old Men. The oldest MS., according to Prof. Zimmer (*G. G. A.* 192), is *Laud* 610, of the beginning of the 15th century, and the two next oldest are *Rawl. B.* 487, and the *Book of Lismore*, both of the same century. Formally, the *Ag. n. S.* belongs to the same class as the *Dindsenchas*. It is largely a topographical enumeration, the mention of each place-name giving rise to the narrative of some particular exploit of the Fenian heroes. It differs in important respects from the Highland ballads, the oldest collection of which, the *Book of the Dean of Lismore*, belongs to the early 16th century. This has been reprinted by J. F. Campbell, together with all the more important variants collected orally in the Highlands from that date to 1871, in the *Leabhar na Feinne*. This ballad literature consists of a vast number of disconnected adventures, which frequently duplicate each other, strung on a loose thread, much as follows: The slaying of Cumhall by the tribes of Morna, in which Scandinavians were concerned, so that these obtained footing in Ireland. The forest upbringing of Finn, his recovery of his father's possessions, his peace with the tribe of Morna, his sway over the Feinne, his conflicts with invading Norsemen, and with all sorts of mythical opponents; his conquests of Britain and most of Europe; his quarrel with Cormac, High-King of Ireland; the renewal of the blood-feud with Goll, the leader of the tribe of Morna;

the death of Goll; the flight of Diarmaid with Graine, Finn's wife; the pursuit and death of Diarmaid; the quarrel of Oscar, Finn's grandson, with Cairbre, son of Cormac; the final catastrophe of Gabhra, in which both sides exterminate each other; the passing of all the heroes save Oisin and Cailte, who survive to Christian times, and relate the story of their fights and loves to St. Patrick.[1]

It is difficult to fix a date for the redaction of the oldest forms of this, the second stage of the Fenian saga. The diplomatic evidence only reaches back, as we see, to the fourteenth century, and that for *Ag. na S.* only. But I venture to think that the texts are older. One of the most characteristic features of this stage of the saga is the prominence of the *Lochlannach*, whom the saga writers undoubtedly identified with the Norse invaders of Ireland during the eighth-tenth centuries. Two personages who frequently appear are "Manus", an older mythic figure, who has borrowed features from the historical Magnus Barelegs (+ 1103), and Murachaidh Mac Brian, son of Brian Boroimhe, the victor of Clontarf. This gives the eleventh century as a terminus *a quo*. I would place the great outburst of Fenian saga in the following century. I cannot help connecting it in some way with that spread of the

[1] The chief points of difference between *Ag. na S.* and the ballads are these. *Ag. na S.* is largely in prose; in it Cailte is the chief narrator, in the ballads, Oisin; in *Ag. na S.* Cailte is on perfectly good terms with Patrick, whilst in the ballads Oisin is perpetually reviling the Christians and lamenting the glory of the pre-monkish days; in *Ag. na S.* the *locale* is still mainly Irish. A very common motif in *Ag. na S.* is the opening of the grave of a Fenian hero and the rifling of its treasures, which leads to a narrative of the hero's exploits. I have noted eight such instances of tomb-despoiling in the *Book of Lismore* version. I cannot but connect this feature of the saga with the well-known grave-rifling practices of the Norse invaders. *Ag. na S.* mentions a number of Patrick's miracles. It should be possible to fix the date at which these came into the saga by comparison with the Latin lives, the order of which has been settled with fair accuracy.

Brythonic saga which yielded to the poets and story-tellers of Western Europe the material of the Arthurian romance. Some suggestive parallels may indeed be drawn between the Welsh heroic ballads, placing as they do the recital of the chief saga-events in the mouth of an aged survivor, *e. g.* Myrddin or Llywarch Hên, and the Ossianic ballads. I also believe that the curious revival of pagan, or at least of anti-clerical spirit, so marked a feature of the ballads, fits the twelfth better than the succeeding centuries. But my chief reason for holding fast to this date is the conviction that both *Ag. na S.* and ballads must have been composed at a time when the recollection of the Norse invasion was still fresh in the popular mind. If this contention be admitted, the fourteenth and fifteenth century texts would stand to the original redaction of the second stage of the saga much as the **L.U.** and **L.L.** texts stand to the original redaction of the first stage.[1]

One characteristic of this second stage has been noticed —the prominence given to foreign invasion, especially to invasion from Lochlann. Whereas the tenth-century Fenian saga is almost exclusively Irish in *locale*, that of the twelfth century embraces not only North-Western Britain but all North-Western Europe. The saga, by thus adapting itself to tenth century history, is in reality more anachronistic than the earlier stage, in which Finn seeks counsel of the seventh-century St. Moling. But, curiously enough, if this fundamental anachronism be overlooked, the annals agree more closely in details with the second than with the first stage. The reason is not far to seek. By the twelfth century the Irish annals and the vast complex of genealogy based upon them had been fully developed; well-nigh every fragment of tribal tradition, as distinguished from simple

[1] Mr. MacBain tells me that he is inclined to date this second stage from the 13th rather than the 12th century. He grounds his opinion upon the sequence of events in the Western Isles. In the second half of the 13th century the Gael regained supremacy in the Isles, and he traces to this the renascence of the Gaelic saga throughout Gaelic Scotland.

folk-lore, had been fitted into the framework of Eochaidh hua Flainn and his successors. The men to whom this was due were the historians and genealogists attached to every petty chief, and the professional antiquary families who collected and transcribed MSS., and instructed pupils in the historic lore of the race. Now, these men were in close contact with the professional bards and story-tellers, to whom must be ascribed the metrical fixing of the Fenian saga; the latter, thoroughly familiar with the annals, accepted them with enthusiastic respect, and doctored tradition in accordance with them to the extent of their power. Thus the remodelled saga derived part of its material from the genuine recent history of the race, whilst part came from the ever more and more elaborated pseudo-older history. By far the larger portion, however, was supplied by semi-mythic tradition. Two-thirds at least of the adventures in which Finn and his peers take part involve the supernatural, and bring on to the scene personages and incidents belonging to the official or popular Celtic mythology. This second stage may then, like the first, be classified under three heads: (1) the annalistic account, which is coherent and consistent as far as it goes, though it loses both qualities by being inextricably mixed up with (2) the heroic saga and (3) the mythic saga accounts. Of these (3) is substantially the same as in the first stage. But (2) the heroic saga has been completely modified. Finn is no longer the tribal Leinster hero warring especially against Ulster—he is the leader of all Gaeldom warring against the over-sea invaders. The significance of this fact will be brought out later.

Such, then, being the constituents of the saga, the next point is the character of the men by whom it was remodelled in a shape that has partly survived to the present day. These, as already stated, were the *ollamhs*, the professional poets and story-tellers, of whom every chieftain had one or more at his court. Familiar with the science of the day, *i.e.* the annalistic and genealogical lore, the vague historical and geographical notions concerning all that was not Ireland, the fragments of classical and Biblical legend extant in Irish,

they remodelled the saga in accordance with their science. But they were men of the folk, they had drunk in the folk-tradition with their mother's milk, they told the tales to men familiar as themselves with their contents, and who would have brooked no serious alteration therein. Hence, in spite of its semi-literary aspect, in spite of its transformation to suit new historioal conditions, the Fenian saga is on the whole a genuine product of Celtic tradition. Brythonic romance fell into the hands of strangers, Gaelic romance grew up among and with the Gael; if Arthurian legend, passing through the minds of men of a different civilisation, acquired more varied and subtler beauties, the lays in which Ossian or Cailte depict the glories of the Feinne are a more authentic monument of Celtic folk-belief and folk-fancy.

From the twelfth century onwards the Ossianic saga has developed upon the lines laid down for it by the bards of that day. No great incident of the race-history enters into the saga after the Norse invasion. Finn never fights against Normans, nor does he take part in the innumerable struggles which, undeterred by the presence of a foreign enemy, every Irish tribe continued to wage with all others. This, to my mind, is another proof that the saga was substantially fixed before the Norman Conquest had wrought itself into the popular consciousness. It also indicates that the antagonism of Fenian and Lochlannach is something more than the historic shock of two rival races. The historic event has usurped here, as is so often the case, the place of a mythic event; what that latter was we shall see later. In the meantime it suffices to note that the semi-literary growth of the saga during the sixteenth-eighteenth centuries differs in quantity but not in quality from that found in the fourteenth and fifteenth century texts.

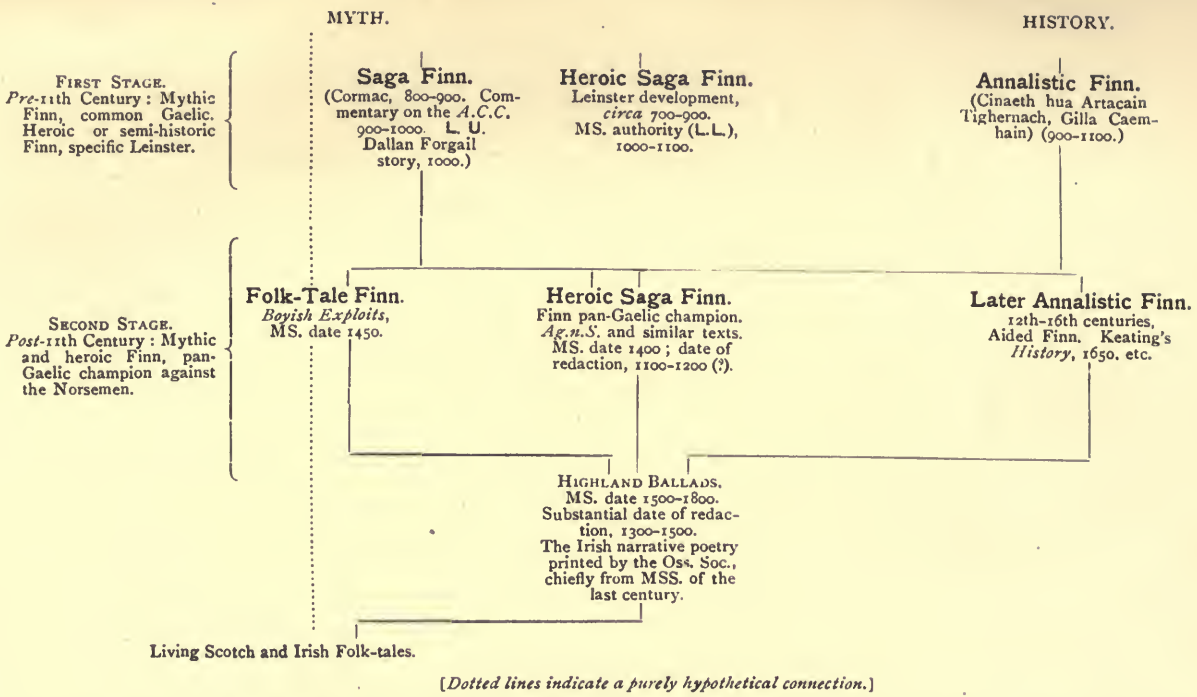
Side by side with the semi-literary development there took place, I maintain, a genuinely popular development of the saga; the former was mainly in verse, whilst the latter was probably wholly in prose. The *ollamh* heard the fireside tales about Finn, and retold them, as befitted an educated man who had his annals and his sacred and profane history at

his fingers'-ends; but the tales themselves continued to be told, innocent of all such adornments and sophistications, Therein Finn and his comrades retained their pristine, wizard, mythic shape. That tales such as these abound to the present day, both in the Highlands and in Ireland, is, of course, no proof of the development I contend for. These popular versions are, it is asserted, the semi-literary forms in their last stage of decay. I can only bring forward one piece of evidence in favour of my view, but then it is, I venture to think, conclusive. The **L.U.** tract, "Fotha Catha Cnucha", has already been alluded to; it gives the tenth century annalistic version of certain episodes in Finn's career. Other versions exist besides: a fifteenth century one ("The Boyish Exploits of Finn Mac Cumhail"), made up of two distinct portions, an annalistic opening, embodying a different account from that of the **L.U.** tract, followed by a piece of genuine folk-lore; a seventeenth century semi-literary version ("The Fight of Castle Knoc"), the annalistic portion of which differs both from the fifteenth and the eleventh century tracts, whilst the romantic portion agrees substantially with the "Boyish Exploits", though differences exist which point to another tradition having been followed; and a modern folk-lore version ("How the 'Een was set up"), which contains next to no annalistic traces. I have summarised and commented upon all these versions in my paper on the "Aryan Expulsion-and-Return-Formula among the Celts" (*Folk-Lore Record*, vol. iv). The formula in question is obtained from the comparison of numerous mythical and heroic legends found amongst the Greeks (the stories of Perseus and of Theseus), the Sanskrit-speaking peoples of India, the ancient Persians (Cyrus), the Romans (Romulus and Remus), and all branches of the Teutons (Siegfried, Wolfdietrich). Of the four Celtic versions mentioned above, the one which conforms most completely to the formula is the living folk-tale, whilst the oldest version conforms so slightly, that it is necessary to put it side by side with the other versions, and eke out its incidents by their help, to show that it really belongs to this group at all. Of the

fifteenth century version, the first, or annalistic, portion does not conform *at all*, whilst the second portion has the most complete set of formula incidents for the section of the story it relates. There can be but one inference from these facts. The oldest version is a folk-tale arranged so as to fit it into an artificial heroic saga; the folk-tale itself continued current, but was not noted till several centuries later, and was then tacked on to a bit of pseudo-history; it is only in the present century that the tale has been published in a genuine popular form, and has thus proved itself a variant of a heroic legend noted among all branches of the Aryan race, and at all periods, from 1000 B.C. to 1100 A.D.

I have endeavoured to make the foregoing investigations somewhat plainer by exhibiting them graphically on the next page.

Hitherto I have referred more especially to forms of the Fenian saga found in Irish MSS. or collected on Irish soil, but in this connection Celtic Scotland may be regarded as part of Ireland, or, rather, the two combined form Gaeldom. Nevertheless, the fact emphasised at the outset of this note must be kept steadily in view: of the two forms in which the saga has reached us, the one, which is at once semi-literary and semi-popular, owes its semi-literary features probably wholly to Gaels of Ireland. The *ollamhs* of the latter country were *the* literary class of their race, and their compositions were eagerly welcomed in Scotland. It is, indeed, possible that a portion, even a large portion, of the great mass of Ossianic ballads collected in Scotland may be the actual composition of singers born in the country, but these were thoroughly impregnated with the spirit of Irish court-poetry, as it may be called; they worked upon the same lines, and were, in fact, members of the same school as the Irish bards. Scotch Ossianic saga of this class is chiefly interesting as enabling us to study the partly oral diffusion of a semi-literary product. It is otherwise with the other, the popular forms. It is inevitable that these, if never fixed metrically or otherwise, must be somewhat differentiated in the course of time, even among the most closely allied


MYTH.
HISTORY.
First Stage.
Pre-11th Century: Mythic Finn, common Gaelic. Heroic or semi-historic Finn, specific Leinster.
Saga Finn.
(Cormac, 800-900. Commentary on the A.C.C. 900-1000. L. U. Dallan Forgail story, 1000.)
Heroic Saga Finn.
Leinster development, circa 700-900. MS. authority (L. L.), 1000-1100.
Annalistic Finn.
(Cinaeth hua Artacain Tighernach, Gilla Caemhain) (900-1100.)
Second Stage.
Post-11th Century: Mythic and heroic Finn, pan-Gaelic champion against the Norsemen.
Folk-Tale Finn.
Boyish Exploits, MS. date 1450.
Heroic Saga Finn.
Finn pan-Gaelic champion. Ag.n.S. and similar texts. MS. date 1400; date of redaction, 1100-1200 (?).
Later Annalistic Finn.
12th-16th centuries, Aided Finn. Keating's History, 1650. etc.
Highland Ballads.
MS. date 1500-1800. Substantial date of redaction, 1300-1500. The Irish narrative poetry printed by the Oss. Soc., chiefly from MSS. of the last century.
Living Scotch and Irish Folk-tales.

[*Dotted lines indicate a purely hypothetical connection.*]

The greater or less nearness to the right or left side indicates the greater or less preponderance of the Myth or History element. The term "historical" applied to elements in the saga does not necessarily imply that these are actual derivations of fact, merely that they were looked upon as such by the annalists and antiquaries.

branches of the same race. The question then arises whether the Scotch and Irish popular forms stand to each other in the same relation as the Scotch and Irish semi-literary forms, or whether they are not variants, equally authoritative, of themes common to all members of the Gaelic race. To my mind no satisfactory answer has as yet been made to this question; it is doubtful if we have sufficient evidence upon which to base a perfectly satisfactory answer. In the following notes I shall attempt to collect the evidence—in so far as provided by the Tales printed in this collection—as fully, and to examine it as impartially, as I can. I may remark, once for all, that, as the semi-literary form of the saga, the ballads, enjoyed great popularity throughout the Highlands, it is inevitable that it should have influenced the popular forms to some extent, especially in the names of personages, and what may be called framework incidents.

Applying the foregoing consideration to Mr. Skene's theory, it is seen to be based upon texts of that secondary stage of the Fenian saga which I have assigned to the twelfth century, or, in many cases, upon texts of still later date. Two features have been shown to characterise this stage—the agreement in details with the annals, and the non-Irish *locale* of much of the saga. Now, Mr. Skene has argued repeatedly, and with great acuteness, against the authenticity of the pre-fourth century Irish annals; it is strange, then, to find him professing such respect and building such far-reaching theories upon texts which, as Campbell frequently remarks throughout the *Leabhar na Feinne*, are, historically, in complete accord with Keating and other Irish historians.

If the evidence of these texts is worth anything it must be taken as a whole, whereas Mr. Skene utterly rejects their precise and definite historical indications—rightly, in my opinion—and accepts, nay, exaggerates their loose and vague ethnological indications—wrongly, in my opinion. As for the non-Irish *locale*, it is the simple outcome of the conditions under which these versions were composed. The strife of Fenian and Lochlannach dominates this stage of

the saga, and as these Lochlannach were identified by the bard with the Norse invaders of Ireland, he necessarily threw in all the historical and geographical knowledge about Norway at his command. In this respect the Fenian saga obeyed the same impulses as the French Carolingian- and the Brythonic Arthur-sagas. The historical basis of the former are the deeds of a man who was never farther east than the Adriatic; what historical basis there may be for the latter are the deeds of a man who was never outside the British Isles. Yet the later Carolingian saga sends the great emperor to Constantinople; later Arthurian romance brings all Europe under Arthur's sway, and sends the father of Parzival knight-erranting at the court of the Soldan of Babylon. It would be as safe to build historical theories upon these fancies of the romance writers as upon those of twelfth century Irish *ollamhs*.

A concrete example will make this plain. The Oss. Soc. "Battle of Gabhra", in the passage of which Mr. Skene makes such effective use, tells, it is true, concerning Fians of Alban, of Lochlin, and of Breatan—the **L.L.** version, it should be noted, knows nothing of such allies of Oscur's—but the same poem (i, 75), states that the Fenians were on their way to Rome, and the earlier *Lismore* version has the following passage:

> "From India far in the east
> To Fodla here in the west,
> The kings did all own our sway
> Till the battle of Gaura was fought." (36-37.)

Mr. Skene would be the first to ridicule the hypothesis of continental conquests of Finn, or of a world-wide Fenian empire. Yet the evidence in favour of such an hypothesis is of precisely the same nature as that in virtue of which Finn is represented as the leader of armies drawn from England, Scotland, and Norway, as well as from Ireland.

In so far, then, as the theories of Mr. Skene and Mr. MacRitchie are based upon semi-literary poems of the twelfth and following centuries, they seem to me to lack all solid basis. The saga-history and geography are those of

the twelfth, and not of the third or fourth century. What is more, the history and geography are what they are, to a large extent, in virtue of a mistake. It is because the poet identified the *Lochlannach* with the Norseman that he gave the remodelled saga the historic setting he did. But I am firmly convinced that this twelfth century identification is as baseless as the tenth century fables of the Trojan origin of the Britons, that Prof. Rhys's brilliant conjecture is right, and that "Lochlann, like the Welsh Llychlyn, before it came to mean the home of the Norsemen, denoted a mysterious country in the lochs and seas" (*Hib. Lect.*, 355). The opponents of Finn and his peers were, originally, no oversea warriors, but Underworld deities, and the strife between the two is a variant of that between the Tuatha de Danann and the Fomorians, they, also, powers of the sea, who were euhemerised by ninth century Irish science into pirates, just as Mannanan Mac Lir, the Irish Neptune, was euhemerised into a wealthy ship-owner, living in the Isle of Man.

The objections that can be urged against the Skene-MacRitchie views of Finn are equally valid against two other attempts to disengage the historical element in the Fenian saga. San-Marte (Geheimrath Alb. Schulz), in his *Beiträge zur breton. und celtisch-germ. Heldensage* (Quedlinburg, 1847), has claimed Finn as a Germanic importation, whilst Mr. Duncan Campbell, in a suggestive but reckless article, *The Imperial Idea in early British History* (Trans. of the Inverness Soc., 1888), regards him as a Gaelic Gwledig, the leader, like Arthur, of a militia modelled upon the Roman legion, and traces in the Fenian saga the reflex of the continental campaigns and continental empire of Carausius and Maximus. San-Marte insists upon the relation between the Fenians and Norsemen; upon the fact that many of the episodes of the saga are abduction-tales of the same kind as what he has called the *Nordseesagenkreis*—North-Sea heroic cycle—*i.e.*, the mediæval German epic of Gudrun and its Scandinavian variants; lastly, upon the appearance of a Finn in the Anglo-Saxon mythic genealogies. He finds the historic basis of the saga in a Scandinavian militia, which

tyrannised over and finally came in conflict with the Irish chiefs, whilst such elements as are not historical are derived from German myth and hero-saga. The first reason falls to the ground, if the views I have urged be accepted. As for the second, the *Iliad* is also an abduction-saga, but it does not, therefore, belong to the *Nordseesagenkreis*. The poets of the remodelled Fenian cycle were doubtless well acquainted with oversea raids which had the capture of women as their object. Nor am I at all concerned to deny that the twelfth century Irish poets may have become acquainted, to some extent, with Teutonic sagas, and may have, to some extent, imitated particular episodes. As for the third reason, a mere similarity of name is all too slight a basis upon which to build ethnological theories. Mr. Campbell, indeed, cites this very fact as an example of the importance of the Finn-story among the pre-fifth century population of Britain. Finn must have been popular for the Saxons to have borrowed him. In other respects Mr. Campbell's theory, whilst enabling him to accept the wildest extravagance of late mediæval story-tellers—it being impossible to say in what part of Europe the legionaries of Maximus may not have wandered—as reflexes of historic fact, compels him to entirely throw overboard every fragment of the Irish annalistic account, so that here, as in Mr. Skene's case, the facts of tradition are arbitrarily discriminated, those alone being accepted which fit into a preconceived theory, instead of a theory being elaborated which will account for them all.

Nothing, to my mind, in the Fenian texts, as we possess them, warrants the conclusion that the Fenians were aught else but Gaels, or that the legends concerning them are aught else but Gaelic, just as the legends of Arthur are Brythonic. There are obvious and very close parallels between these two cycles of heroic legend. But all cycles of heroic legend, no matter among what races they be found, offer parallels, and these are closer among the various races of the Aryan group, and, necessarily, closest among the various sections of each special Aryan race. That Gael and Brython

should relate the fortunes of a favourite race-hero in much the same way has nothing that need cause wonderment—the contrary would be the surprising fact. What should be noticed is, that the two cycles have actually *borrowed* very little—the Arthur cycle, perhaps, not at all—from each other: a clear sign that both were developed whilst such traditions were still essentially a tribal, in contradistinction to a general literary possession.

But whilst Mr. MacRitchie's contention that the Feinne were Finns, or some other non-Celtic people, must be rejected decisively, his further contention that they are the same as the Picts, and both the prototypes of the *sidhe* or fairies, deserves careful consideration. The mention of the Picts raises interesting questions. It reminds us, in the first place, that Mr. Stuart Glennie claimed the Fenian saga as distinctively Pictish (*Arth. Loc.*, ch. iv). Now, historically, we know but little of the Picts; substantially only three facts: (1) the Picts had a custom of succession through females, which was dying out when it comes before us in history: this would make for their being non-Aryans—(2) the Fortrenn king-name list is partly non-Aryan, partly Celtic, the Celtic portion being Brythonic rather than Gaelic; but then we know that Fortrenn was at least as much Brythonic as Pictish—(3) In the eleventh and twelfth centuries the populations of the larger Pictland are found speaking Gaelic, and have to a great extent continued to do so to the present day; but then the same fact obtains in the case of populations whom we know to have been Brythonic in race and speech at an earlier period. These facts do not then lead us very far. The probabilities are that the Picts were an early stream of Celtic immigration; that they had absorbed a number of non-Celtic peoples, and had adopted some of their customs. It is more likely that they were akin racially to the Gael than to the Brythons, but it is certain they had mingled with the latter, and that their speech so far differed from that of either race as to be unintelligible without special study. If we turn to Mr. Stuart Glennie's results, based upon the occurrence of topographical names belonging to the Fenian saga, we are

likewise not much advanced; certainly not to the extent that he claims. He has shown, and convincingly shown, that there are two well-defined districts of traditional topography in Scotland; the one Arthurian, occupying what we now call the Lowlands and Borderland; the other Fenian, occupying the central Western Highlands and Isles. But this latter district is the one known to have been occupied from the fifth century onwards by the Irish Gaels (the Scots) who ultimately extended their hegemony over Northern Britain, thanks partly to whose kinghood, partly to the missionary labours of the Irish Church, it was, that Scotland, from being half Brythonic, half Pictish, became, in tongue at least, Gaelic. In the larger Pictland, *i.e.*, roughly speaking, in modern Perth, Aberdeen, and Inverness, we find a few Fenian localities, but we also find a few Arthurian localities; whereas Arthurian Scotland proper is free of Fenian, Fenian Scotland proper free of Arthurian names. It is true that Mr. Stuart Glennie has an ingenious theory to account for the presence of the Arthur-tradition in Pictland, while he practically assumes that the Fenian localities of Dalriada are older than the Dalriadic immigration. But I would urge that, if the facts be considered without any prepossession, it is the simplest course to assume that the invading Scots brought their legends with them and localised them in their fresh home. I do not, of course, overlook the fact that the Scots were near neighbours of the Irish Picts, but the hypothesis that the Fenian saga is originally Pictish (in the sense of non-Gaelic), and that the Scots of Ireland got it from the Picts, whether of Ireland or of Scotland, instead of the Scotch Picts getting it from the invading Irish Scots, seems to me so opposed to all we know of the growth of the saga, that I cannot hold it worthy serious discussion.

Historically, then, I see nothing to connect the Fenians with the Picts, meaning by the latter the inhabitants at a certain well-defined period of certain well-defined districts of Scotland and Ireland. If these latter were Gaels, they probably, nay almost certainly, possessed the Gaelic saga of Finn, but we have no evidence on the point. Nor is there, I believe,

any historical evidence that the Picts were the short, dark, uncannily skilful folk postulated by Mr. MacRitchie's theory. But the examples which he has collected from living folk-lore, together with similar items of evidence—for instance, the well-known tradition of the Pictish art of brewing beer from heather—show that this conception of them has implanted itself in the folk-mind, and, moreover, that in several respects it is akin to the popular conception of the fairies. Mr. MacRitchie also shows that the *Wars of the Gaedhil with the Gaill*, a text of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, uses the word *fianna* as equivalent with *sithchuire*, and speaks of both Fenians and fairies as possessing secret places, presumably for the concealment of treasure. In the same passage underground treasures are likewise spoken of, and the whole is referred by Mr. MacRitchie to the hill-dwellings assigned throughout Irish tradition to the fairies, historical prototypes of which he seeks for in the conical mound-huts of a non-Celtic race. Mr. MacRitchie has, further, no difficulty in adducing instances from the Fenian texts of the close connection between Finn warriors and the fairy folk.

Of the two points here raised only the latter concerns the present inquiry. Whenever the fairy mythology of the Celts comes to be exhaustively discussed, the question as to its derivation in certain proportions from distorted recollections of alien and inimical races must not be overlooked, and the nature of the mediæval and modern Scotch traditions concerning the Picts will need the closest scrutiny. The evidence of the Fenian texts in nowise, however, favours an historical basis for the conception of fairydom. Throughout the whole of the saga the Fenians are essentially a mythic folk; the historical element found in the oldest stage known to us is obviously artificial; the historical element in the secondary stage is equally artificial, and anachronistic as well. But the first element may possibly contain some admixture of the *fact*, the presence of which differentiates heroic saga from pure myth. In other words, the lives and deeds of certain second-fourth century Irish warriors

may have had some influence upon the mythic sagas of one branch of the Irish race, and helped them to assume the shape they did. The historical element of the secondary stage has, again, a certain relative truth : it is the outcome in the minds of twelfth century singers of events which we know to have occurred. Ireland was exposed to Viking raids, and Irishmen raided in their turn ; the Gaels of Ireland and Scotland were in perpetual contact with each other, and with the other Celtic races of Britain. But neither of these historical elements can be brought into line with the fairy belief. The latter is much older than the eighth-tenth centuries, when the events reflected in the secondary stage of the Fenian saga were taking place, being, as it virtually is, the same belief as that entertained concerning the Tuatha dé Danann. Now the Tuatha Dé belong to the very oldest stratum of Irish saga-telling, which had assumed substantially the shape it now wears by the seventh century at the latest. Historical elements in the Fenian cycle, due to events of the ninth to the eleventh centuries, cannot then possibly be the origin of beliefs which had assumed a fixed and quasi-literary shape many generations before. As for the earlier historical notices of Finn and his comrades their nature is self-evident ; they are tribal, mythic traditions euhemerised, possibly with the help of a few genuine names and incidents of the period to which they are ascribed. In so far as they are *historical* (*i.e.*, a record of actual fact) they contain nothing which could originate the fairy belief. So far as they are mythic they contain nothing to show that the fairy belief they exemplify ever had historic fact for its originating cause.

My own views of this cycle of heroic tradition are practically implied in the criticism of other theories, but it may be well to restate them briefly. The tales of Finn and his fellow-warriors are Gaelic variants of tales common to all Celtic, to all Aryan, indeed, to the great majority of all human races. They are essentially Gaelic, being found wherever there is a Gaelic population, and practically only where there is a Gaelic population. Scotch evidence seems

partly to contradict this statement, as the Fenian saga flourishes now, and has probably flourished for very many centuries, among Pictish populations. But, in the first place, the racial affinities of the Picts have not been determined with precision; and, in the second place, the populations in question have been Gaelicised for probably a thousand years, with such effect that their speech in no wise differs from that of other Gaels. There would therefore be nothing to surprise in their having assimilated the racial traditions as well as the tongue of their Gaelic conquerors. These tales are essentially mythic, *i.e.* they involve the supernatural, and are made up of incidents common to the mythopoeic stage of story-telling through which all Aryan, and many non-Aryan, races have passed. They first come before us in redactions to which the date 800-900 A.D. may be provisionally assigned; they are then partially euhemerised, and possibly—though this can never be determined with precision—contaminated by the admixture of historic fact, such admixture being supplied by the lives of men living in Ireland. Whether the tribal sagas were disregarded by the poets and story-tellers until such contamination took place—and this really happened later than in the case of the Ulster saga-cycle—or whether, as is more probable, the Finn tales belonged to a different tribe from that which celebrated the fortunes of Cuchullain and his compeers, certain it is that the one cycle was introduced into the corpus of Irish legend at a later date than the other. Either of the two reasons above suggested is sufficient to account for this fact, but we can, as it happens, suggest a very plausible explanation for this perplexing element in the Ossianic problem. As a rule, the spread of a national heroic tradition is mainly determined by political considerations. Thus the spread of the Arthur romances throughout Europe coincides with the establishment of an Angevin empire, of which the centre of gravity was in England.[1] We saw above that the historical elements in the older stage of the

[1] Cf. Jos. Jacobs, *Æsop*, i, 185.

saga belong to Southern Ireland. The second stage, on the contrary, is dominated by the strife of Fenian against Norsemen; and among the personages frequently met with are Brian Boru, and his son Murachaidh. Now, Brian was a Munster chieftain who wrested for a while the head-kingship of Ireland from the Ulster race of the Hy Neill; and he, with his son Murachaidh, were valiant adversaries of the Norsemen. Is it too bold a hypothesis that Brian's success gave that pre-eminence to the Southern saga which had previously been enjoyed by the Northern heroic traditions, that he thereby became identified with its after development, and that the incidents of his career helped it to assume the shape it did? It may be objected that the Finn saga was especially a Leinster product, and that Brian had no greater adversaries than the Leinstermen; but this objection is in reality an argument. In becoming the official pan-Irish saga, the story of Finn would probably in any case have put off its local Leinster character, but the transformation was hastened and intensified by the fact that the Southern Irishmen who gave it pre-eminence were not of that Southern Irish clan which had given the saga its earlier heroic form. The tales which the Munster *ollamhs* had to tell were less contaminated by historic admixture than would have been the case with Leinster reciters; for that very reason they offered free scope to the imaginative powers of the 12th-century poets. The same reason commended the Arthur romances to the singers of North France; they found the foreign tales more plastic than those of Charlemagne and his peers. Another objection may be raised: throughout the foregoing pages it has been tacitly assumed that we find in Scotland two stages of Fenian saga, one due to the 12th-century Irish forms, one due to those earlier traditions which the 5th-6th century Scots brought with them from Ireland. Now the Scots came from the North of Ireland. If, then, the Fenian saga is essentially South Irish, and only pan-Irish from the 11th century on, how came the 6th-century Scots to know anything of it? In the first place, that which is essentially Southern Irish is the historic development of the

saga—the mythic groundwork was probably common to all sections of Gaeldom. We are, therefore, quite justified in assuming that the Northern Scots took with them mythic tales of Finn, tales to which comparatively little attention was paid by the Northern antiquaries and bards, to whom the oldest collections of Gaelic tradition are due, because in the North they had not been worked up into historic, heroic form, as was the case among the Southerners. Nay more; the facts, few as they are, which relate to the earliest stages of Fenian tradition, allow us to convert the assumption into reasonable certitude, and indicate one of the ways by which the tradition became known throughout Scotland. An **L.U.** story, as we saw *supra*, p. 405, locates Finn-Mongan in Antrim, whilst the 10th-century annalist, Cinaeth hua Artacain, makes Mongan a distinct personage from Finn, and ascribes his death to Fiann of Kintyre, *i.e.*, a district of South-Western Scotland. I take it that Cinaeth had before him conflicting accounts of Finn, one of which connected him, under the name of Mongan, with Scotland. He solved the difficulty, after the manner of himself and of his fellow euhemerising annalists, by making two pseudo-historical personages out of the varying saga-traditions concerning Finn which were known to him. Stories connecting Finn with Scotland would seem to have been current before the middle of the 10th century at the latest.

The **L.U.** story further connects Finn with Dallan Forgaill, the 6th-century disciple of Columba, the founder of Iona and the apostle to the Picts of Scotland. Again, two of the oldest references to Finn are found in a commentary upon the *Amra Chol. Ch.* of Dallan Forgaill. We shall see later (*infra*, p. 470) that Dallan Forgaill and Columba are likewise connected with another widely spread Irish legend, that of the Importunate Company of the Bards. These indications, slight and vague as they are, seem to justify the assumption that Columba and his disciples took some prominent part in the diffusion of the Fenian tales; and if so, it is hardly possible to doubt in what quarter that diffusion took place. All we know of Columba favours

such an assumption. His zeal for letters was unbounded. In the whole record, savage as it is, of Irish Saintdom, there is no more amazing story than that which tells how Columba stirred up warfare between Ulster and Connaught in revenge for the judgment which had denied his right to the copy he had surreptitiously made of St. Finian's Psalter. We may wonder at his ideal of Christian charity and brotherhood. We may have our opinion as to the moral principle—so dear to modern America—that a man has a right to convey his neighbour's property without leave asked ; but we cannot deny that the story exhibits Columba as a keen book-lover. Again, there can be little doubt that his advocacy in the assembly of 576 saved the bardic order from threatened suppression. From his interest in the *ollamhs* we may reasonably assume interest in their works.

Be their intermediate history what it may, when we again meet with these tales, in redactions reaching back substantially to the twelfth century, they are profoundly modified in two ways : firstly, the euhemerising process begun in the ninth-tenth centuries has fully developed, and the saga has been fitted into a framework of tribal and personal conditions, which necessarily determine its growth along certain lines ; secondly, mythic features and incidents have been translated, as it were, into historic terms borrowed from the, comparatively, recent history of the race, and the saga has, in consequence, been enriched by a new series of personages and by a wider geographic horizon. At this stage it is taken up by the literary class of the day, the professional story-tellers, and metrically fixed. It is literary, in so far as the form is artificial, *i.e.*, due to a given man, who did not hesitate to embellish and amplify out of his acquired stock of knowledge ; popular, in so far as it kept in close touch with tradition. This semi-literary form continued to develop until the eighteenth century in both divisions of Gael-land, but the guiding impulse ever came from Ireland. During the last hundred years and more large fragments of it have been preserved in Scotland orally, and offer the most instructive object-lesson with which I am acquainted to the student

of traditional diffusion and transmission. Side by side with the semi-literary development, the purely popular forms continued to exist and grow. With regard to Scotland, the chief Ossianic problem is how far these may be looked upon as independent of the semi-literary twelfth century forms, *i.e.*, as derived substantially from the earlier traditions brought by the Gael to Scotland in the early centuries of the Christian era. There is much to be said for and against this view, there is practically nothing to be said in favour of the Fenian saga being older on Scotch ground than the Dalriadic colonisation. Both Scotland and Ireland have an equal claim to the saga in this sense—that both countries were inhabited by Gaels, who told and localised it wherever they went; but Ireland's claim is in so far superior that these tales were told in Ireland earlier than in Scotland; that whatever admixture of fact there is in them is Irish fact, and that the chief shapers of the cycle have been Irish, and not Scotch Gaels. On the other hand, the latter seem both to have preserved the popular form in a more genuine state, and the semi-literary form orally with greater tenacity.

Apart from its interest to the student of tradition *per se*, the Fenian saga is the most authentic product we have of Gaelic folk-fancy working over an immense period of time. But it has probably nothing to tell us respecting the oldest history, whether of deed or thought, of the Gaelic race, and although it preserves to us an immense number of mythic ideas and situations, it is, as a rule, in a form influenced by comparatively modern modes of conception and expression.[1]

[1] A word respecting Macpherson's Ossian may be thought necessary. Macpherson undoubtedly had some knowledge of the Highland ballad literature, and worked up its themes in the English Ossian, which is, however, almost as much his own composition as *Paradise Lost* is the composition of Milton. He suffered himself afterwards to maintain the existence of a Gaelic original and to connive at a translation of his English poems being put forth as that Gaelic original. From the point of view of the student of Celtic myth and saga Macpherson's poems are absolutely worthless. But his flashes of genuine inspiration, and the importance of his work in preparing the romantic movement of the 19th century, will always secure to Macpherson a high place on the roll of Scotch writers.

NOTES.

No. I.

The Son of the King of Eirin.

Classification.—This story belongs as a whole to my Group VII, Task Group; Section I, Bride-winning; Jason or Brunhilde root. In J. G. von Hahn's scheme it falls under Division B, Miscellaneous, Group I, Section I, Bride-winning by Exploits.

Similars to the Tale as a whole.—*Campbell's* No. 11, The Battle of the Birds (*B. B.*), and seven variants summarised or cited; *Carleton's* Three Tasks; Bodach Glas (*C. M.*, xii, 57); The Bad Mistress (*C. M.*, xii, 475), a most curious example of a folk-tale in its last stage of degradation; Demoiselle en blanc (*Séb.*, i, 197); The Son of Branduff, King of Leinster, and the Daughter of the King of the Valley of Solitude (Dr. Hyde's MS. collection). The similars to the incident of the escaping couple are quoted p. 437; and cf. also Addenda, p. 492.

Title.—It may be argued from the title that we have here a semi-literary version which has gradually filtered down to the folk, the *locale* and personages being originally Irish. I do not think this conclusion justified. I doubt if the Scotch Gael ever felt themselves different from their Irish kinsmen, and it is only to be expected that the semi-literary ballads, which were so widely diffused, and the scene of which was, as a rule, Ireland, should influence the folk-tale in topography and nomenclature.

P. 3. **The Blood-drops Incident.**—This incident has been Celtic for at least a thousand years, and I see no reason why it should not have originated among the Celts of these islands. It must have originated among a Northern people, to whom the contrast of blood-red and snow-white would be familiar. It is first met with in the **L. L.**

version of the Death of the Sons of Uisnech, as follows :— As Deirdre's foster-father was busy in winter-time skinning a calf out in the snow, she beheld a raven, which drank up the blood in the snow; and she exclaimed, "Such a man could I love, and him only, having the three colours—his hair like the raven, his cheeks like the blood, his body like the snow." In the fifteenth century version, printed and translated by Dr. W. Stokes (*Irische Texte*, II, ii, 109 *et seq.*), the incident is the same: "The colour of the raven on his hair, the colour of the calf's blood on his cheeks, and the colour of the snow on his skin." Keating's version (seventeenth century) and O'Flannagan's (eighteenth century) repeat the incident in the same form (*Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin*, 1808, 7, 155). In the folk-version of this saga still current in the Highlands (Gaelic text, *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness for* 1887; English version *C. M.*, xiii, 69 *et seq.*), the incident of the calf-slaying is missing, and the beauty of the hero is described to, not imagined by, the heroine. "And the aspect and the form of the man when seen are these: the colour of the raven on his hair, his skin like swan on the wave in whiteness, and his cheeks as the blood of the brindled red calf." In two versions of *Conall Gulban* (*Campbell*, iii) the incident is substantially the same as in our tale, but in one it is as follows: "On a snowy day Conall saw a goat slaughtered and a black raven came to drink the blood. 'Oh, that I could marry the girl whose breast is as white as snow,' etc." In a Roscommon MS. tale collected by Dr. Douglas Hyde from Shawn o' Cunningham, which bears the same title as our tale, though its contents are different, the opening is the same, but the incident is more like the Uisnech saga-forms, the third term of comparison, the snow, absent in our tale, being likewise present. It is, however, the raven's blood which stains the snow. There must have been a similar incident in Campbell's eighth variant to *B. B.* (58), the hero of which is the son of Erin's king going to seek the

daughter of Black-White-Red. In the Giant and the Fair Man-Servant (*C. M.*, xiii, 21), the King of Eirin's heir is again the hero of this incident, the comparison being as follows: "A maiden whose hair would be as black as the wing, and her cheek as red as the raven's life-blood on the snow." The Tain bo' Fraoch, in its fifteenth-century ballad form, has preserved the incident:

> "Than raven's hue more dark his hair,
> Redder his cheeks than blood of the calf,
> Softer and smoother than froth of streams,
> Whiter than snow was the skin of Fraoch."
> (*C. M.*, xiii, 282.)

The beauty of Fraoch was renowned in the older Irish saga; the **L.L.** version of the story thus celebrates it by the mouth of Findabair, the daughter of Queen Meave: "Exceedingly beautiful she thought it to see Froech over a black pool; the body of great whiteness and the hair of great loveliness, the face of beauty, the eye of great greyness";[1] but the blood-drops comparison does not occur in the earlier version. It would seem to have become a commonplace of Irish epic in consequence of the popularity of the Uisnech story, and as such to have been taken over by the later ballad-poets.

The foregoing are but a few examples of the frequent use of this comparison in the heroic sagas of the Celts. It likewise occurs in the *Conte du Graal* of Chrestien de Troies, a North-French Arthurian romance, written shortly before 1180, under the following form: Snow has fallen, and a flock of wild geese, blinded by the snow, has had one of its number wounded by a falcon; three blood-drops have fallen on the snow, and Perceval, beholding them, falls into deep thought upon the red and white in his love's face.—The third term of comparison, as will be seen, is wanting. In the Welsh *Mabinogi of Peredur*, a shower of snow having fallen, and a hawk having killed a wild fowl and been

[1] O'Beirne Crowe's translation, *Proceedings of the R. I. A., Irish MSS. Series*, i, 147.

scared away by the approach of the hero, a raven alights on the bird, and the hero compares the blackness of the raven and the whiteness of the snow and the redness of the blood to the hair and the skin and the two red spots upon the cheek of the lady that best he loved. The Welsh tale has evidently preserved in a perfect what the French romance has only preserved in an imperfect form; and although the former is found in a tale the MS. date of which is considerably later than that of the *Conte du Graal*, by which, moreover, it has certainly been influenced, it is, in this respect, the more primitive of the two stories, and probably represents the original from which the *Conte du Graal* drew. As early as the beginning of the 12th century at the latest, there were thus extant two forms of the comparison; in the one (the Uisnech form) a calf is killed, in the other (the Peredur form) a wild fowl is killed. It is noteworthy that the current folk-tale, excepting the popular version of Deirdre and the Uist version of Conall Gulban, follows the second rather than the first form. A calf is nowhere mentioned, though it may be said to be represented by the goat of Conall Gulban; in the majority of cases a bird is wounded, as a rule by the hero, as in our story and as in The Giant and the Fair Man-Servant.

One would have expected the form found in the Uisnech saga to have prevailed over all others, instead of which we find the living folk-tale preserves the incident in the same shape as certain 12th-century romances, which, as I have endeavoured to prove,[1] are themselves nothing but literary workings-up of Celtic folk-tales current then and now.

This incident is suggestive in other respects. The ideal of beauty, both for man and woman, is the brunette type. One would have expected the contrary, but, as a matter of fact, the earliest Irish texts celebrate brunettes as well as blondes. Cuchullain, the typical Irish hero, is generally fair, but sometimes dark; he is thus described in the *Demoniac*

[1] In my *Studies on the Legend of the Holy Grail.*

Chariot of Cuchullain, a text which is at least as old as the 9th century: "A black, thick head of hair . . . blacker than the side of a black cooking-spit each of his two brows; redder than ruby his lips" (quoted *C. M.*, xii, 139)—a description which is, in part, verbally the same as that of the Tochmarc Emer (cf. *A. R.*, i, 72), and is confirmed by the "little black-browed man" of the *Mesca Ulad* (*R. I. A.*, *Todd Lectures*, i, 29). So far as I am aware, the descriptions of personal beauty in the older Irish literature have never been classified and analysed, so that I cannot at present express any opinion as to whether the preponderance of blondes or brunettes in a particular text is a test of special age or an indication of its place of composition. It is worth noticing, however, that whilst the **L.L.** (*i.e.*, a Southern Irish) version of the *Mesca Ulad* describes Cuchullain in the words I have just quoted, that found in the Northern MS., **L.U.**, speaks of him as having a head of gold, and of his being held sacred by his enemies on account of his beauty.

Cf. Campbell's remarks on the question of colour and personal beauty, i, 61.

P. 3. In the *Book of the Dean of Lismore*, the King of Lochlann is called King of the World—

> "Across the sea the King of Lochlann came,
> The brown-haired Daire of famous shield.
> * * * * *
> Great as was the King of the World,
> Daire Donn, with shield of purest white," etc.
> (*MacInnes.*)

In Dr. Douglas Hyde's tale, to which allusion has already been made, the hero seeks for his destined bride, not, as here, in the Domhain Mor (Great World), but in the Domhain Shoir (Eastern World).

P. 5. The needle incident is otherwise unknown to me.

P. 7. I suspect an alteration of the older form of the story here. The King of the Great World (or Lochlann, or the Eastern World) would seem to be an Underworld power from whom the hero has to win his bride, as Cuchullain has

to win Emer, or Jason, Medea. As such he should be a skilled craftsman, and owner of magic swords or talismans, which the hero obtains possession of at the same time as he wins the daughter. But here we find this king obtaining a weapon or talisman (the needle) from this world, as is shown by the fact that hero and needle have to cross water, the sea across which lies Tir-na-n-Oge or Elysium, before reaching the king's dominions.

P. 9. **The Three Tasks.**—(1) Byre-cleansing; (2) byre-thatching[1]; (3) swan-watching. In *B. B.* the first two tasks are the same, the third is fetching a magpie's nest from the top of a fir-tree. In *B.B.*[1] the first two tasks are also the same, the third is to catch the steed that has never seen a blink of earth or air; var. 2 has the same tasks; var. 6 has byre-cleansing, steed-catching, nest-robbing; var. 7 has the same tasks as 1 and 2; var. 8 has steed-catching, bull-slaying, byre-cleansing. Carleton's three tasks are stable-cleaning, filly-catching (effected by magic whistle of heroine), and crane's-nest robbing. In the *Bodach Glas* the first two tasks are the same as in our tale, the third being the fetching of a ring from a well; in the *Demoiselle en blanc* the tasks are wood-cutting, garden-planting, and fetching a dove from the top of a polished marble tower; in The Son of Branduff the tasks are: (1) to throw the stones of an old castle into the sea; (2) to take them out and build up the castle again; (3) to catch a bull of poison.

Thus it will be seen that the first task appears in every Highland version, and the first two in nearly every version

[1] The thatch of bird feathers occurs in the older literature, *Ag. na S.*, 37. Crede, the greatest coquette of Ireland, would wed no man who could not compose a poem for her descriptive of her varied household treasures. Aided by Finn, who got the poem from his nurse, Cael, Prince of Leinster, successfully woos Crede. The passage referred to is as follows:

> "Its udhnacht and its thatch
> Are of the wings of birds both blue and yellow."

in the same sequence as here. I suspect the swans of the third task were originally the king's daughters, and for these reasons: In the *Bodach Glas* we are informed that the heroine had carried the hero to her father's in her *swan form*, whilst the *Demoiselle en blanc*, although it says nothing about swan-maids as such, opens with the incident most commonly connected with their appearance—of the hero finding three maids bathing in a pool, clad one in white and one in grey and one in blue. The introduction of the two elder daughters who refuse their help is, I believe, peculiar to our version, though the *Bodach Glas* likewise mentions the enmity of the heroine's sisters. In the *Demoiselle en blanc* the sisters help the heroine.

P. 19. This supplementary fourth task seems altogether against the rules of the game. I am inclined to believe that the incident has been introduced into our version from the Finn saga, and that the hero ought to taste the fish, and thereby acquire supernatural knowledge.

P. 21. **The Escaping Couple and the Pursuing Father.**—The father is delayed by (1) thorn, which becomes wood, and (2) stone, which becomes rock. As a rule, there is a threefold obstacle placed in the father's way, and the third one brings about his death. In *B.B.* the first two obstacles are the same, but the third is a bladder of water which became a loch, wherein the giant drowns himself; in *B.B.*[2] the objects are stone, water, and an apple containing the giant's life; in *B.B.*[6] wood and water; in *B.B.*[7] water, stone, and a seed—the water is misplaced, it comes again as a fourth obstacle, and causes the giant's death; in the *Bodach Glas*, and in Carleton's Three Tasks, wood, stone, and a drop of the giant's perspiration (which becomes a lake); in the *Demoiselle en blanc* the pursued couple escape by metamorphosing themselves. In The Son of Branduff ice is thrown out at first and a sea formed; the pursuer follows in a ship, and then a stone makes an impenetrable wall which stops pursuit. In Conn Eda (*F. L. R.*, ii, 182) the hero takes from the horse's ear a bottle of balsam and a

wicker basket. In Kennedy's Three Crowns, the hero throws out two knives, of which the first becomes a wood, and the second a quarry filled with black water. In Jean le Teignous (*Séb.*, iii, 87), and in La belle aux clefs d'or (*Séb.*, iii, 132), the filly recommends the hero to take wisps of straw, brush, and curry-comb, which turn into lake, wood, and mountain; the escaping couple have furthermore to traverse a stream, which the pursuer (the devil) cannot cross. He just, as in *Tam o' Shanter*, tears off half the filly's tail.

P. 25. **The Kiss Taboo.**—The fact that the dog does jump up and lick its master's face, thereby causing him to break the taboo laid upon him, is omitted by the narrator. In *B.B.* the taboo is broken in the same way, as also in the second and seventh variants, in the *Bodach Glas* and in Carleton. In all these similars, the march of the story is the same as in our version: the heroine takes service with a smith, a shoemaker (*B.B.*), or sempstress (*B.B.*[2]), and recalls herself to the hero's memory by means of a gold and silver pigeon (*B.B.*); golden cock and hen (*B.B.*[2 3 7 8]), or a natural cock and hen (*Bodach Glas*).

The various Celtic versions fall into two classes. In one, the more common, the hero takes service with a supernatural being, who is father to the heroine; in the other, the best type of which on Celtic soil is Carleton's Three Tasks, the hero is incited by the bespelled brother of the heroine to deliver his sister from the power of the bespeller by performing the tasks. In both types the hero is helped by the heroine, and the nature of the tasks varies but slightly, as also does the method of escape. Our version, not a particularly rich or interesting one, belongs to the first type, but has been influenced by the second. It has an opening almost peculiar to itself, being only shared with *B.B.*[8], in the blood-drops incident. This opening, I take it, has come to our story in this way: Many versions start with the help given by the hero to a raven, who turns out to be a prince

under spells, originally, in all probability, the brother of the heroine. This raven appears in *B.B.* and in variants 3 and 7, and the recollection that there *should* be a raven at the beginning of the story induced our narrator to think of the blood-drops incident, in which a raven almost invariably figures. In one case, *B.B.*[8], the raven may possibly be the bespelled heroine herself; the story opens with the three sons of the King of Erin playing shinny on the strand, and they see birds whose like they had never seen before, one especially, which their father tells them is Mac Samhladh Nighinn Dubh Gheal Dearg,[1] whereupon the eldest son declares he will never rest until he get the beautiful bird for himself. Then it is he starts off, seeking the daughter of Black-White-Red. Here, likewise, the mention of a raven seems to have recalled to the narrator the familiar comparison of beauty.

It is interesting to find that the tales of this class fall under two types, as this is the case in the oldest versions of the escaping couple story of which we have any knowledge. Jason wins Medea from her father, accomplishing the tasks set him by her aid. Phrixos and Helle, brother and sister, escape from the father and stepmother, who wish to sacrifice the brother. In the Jason story the pursuer, as in the modern folk-tale, is delayed by objects cast forth by the escaping couple; but the Greek story-teller of 2,500 years ago had lost sight of the real meaning of this incident, preserved with absolute fidelity by the peasant narrators of to-day. Medea, as Apollodorus relates, slew her brother Apsyrtos whilst fleeing with Jason, and casts out the fragments of his body, which the pursuers had to stop and bury.[2] It is evident that the story could only have taken this form amongst a race which attached the utmost importance to funereal ceremonies. It is the translation into the

[1] Dr. Hyde tells me this probably means "the very image of the black-white-red girl", *mac-samhla* being the genitive of *mac-samhail.*

[2] *Frag. Hist. Græcorum*, i, 122.

custom-conceptions of the Greeks of the Heroic Age of an incident which had ceased to have any meaning for them. How and why this happened may be guessed at by an attentive examination of the flight as we find it in Celtic and Teutonic folk-lore. The type, as we have seen, is a three-fold series of obstacles: forest, mountain range, river or lake, which latter obstacle the pursuer cannot cross, or essaying, is destroyed. Sébillot's *gallot* peasants, who call this pursuer the devil, are not so far out; he is the representative of the lord of the Underworld, of the god of the Shades, king of that mysterious land whence riches and art, magic and craftsmanship, have one and all come. As such, Christianity naturally turned him into the devil, but even in Christianised folk-lore he appears as the great craftsman, builder of bridges and churches, and as the lord of all material wealth as well as of magic power. In Celtic myth, in so far as the Irish sagas have preserved it, this personage appears under a benign aspect, as one of the Tuatha de Danann, Manannan or Oengus for choice; his court is a land of Cockayne, the heroes who visit him are hospitably entreated, the illusions to which they are subjected are pleasant and gracious. Save in legends that betray Christian influence (*e.g.*, the Brandan Voyage), the Otherworld in Celtics myths is not a place of gloom or torment. The Teutonic presentment is sterner. It may well be that the pictures of the Teutonic Gehenna or hell found in the Icelandic mythic poems have been to some slight extent affected by Christian eschatology, but I think there is little reason to doubt their substantial accuracy as reflecting the beliefs of the pre-Christian Teutons. The most thorough discussion of these beliefs with which I am acquainted is that in Rydberg's *Teutonic Mythology* (London, 1889), pp. 208-396. Rydberg carefully distinguishes between the Hades and the Gehenna of the Teutons; both, however, being figured as forming *one* whole, situate beneath the earth, as Asgard, the abode of the gods, is situate above the earth. He contends that all the dead

take the same way into the otherworld and come to the same spot, where they are judged, the evil-doers doomed to Nifelheim having then to cross first the border river *Hraunn*, and secondly the black, perpendicular mountain walls of Nifelhel. The most evil principles of Teutonic myth are connected with Nifelheim, and among these evil principles are the sons of Muspel, who dwell in or near Myrkwood, so that the latter must also be figured as one of the tracts or obstacles interposed between the Teutonic Hades and the Teutonic Gehenna. We cannot fail to recognise, it seems to me, the forest, and mountain range, and the river or lake forming the boundary between this and the Otherworld of our folk-tale. The conceptions of Gehenna were doubtless always the most vigorous, and would naturally survive on into Christian times, when the entire Teutonic underworld was identified with the Christian hell, and the lord of that world with the devil. Hence the obstacles interposed between Nifelheim and the Teutonic Hades, the realm of Mimir, became the obstacles between this world and the next. We thus obtain such conceptions as that in the well-known North English lyke-wake dirge, or in the mediæval Visio Godeschalci, where firstly a thorn-heath and then a river full of sharp-edged irons have to be crossed (*Rydberg*, 346).[1]

If the theory now generally accepted, that the Aryans had their original seat in Northern Europe, be true, it is easy to understand how those sections of the race that made

[1] An Irish tradition from Kilkenny tells of a shepherd-boy who follows uncanny black sheep into a cave, and crossing an enchanted stream, is unable to return (*Oss. Soc.*, iv, 233). A similar tradition is current, Dr. Hyde tells me, respecting a mountain in County Sligo, called Céis Corrainn, in which are great caves said to have been the work of the Fenians. Two women once penetrated therein, and came to a stream, on the hither side of which were a bull and a calf, and beautiful grass meadows. One woman crossed and never returned; she was probably in Tir-na-n-óg.

their way southwards would modify their eschatology in accordance with the changed natural features of their new home, and that an incident describing a visit to the Otherworld would assume a different shape in Greek from what it originally had in Northern Aryan myth. Hence, by the time the story had got interwoven with the genealogy of a particular Greek clan, as in the Jason saga, the incident in question had been partly forgotten, owing to its original signification being lost, and it became necessary to substitute something more readily appreciable by Greek hearers. It may be objected, firstly, that my argument assumes that the incident as found in our tale is post-Christian, there having been a substitution, due to Christian influence, of Gehenna for Hades topography; secondly, that Celtic evidence does not bear out the account of pre-ethnic Aryan beliefs about the Otherworld furnished by Teutonic sources. As to the first objection, I would reply that the popular, as distinguished from the official priestly, belief about the Otherworld, must always have been chiefly concerned with it as a place of punishment. It is a commonplace, for instance, that popular Christianity has a definite idea of Hell, and but a vague one of Heaven. I have little doubt, therefore, that, assuming Rydberg's interpretation of the Teutonic sources to be correct, the mass of the pre-ethnic Aryans would think of the *whole* Otherworld, and not merely of the place of torment, as being divided from this world by a dense forest, a lofty mountain range, and a river or sea. The second objection is one to which I can only give a half-answer, and that of an *à priori* character. Be the reason what it may, the Irish sagas have only handed down the beliefs of the heathen Celts in a very imperfect manner. They allow us to see that there must have been an organised mythology, they give us occasional glimpses of a rich and complex mythic system, but more they do not do. In dealing, therefore, with Celtic mythology, the argument *ex silentio* of the Irish sources is seldom valid. That the Celts should have handed down to us their

conceptions of the pagan heaven in preference to that of the pagan hell is a suggestive fact of Celtic demo-psychology, but it does not warrant the conclusion that the Celts had no hell.

No. II.

Feunn Mac Cüail and the Bent Grey Lad.

Opening.—This is somewhat like that of the Pursuit of the Gilla Dacker (*Joyce*, 223; cf. *Lect.*, 316). The Gilla Dacker, "the ugliest-looking giant eye ever lighted upon", comes to take service with Finn; he describes himself as a Fomor from Lochlann, and gives the most unflattering account of his capacities and peculiarities; nevertheless Finn engages him. Our two stories then follow completely different tracks for a while. Dr. Hyde informs me that this opening is also found in the *Bodach an Chóta lachdna* (The Bodach with the Grey Coat), printed from a MS. by O'Daly in 1871. The Bodach, like the Bent Grey Lad, is very strong and very swift. Our story is afterwards partly like the Gilla Dacker, partly like "Fin and the Kingdom of Big Men" (*S. C. R.*, 184 *et seq.*), and partly like Kennedy's Queen with the Speckled Dagger (227 *et seq.*).

P. 39. *Beinn Eadar*, now called the hill of Howth, near Dublin Bay (*MacInnes*).

P. 41. Conan is one of the most prominent and best-drawn characters among the Fayn. His most frequent designation is *Conan Maol*, Crop-eared Conan; and he has been frequently compared to the Homeric Thersites. He was mischievous, spiteful, cowardly, boastful, and was ever getting himself and others into trouble. He was an object of ridicule among the Fayn, but was feared on account of his venomous tongue (*MacInnes*). In the Gilla Dacker Conan likewise sets to and abuses the stranger.

P. 41. The story seems to have gone somewhat off its

original track. The Bent Grey Lad may be, as is the Gilla Dacker, an inimical wizard who comes to test the strength and valour of the Fenians. This is apparently indicated, as he is, I take it, in reality the son of the King of Lochlann, who comes at the end to claim the help of the Fenian heroes; Lochlann being equivalent, in this as in other tales, to the Otherworld. It seems inconsistent, therefore, that *he* should be sent to fetch the cup of the Lochlanners, the magic vessel of healing, rejuvenation, and revivification, the conquest of which from the lord of the Otherworld is such a constant feature in the mythic sagas of the Celts, as well as other races. However, he does go to Lochlann, as in one of Dr. Hyde's unpublished tales (*Muracha, Bhénis and Fionn mac Cúmhail*) a man goes on the same errand. Our version is perhaps in reality a similar of the *enfances* (youthful feats) of Perceval, who comes to Arthur's court in rough and uncouth guise, and recovers Arthur's goblet, which the Red Knight had carried off, and which none of Arthur's knights had been able to win back from him (*Grail*, 10).

P. 45. The king's palace in Celtic saga is nearly always open to the craftsman bringing his craft: "The knife is in the meat, and the drink is in the horn, and there is revelry in Arthur's hall, and none may enter therein but the son of a king of a privileged country, or a craftsman bringing his craft," as Arthur's porter tells us in Kilhwch and Olwen. But the king is sometimes churlish, as in the case of Lug, who was denied entrance to the palace of Nuada, King of the Tuatha Dé, until he had proved himself a master of every craft (*M. C.*, iii, 42-3).

P. 47. **Braining an Adversary** who is seized by the ankles is a favourite mode of fighting with Gaelic heroes. It certainly does not indicate that in the minds of the narrators these heroes were thought of as small men, as Mr. MacRitchie's theory, which partially identifies Fenians and fairies, and makes them all representatives of a pre-Celtic dwarf race, would have it. The oldest mention of

this mode of fighting with which I am acquainted is that of the **L. U.** Mesca Ulad, where Triscoth, the Ulster champion, takes Mimach by the leg and keeps dashing him against the three enneads that were in the house, so that not one of them escaped alive (51).

P. 49. The *four* smalls is unusual. As a rule, the *three* smalls—ankles, knees, and wrists—are bound. The fourth small is probably the elbows.

P. 51. Finn's caution is characteristic, and his conduct here is the same as in Fin and the Kingdom of Big Men—"Is Fin at home?" "He is not." ("Great is a man's leaning towards his own life.")—in which tale there are three men in the boat, and they come to seek combat of Finn, not to offer him hospitality.

P. 53. The tale is not very clear at this point, but evidently *geasa* (spells) are laid upon Finn to find his visitor's house, as they actually are in Kennedy's tale, though for a different purpose; he foresees danger, and is only too glad to have the assistance of the seven skilful companions.

Pp. 53-57. **Skilful Companions.**—These abound in Celtic as in all Aryan and non-Aryan folk-tales, but in addition to the folk-tale, Celtic heroic saga is full of them. Lug, master of all crafts, is a type of such. To the seven companions of our tale—shipwright, soothsayer, tracker, thief, climber, marksman, and strong-man—the following correspond in the great list of Kilhwch and Olwen, which preserves, like some rich fossiliferous strata, the only traces of a world of legend which has disappeared:—Medyr, the son of Methredydd from Gelli Wic; he could in a twinkling shoot the wren through the two legs upon Esgeir Oervel, in Ireland; Gwiawn Llygad Cath, who could cut a haw from the eye of a gnat without hurting him; and Ol, the son of Olwydd, who tracked his father's swine which had been carried off seven years before his birth.[1] The date and

[1] Other skilful companions in *Kilhwch* are: Sugyn, who would suck up the sea upon which were three hundred ships, so as to leave nothing but a dry strand; Rhacymwri, whatever

character of the *Mabinogi of Kilhwch* form one of the most interesting problems of Celtic romantic literature. All one can be certain of is that anything contained in it must be at least as old as the beginning of the fourteenth century. In Irish sagas found in the oldest Irish MSS. mention is also made of skilful companions, *e.g.*, in *Mèsca Ulad* (**L.L.**): Trisgatal, the Ulster strong man, who pulls out of the ground the pillar-stone which all the Clanna Degad cannot move (33). But I do not think it would be possible to bring an exact parallel to our list from the older literature. Kilhwch, as seen above, has marksman, thief, and tracker, but the nature of the feats is quite different. Now, in the Gilla Dacker there are only two skilful companions, but they agree exactly with our first and third: Feradach can make a ship with only a joiner's axe and a sling; Foltlebar can track the wild duck over nine ridges and nine glens. In Fin and the Kingdom of Big Men there are three —soothsayer, thief, climber ("he could take up a hundred pounds on his back in a place where a fly could not stand upon a calm summer's day"), and in Kennedy's tale also three: *Grunne*, who is at once ship-maker and marksman; *Bechunach*, thief and climber; and *Cluas Guillin*, firm-

barn he was shown . . . . he would strike it with an iron flail until the rafters and beams were no better than small oats; Clust, though he were buried fifty cubits under the earth, he would hear the ant fifty miles off rise from her nest in the morning; Sgilti Yscawndroed, during his whole life a blade of reed-grass bent not beneath his feet, so lightly did he tread; Drem, when the gnat arose in the morning with the sun he could see it from Cornwall as far as North Britain; Gilla Coes Hydd, he would clear 300 acres at one bound; Sol, he would stand all day upon one foot; Gwadyn Ossol, if he stood upon the top of the highest mountain in the world it would become a level plain underneath his feet; Gwadyn Odyeith, the soles of his feet emitted sparks of fire when they struck upon things hard; Hirerwm and Hiratrwm, they feasted until noon and drank until night, and then they devoured the heads of the vermin through hunger.

holder and wizard; *i.e.*, six of the list are represented, the tracking being divided among the three brothers. Moreover, if we look a little more closely at our list, we notice that some of the feats correspond to the tasks of our first story and its similars, *e.g.*, Nos. 4 and 5, the thief and the climber (cf. *ante*, p. 436). Examining other skilful companion lists collected in modern times on Celtic soil, we find as follows: *Campbell*, xvi, The King of Lochlinn's Three Daughters—River-drinker, Stot-eater, Grass-hearer; *Hyde*, King of Ireland's Son—Marksman, Grass-hearer, Swift-runner, Strong-blower, Stone-breaker; *Séb.*, i, 93, Strong Man (shifts a church), Keen Hearer (hears the growing corn), Strong Blower (turns windmill), Ice-Spitter, man with a sack in which are day and night, and warrior with a seven-leagues sword; *Séb.*, ii, 140, three strong men—Break-Iron, Millstone-Quoiter, and Mountain-Upholder (cf. also *Séb.*, *Lit. Orale*, p. 86); *Séb.*, iii, 58, Hungry Jack (licks out an oven disused for 200 years), Thirsty Jack, Keen Hearer (grass-growing), Swift Runner (has to tie up one leg); *Troude et Milin*, 143, Millstone-Quoiter, and Barrel-Bearer.

The modern Gaelic lists of our group of tales form a compact whole which can be traced certainly to the beginning of the eighteenth century (Joyce's *Gilla Dacker* is translated from a MS. copied 1728), and inferentially to the beginning of the seventeenth century, as Keating mentions the *Gilla Dacker* as one of the tales current in his time (344). I think I can detect a trace of this incident in one of the oldest fragments of Irish story-telling that have come down to us, The Seafaring of the Three O'Corras. This opens thus: The three O'Corras set forth to sea, in penance for their sins, in this wise; one day as they were wandering on the sea-shore, they fell to marvelling concerning the path of the sun, and whether he sank in the ocean. They asked a neighbouring carpenter to build them a boat; he did so; and, as a reward, claimed to be taken with them. As they were putting off they were joined by the juggler of a pilgrim company that happened to be passing by. They started nine men strong.

Now, Professor Zimmer (*Z.*,[3] 182 *et seq.*) has, I think, conclusively proved that the present *Imran curaig Ua Corra*, the oldest text of which is found in a fourteenth century MS., is a production of middle Irish literature; but we know, from its being included in the **L.L.** story list, that there was an old Irish version existing in the eleventh century. Professor Zimmer makes it very probable that the opening is all that the middle Irish has kept of the old Irish story. Now a litany found in **L.L.**, and which is probably as old as the tenth century, mentions "the three O'Corras with their seven companions", the present text having, as was just said, nine wanderers in all; but three of these are clerics, who obviously belong to the middle Irish strongly Christianised form of the story. I cannot help thinking that the original *Imran curaig Ua Corra*, which Professor Zimmer dates back to the seventh century, sent the three wanderers off with the seven skilful companions of the modern folk-tale, the first being, as in our tale, the skilful shipwright.

P. 58. The lords of the Otherworld in the older sagas, just as the lords of Faery in current Celtic folk-lore, were often figured as at enmity with each other, and as seeking the help of heroes, who, whether originally belonging or not to the race of immortals, had at last come to be looked upon as mortals purely and simply. A **L.U.** story relates how Labraid of the Swift Hand on the Sword sought the aid of Cuchullainn against his foes, whilst the *Ag. na S.* tells how the children of Midhir, son of the Dagda, are oppressed by their uncle Bodhbh Dearg, and how they send out a "bald lady" in fawn-guise to lure the Fenian heroes to their *sidh*, and in return for hospitality obtain their help against Bodhbh Dearg (192-94). There is thus no incongruity in Finn's help being claimed by the King of Lochlann, although, as a rule, the Fenian saga insists upon the antagonism between the Fenian heroes and the Lochlanners.

P. 61. **The Seafaring Run.**—"Runs", that is to say, stereotyped descriptive passages in verse or rhythmic prose,

of a general character, so that they can be used indifferently with various incidents—are necessarily common in all bodies of myth or romance preserved orally. They serve the purpose of resting the narrator's memory, and also act as a framework within which he fits the incidents. The hold which tradition has on a race may almost be measured by the variety and number of these runs. Celtic story-telling is extraordinarily rich in them, and they present certain features which are of much interest in connection with the relation between the current folk-tale and the older heroic literature. Speaking under correction of Irish scholars, I think it may be affirmed that they share their most characteristic peculiarities with a style of Irish composition which seems to have begun in the 11th century and to have been gradually elaborated until it reached its pitch in the 14th and 15th centuries. The chief mark of this style is the accumulation of adjectives expressing minute shades of meaning, according to a special system of alliteration and rhythm. The collocation of the words often depends apparently much more upon their sound than upon their sense; an exact English translation may thus read perilously like nonsense.

The question to be determined is, whether the 13th-14th century *ollamhs* invented these runs, which thence filtered gradually down among the folk, or whether the emergence during these centuries of the Finn-tales, with all their wealth of unheroicised incident, also drew the attention of the professional story-telling class more prominently to certain modes and features which necessarily characterise *all* tradition, and induced them to give them a larger place than their predecessors of the 6th-10th centuries had done. For certain it is that the Finn saga as a whole is much richer in runs than the Ulster saga. The question is not easy to answer, nor can it be answered until the corpus of Fenian saga has been entirely published. The *Ag. na S.* has comparatively few runs, nor does the present one occur in it, though there is one run to which the designation "seafar-

ing" might also be applied. It is as follows: "Then arose to them white, roaring waves, until each great sea wave was equal to a mountain, and the beautiful bright-speckled salmon, which were near the bottom and sand, rose until they used to be near the bulwarks of the boat, so that they were seized with loathing, fear, and horror thereat" (160).

A closer parallel may be found in a passage of the Irish Brendan, the oldest text of which is found in the fifteenth century *Book of Lismore*, but the composition of which is placed by Professor Zimmer in the eleventh-twelfth centuries. "Now Brendan sailed forth upon the wave-swelter of the red-maned sea; upon the flow of the green-surfaced waves, over the top of the vast, hideous, and savage ocean, wherein they saw many red-mouthed monsters, and came unto many a fair undwelt-in isle (*Zimmer*[3], 322). What may, I think, safely be affirmed is that the 12th-14th century *oilamhs*, if they did find runs among the folk, at all events elaborated them in accordance with the æsthetic standards of their time, and then gave them back to the folk.

The present run, found almost in precisely the same form in Finn and the Big Men, is a very common one. It, at any rate, would seem to have originated during the Viking period (as it may be called) of Irish activity, when the Irish swarmed out of their island, settling and harrying the coasts of Northern and Western Britain, and to have been reshaped under the influence of the Norse invasions. Style and subject-matter thus combine in assigning it, in its present form, to the 12th-13th centuries, during which, as we have seen reason to believe, the Fenian saga as a whole was fashioned in the main as we now have it. Common supplements to this run are as follows (*Campbell*, ii, 441): "They drew the speckled barge up her own seven lengths on grey grass, with her mouth under her, where the scholars of a big town could neither make ridicule, mockery, or scoffing of her"; or, "Her own nine lengths and nine breadths up upon green grass where the force of foes could not move her out with-

out feet following behind them" (*Campbell*, iii, 210); or, in the present collection (*supra*, 353): "Where the fops of the city would not mock nor ridicule her, and where the sun would not crack nor water rot her."

Is it too venturesome a surmise that the "scholars" of whom the seafaring heroes are so anxious to escape the notice were inmates of the great monastery-schools, which, from their wealth of gold and silversmiths' work, were favourite objects of attacks by the harrying Norsemen. The scholars must at length have learnt self-defence and wariness from constant attack, so that the Viking would find it necessary to swoop swift and unsuspected upon the monastery-school before alarm could be given and the country-side roused to repel the invader. Some such state of things seems reflected in the words I have quoted.

P. 63. **The Poker Incident.**—This method of keeping himself awake recalls an incident in the *Ag. na S.* Finn has undertaken to guard Tara from the attack of a comely fairy-man that every year used to come and burn the town, lulling all watchers to sleep with his well-arranged, sweet-toned fairy-music. Fiacha thus counsels Finn: "As soon as you hear the Ceol Sidha, and the sweet-stringed Timpan and the sweet toned Fedan, take the covering off the head of the spear and apply it to your forehead, and the edge of the spear will not let you sleep."

P. 63. **The Mysterious Hand.**—I have discussed this incident *S. C. R.*, 140. There is another example of it *S. C. R.*, 273, where a black dog chews off the hand so that the hero of the story can carry it to his Colonsay home, "and no man had even seen such a hand or had even imagined that such could have existed." The whole of this incident is substantially the same in Kennedy's tale as here, with the following additions: the arm belongs to the wicked sorceress, Cluas Haistig, who lives in an enchanted tower in mid-sea, which keeps ever turning. It is up this tower that the thief-climber swarms, and the skill of the marksman is brought into play when the witch pursues them.

Our tale as a whole is certainly fragmentary—only three of the seven companions have the opportunity of showing their skill. It is, moreover, I fancy, made up of two distinct portions, the first of which relates either : how a hero of simple and servile appearance takes service with the Fenians, is mocked at by some of them, but excels them in courage, strength, and swiftness; or how one of the Lochlann foes of the Fenians disguises himself in order to play tricks upon Finn and his men (this being the *donnée* of the Gilla Dacker); whilst the second portion tells how Finn, with the aid of his skilful companions, delivers Lochlann's king from a formidable enemy and wins a magic sword. This second portion is found in a more perfect form in Irish literature, Kennedy's tale being professedly taken from a MS. These two originally distinct stories have been, somewhat clumsily, fused into one.

No. III.

A King of Albainn.

P. 70. **The Son's Grief.**—It is apparently wrong of the son to mourn too much for his father, as he is punished for it, first by having an ugly servant given to him, and then, when he still disregards that servant's warning, by being sent, by the dead father as it would seem, upon a most dangerous quest. I cannot illustrate this belief from elsewhere in Celtic tradition. It is, I take it, the same as that expressed in the Helgi ballad, where the slain husband thus reproaches his wife for his miserable plight: "It is thine own doing, Sigrun from Sevafell, that Helgi is drenched with deadly dew. Thou weepest cruel tears, thou gold-dight, sun-bright lady of the South, before thou goest to sleep : every one of them falls bloody, dank-cold, chilly, fraught with sobs upon my breast' (*Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, i, 143).

The Metamorphosis of the Helping-Servant.—This is not motivated, nor is any reason given for his help As a

rule, in stories of this class, where the hero is helped by a servant or an animal, who does all the work and leaves the hero all the profit and credit, the conduct of the helper is accounted for in one of two ways: if a human being, he is the soul of a dead man to whom the hero has rendered some signal service, generally that of burial, denied to the dead man by hard-hearted creditors—this story-formula being known as the Grateful Dead. If the hero is an animal, he is a human being bespelled, who may not be released until certain feats have been performed; these he cannot perform himself, but he can and does incite the hero to perform them. See *infra*, p. 454.

Pp. 73-75. As a rule three sisters are carried off, and three objects are given to the hero when the giants are slain.

P. 79. **The Head-crowned Spikes.**—Heads play as large a part in the older Irish sagas as they presumably do in the tales of the head-hunting Dyaks, or as scalps in Red Indian stories. Instances are given *M. C.*, i, cccxxxvii *et seq.* In Carleton's Three Tasks the hero's head would have made up the 365th had he failed. In Hyde's King of Ireland's Son there are threescore skulls of the people that went to look for the princess, set on spikes round about the castle (39). In *Ag. na S.*, when Finn slays Aillen Mac Midhna, one of the *sidh* folk, he beheaded him and brought his head back to Tara, and put it on a conspicuous stake (76). When, therefore, in the *Conte du Graal*, Perceval, after having slain the Grail-King's enemy, cuts off his head and brings it to the Grail-King, who forthwith has it fixed on a stake on the top of the highest tower in his castle (Potvin's edition, vi, 131), I look upon this as evidence of the original Celtic character of the *Conte du Graal.*

P. 85. The method employed by the Big Lad to force the King of Erin to tell his secret is not met with in any other tale with which I am acquainted.

P. 87. *Aoineadh*, a stretch of steep brae surmounted by rocks. A good example of an *Aoineadh* may be seen

stretching along the shore of Ardtoirmsh, on the Sound of Mull. (*MacInnes.*)

P. 87. **The King of Erin's Tale.**—This is similar to that of Fionn's Enchantment, edited and translated by J. F. Campbell, *Rev. Celt.*, i, 194. In both, a hare lures the hero to the monster's cave; in both, the game turns against the hero and he is grievously ill-treated; in both, the wrong is avenged, in Fionn's Enchantment by Diarmaid, here by the Big Lad. Commenting upon Fionn's enchantment (*Grail*, 202) I pointed out marked similarities between it and the story of Perceval, found in the *Conte du Graal.* In both an uncle, wounded through the thighs by an enemy, is healed by his nephew's becoming possessed of a mysterious vessel of healing. This latter incident is missing in our story, but the general march of events is not unlike that of the Perceval romance. In the *Conte du Graal*, as here, the hero is incited to perform his feats by a mysterious being of the most hideous aspect, but who, as one version puts it, can become at will the fairest damsel on earth, even as the Big Lad is handsome or ugly at pleasure. In both stories the Quest is imposed upon the hero. The occurrence in both tales, though in different connection, of the head-crowned stake has already been noticed. Finally, in at least two versions of the Grail story the hero's sister plays much the same part as in our tale, *i.e.*, he passes some time with her before setting forth upon the most perilous part of his adventure.

P. 93. **Murdoch Mac Brian.**—The Big Lad's being named Murdoch Mac Brian would seem to indicate that in the earliest form of the story he was the son of the King of Erin; hence he received the name of the most celebrated Irish prince of the later Fenian saga. This gives us a clue to his conduct. The same bewitchment which doomed his father to cheerlessness, doomed him to loathsome transformation, and from this he might not be freed until a hero could be induced to take up and carry out the Quest. In the same way Perceval's cousin is bespelled by the magic foes who doom the father (Perceval's uncle) to sickness, and he can

only be freed when Perceval has accomplished the Quest that heals the uncle (*Grail*, ch. v, vi). If one asks why the bespelled prince is never allowed to work out his own salvation, but only to pull the strings for another man, one can but answer that such is the rule of the game in fairy tales. Cf. also *infra*, p. 461).

IV.

The Herding of Cruachan.

Similars.—*Campbell*, No. i, The young King of Easaidh Ruadh (Y. K.) and two variants.

Semi-Similars.—*Troude et Milin*, 261 *et seq.*, Le Corps sans âme; *Séb.*, I, ix, Geánt aux sept Femmes; *Campbell*, No. iv, The Sea Maiden.

Title.—This Cruachan was not originally the well-known mountain in Argyllshire at the head of Loch Awe, though doubtless the present narrator of the tale thought of it as such, but the Roscommon Cruachan near Belanagare, the ancient palace of the kings of Connaught, long celebrated in Irish tradition. Cf. *Oss. Soc.*, iv, 30.

P. 97. **Gruagach** = *Wizard-champion.*—For this translation of the word *gruagach* I am indebted to Dr. Joyce. It signifies literally a hairy person, then a maiden, a female spectre of the class of brownies. "But in these romantic tales", says Dr. Joyce, "it is commonly used to signify a champion who has something of the supernatural about him, yet not to such an extent as to shield him from the valour of a great hero." *Gruagach* is the common Gaelic word for maiden. It is, however, noticeable that the word as used in the tale is masculine, not feminine. *Ar gruagach*, not *a' gruagach*. The wizard-champion is probably so called because he wore long hair. (*MacInnes.*)

I have commented upon the word gruagach, *F.-L. R.*, iv, 31, bringing further arguments in support of Campbell's contention that the word originally had a female connotation exclusively. In MacBain's "Notes on Highland Superstition"

(*Trans. Gaelic Soc. Inverness*, 1888, 246) I find the following remark, which seems to strengthen this contention: "The Gruagach of our superstition is generally a female: the word in the modern language actually means a maiden, doubtless 'one with the long hair'."

May I further hazard the conjecture that some fancied similarity between the word gruagach and the Irish word for Greek, facilitated the frequent appearance of the latter in the semi-literary Irish romantic literature, from whence they have filtered into the folk-tale.

P. 97. **Enchanted-Hill Run.**—This run is not very frequent, although the incident of the hero meeting the wizard on the enchanted hill, and there gaming against him, is. I have discussed this magic hill, *S.C.R.*, 137, and shown that it is met with in Celtic literature as early as the redaction of **L.U.**, as it is found in the tale of How Connla was lured away to Faery; it also appears in the *Mabinogi* of Pwyll, Prince of Dyfed. In both these old instances the hero has to do with a woman, as is also the case in Campbell's Ii, The Fair Gruagach, and xxviii, Murachaidh Mac Brian, both of which tales wear a stamp of unmistakable age. This strengthens the surmise expressed above, that the *gruagach* was originally a woman.

P. 99. **King of Cruachan.**—Among the Celts in early times the title of king, *rìgh*, was given to the ruler of a district or the commander of an army. The title of king in this sense is to be found in the Old Testament. (*Mac-Innes.*)

P. 103. **Sorcha.**—This mythical kingdom appears frequently both in current Highland folk-lore (*e.g.*, *Campbell*, ii, 203) and in the more modern Irish romantic literature (*e.g.*, in the already quoted Gilla Dacker). It would seem to mean *light*, as Dorcha means *dark*. I agree with Dr. Hyde, who tells me that in his opinion the name never carries the idea in the narrator's mind to any particular country. Like "the land of prophecy" or "promise" or "youth", it is an imaginative descriptive title of the Otherworld.

P. 105. **Glencuaich.**—Not one of the two Glencuaichs in the Highlands, but a glen of the name in Ireland. (*MacInnes.*)

P. 105. **The Wayfaring Run.**—The only parallel to part of this run that I know of in the older literature is *Ag. na S.*, 72: "The end of day is come, says Cailte, for the beautiful bright clouds of day have departed, and the dark shades of night have come to us."

Helping Animals.—In Y. K. these are dog, falcon, and otter; in var.[1] falcon, otter, and dog (all bespelled youths). The fox corresponds to the dog in other versions, and our duck to the otter of Y. K., the idea evidently being to give the hero help on land, in the air, and in the water. Our narrator has duplicated the water-representative.

P. 111. The charming incident of the four helping animals dancing together is not known to me elsewhere in Celtic folk-tale.

P. 113. **The Life-Index of the Giant.**—The giant gives two wrong indications, (1) grey stone, (2) grey sheep, the correct index being thorn in egg, in duck, in trout, in lake, under seven hills, under seven sods, under seven planks. In Y. K. the wrong indications are, (1) stone, (2) threshold, and the correct place, egg in duck, in wether, under flag-stone. In var.[1] cairn is wrongly given at first, the correct place being hen in salmon, in hare, in oak-stump. In the Corps sans âme, egg in dove, in fox, in wolf, in boar, in leopard, in tiger, in lion, in ogre; in the closely similar Géant aux sept Femmes, egg in pigeon, in hare, in wolf, in giant's brother. In *Séb.*, II, xxiv, Le Corps sans âme, thirteenth egg of partridge in hare, in wolf, in lion. In Luzel's Le Pêcheur qui vendit son âme au Diable, the giant's life is bound up with the principal root of a box-tree, which must be cut through at one blow.

For a full discussion of this incident, see Mr. Edward Clodd's paper in the *Folk-Lore Journal*, ii, 290 *et seq.*, entitled "The Philosophy of Punchkin".

No. V.

The Kingdom of the Green (Blue) Mountains.

Similars.—*Campbell*, xliv, The Widow's Son (W. S.), two versions; The Blue Mountains (*Gael*, vi, 324); MS. Donegal tale in Dr. Hyde's collection.

Opening.—The opening, which is not known to me in this precise shape elsewhere in Celtic folk-tale, is of great interest to the student of popular tradition. Comparing our tale with W. S., we find that the latter opens with the unspelling of the heroine by the hero, the former being in deer shape, and the method of unspelling being in one version the hero's endurance of threefold slaying, in the other the hero's refraining, on three successive days, to shoot at the deer-heroine. The aftermarch of the incidents being the same substantially as in our tale, W. S. is thus seen to be a treatment of one of the most common themes of *märchen:* deliverance from spells, disregard of taboo and consequent separation, subsequent reunital. As a rule it is the heroine who delivers the hero, as in all stories of the Cupid and Psyche and the Beauty and Beast type. It is thus fairly certain that the opening of our story preserves the first portion of this theme. The lady (in Dr. Hyde's tale she is a queen in Faery) is a dweller in an enchanted hold, the three companions penetrate to her, but the two first do not comply with the mystic conditions upon which the deliverance of the heroine depends, it is the third, and, presumably, the youngest, who succeeds. In this respect our tale may be compared with Campbell's Three Soldiers (No. x), save in that tale the after incidents are brought about by the hero's failing to comply with the conditions necessary to the heroine's deliverance. The interest of our opening lies then in this, that an incident of a "marvellous" character (I avoid the words "mythic" or "supernatural" as being question-begging) has been translated into one more

familiar to, and more appreciable by, the narrator's range of experience and conception. For our unabashed heroine, who so much prefers being in the dark, is singularly like the Lowland lassie mentioned in some edition of Burns (I forget the reference), who, on being asked why she had discarded a suitor, answered, "He was but a loon; when he came to visit her of an evening, he neither put out the light nor barred the door with his feet." There is another characteristic Scotch touch; the tone is democratic, the lady would rather wed "a comely, common lad" than a king or knight, but all the same he must have a good education.

P. 141. **The Slumber-Pin.**—The second portion of the theme is the disregard of the heroine's injunction (in this case not to sleep) to the hero, and the consequent separation of the couple. In many tales (*e.g.*, in the first tale of our collection) this disregard on the hero's part is involuntary —he has been forbidden to kiss anyone, but his dog jumps up at him and touches his face—in others, *e.g.*, in Cupid and Psyche, the disregard is caused by the heroine's curiosity; or, as in Beauty and the Beast, by her fondness for her family; or, as in the majority of tales belonging to the Melusine or Captured Swan-maid type, by the forgetfulness and want of thought which, in folk-tales at least, almost invariably characterise man in contradistinction to woman. Here the disregard is caused by the agency of a "villain". W. S. manages this part of the story better than our tale, as the heroine, instead of giving the tokens, which will enable the hero to find her, to the villain, as she does here, slips them herself into the hero's pocket; moreover, poetical justice is satisfied by villain and mother being burnt at the end in "seven fiery furnaces", a reminiscence of the Biblical Daniel characteristic of Scotland. The "slumber-pin" appears in both versions of W. S.; in one it is put into the hero's coat, as in our tale; in the other it is styled *bior nimh* (spike of hurt), and is placed by the villain's mother outside the door-post of the hero's house. I cannot parallel the slumber-pin from the older Irish literature, in which magic

sleep is invariably produced by magic music. There can be little doubt but that it is the same as the "sleep-thorn" of Teutonic myth, the earliest instance of which is found in the Volsunga saga, paraphrasing a now lost lay: Sigrdrifa thus speaks to Sigurd: "I struck down Hjalmgunnar in the fight, wherefore Odin pierced me with the sleep-thorn as a punishment" (*Vols. S.*, Edzardi's edition, 96). The theme, which is treated heroically in the story of Sigurd and Brunhild-Sigrdrifa, is treated in folk-tale wise in Dornröschen (Sleeping Beauty).

This is the second instance we have found (cf. *supra* 452, note to p. 70) of agreement between our tales and Teutonic myth, in opposition to the older Irish mythic literature.

P. 145. **Old, Older, and Oldest.**—This is a very widespread incident, but, as the following extract from a letter of Dr. Hyde's will show, it is by no means necessary to assume borrowing to account for its appearance at different times and in different lands. "Curiously enough, I met a doctor from co. Sligo the very day before I received your proofs of this story, and he told me he had seen a very old man putting scraws (divots) on a house, and he said to him: 'How old are you?' and the man said 'Ninety-six.' 'You're a great old man to be working like that,' said the doctor. 'No, but if you were to see my father, you'd say he was the great old man.' The father came out, apparently as hale and hearty as the son, and he was 115 years old. I mention this as a curious coincidence, for next day I read your story."

P. 151. **The Carrying Eagle.**—This incident is common. I will only cite one unusual form of it from an unpublished tale in Dr. Hyde's collection, called "The Daughter of the King of the Valley of Solitude". A giant has the birds of the world under cess, and summons them, by blowing a whistle, to aid the prince on his quest for the Valley of Solitude. None know of it save the eagle, whose back the prince mounts. The eagle grows faint crossing a great sea, and has to be fed with three apples given to the hero by the princess he is in quest of.

No. VI.

The Ship that went to America.

Similars.—*Luzel*, 148, Petit Louis (P. L.); *Séb.*, iii, No. 13, La belle aux clefs d'or, No. 14, Petit Jean; *Troude et Milin*, ii, Perruque du roi Fortunatus (P. F.).

Semi-Similars.—*Campbell*, xlvi; Mac Iain Direach, two versions (M.I.D.).

Opening.—I cannot parallel this opening from any of the similars, it is obviously the narrator's own, and is made up of his reminiscences of Robinson Crusoe and perhaps of stories he had heard respecting friends who had emigrated. It is another instance of the way in which modern narrators rationalise "marvellous" incidents, translating them, as it were, into others familiar to them from their own knowledge or experience. A characteristic Scotch touch is the mention that "some books which were on board went ashore also."

P. 165. **Helping Magician.**—In M.I.D.[1] this personage is a fox *sans phrases*, but in M.I.D.[2] the bespelled brother of the princess whom the hero weds; in P. L. a horse *sans phrases;* in *Séb.* No. 13 a princess bespelled as a horse (but this is obviously forgetfulness on the narrator's part, the whole march of the story showing that the helping horse must be brother to the princess wed by hero). In *Séb.* No. 14 and in P. L. the situation is the same as in our tale, a childless couple and a magician who promises a child on condition of his obtaining it. In *Séb.* No. 14 it is the Virgin who effects this and stands sponsor to the child; she comes to fetch him at seven, as in our tale, and when the hero transgresses the taboo by picking up the feather, she leaves her donkey to help him; in P. F. a wizard gives a magic apple and claims the child when fifteen years old; the helping horse is identified with the hero's father. Thus it will be seen that almost every one of the similars motivates the helping magician's conduct, which, in our tale, remains quite unexplained.

P. 167. Our version is the only one in which the future child is bought by a magic gift.

P. 173. **Bridle-shaking.**—In How the Great Tuairsgeul was put to Death, the hero, parted from his steed, gets it again by shaking the bridle (*S.C.R.*, 77). The idea would seem to be this: the bridle is part of the magic steed, and when the hero possesses it he thereby obtains power over the steed. The conception that it is possible to acquire an animal nature by donning an animal skin or guise is widely spread among the low-cultured races, and is the basis of many remarkable rites. Cf. Lang, *Myth, Ritual, and Religion*, I, ch. ix, and Robertson Smith, *sub voce* Sacrifice, in the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

Pp. 173-75. **Grateful Giants and Fish.**—The hero is not helped at all in this way in either version of M.I.D.; in P.L. the help occurs later, and is given by wild beasts, geese, and ants, in exchange for food given them by the hero; in *Séb.* No. 14 help is given by fish, and in the last place by giants, in exchange for food: in P.F. the helpers are wild beasts, ants, and geese, and the motive, food given by the hero.

P. 177. **The Tell-tale Feather.**—Our narrator has treated this incident characteristically. In P.L. the feather is from the tail of the Princess Goldenhair (in bird guise), and it lights up the hero's room at night and so betrays him; in *Séb.* No. 13 the hero finds a diamond necklace which likewise shines by night, in No. 14 a rook lets fall from his beak a shining crown; in P.F. two crows fight over the shining wig of King Fortunatus and let it drop, when the hero picks it up. This magically shining object has become in the hands of our somewhat prosaic narrator a very excellent *pen*.

P. 183. **Brazen Castle.**—This appears in one shape or another in all the four similars. It is certainly the case that the *Realien* (to use a convenient German term) of folk-tales have frequently a mediæval look, and thus lend colour to the surmise that the current European folk-tales are to a large extent abridged and distorted reminiscences of mediæval

romances. But it must be recollected that while the essentials of an incident, especially if they involve the supernatural, need not, and as a matter of fact, as can be proved in many cases, do not change, the accidentals are bound to change with the changes in the material and mental conditions of a race. The myth of the stone age may survive; it is too much to ask that our tales should preserve the culture-conditions of the stone age. Several instances of modernisation are cited in these Notes (cf. pp. 458, 473), the wonder is that this process does not occur oftener, and that the tales should preserve as faithfully as they do the culture-conditions of a past certainly several centuries old. As is, the community in material conditions between the majority of European folk-tales and the sagas and romances of mediæval Europe cannot be denied. But in the first place it is by no means certain that these sagas and romances really do always and in every respect reflect the civilisation of the period, and are not frequently presenting stereotyped formulas such as we find in our tales, and such as, *ex hypothesi*, they borrowed from the folk-tale of the day. In the second place it must be recollected that until very recent times the classes which tell tales—peasants, fishermen, sailors, and the like—have been very little affected by that complete discarding of mediæval ways of life and habits of thought which, beginning in the 15th century, has gone on steadily increasing until now. The king who wore a golden crown and sat on a jewelled throne was a reality to the peasant long after an entirely different conception of kinghood had firmly established itself in the classes affected by modern culture. To my mind the frequent occurrence of the externals of mediæval civilisation in the current folk-tales only proves that the tales were told, as indeed we have a certain amount of historical evidence to show, during the period when that civilisation was the reigning one; moreover, that it impressed itself strongly upon the imagination of the "folk" (*i.e.*, the unlettered, lower classes), from which it has not yet thoroughly been dislodged, as is the case with the higher classes.

No. VII.

Koisha Kayn,[1] or Kian's Foot.

This tale is said at one time to have contained not fewer than twenty-one short tales. In the Rev. Donald Mac-Nicol of Lismore's *Remarks on Dr. Johnson's Journey to the Hebrides*, 1779, a copy of which was presented to me many years ago by Donald Campbell, Esq., of Dungallan, this tale is singled out as the most noteworthy specimen of our Highland prose literature. He says of it: "One of those (tales), in particular, is long enough to furnish subjects of amusement for several nights running. It is called 'Sgialachd Choise Ce'." The following is an outline of the leading incidents of the tale: A man called O'Kroinikeard gets a fairy woman to marry him on certain conditions, the fulfilment of which insures him lasting prosperity. In an evil hour he invites the King of Eirin and his court to a feast without his wife's knowledge, and from this act of indiscretion much trouble results to himself and others. At the feast the wife is insulted by Kian-mac-ul-uaimh, the King's brother-in-law. She immediately transforms herself into a filly, gives Kian's leg a kick that breaks it, and disappears, to be seen no more. As a punishment for his offence he is banished to an island. He is visited there by the King of Lochlann's son, who requests to be allowed to apply healing herbs to the leg. Kian refuses to comply with this request till he has drawn from the other four short tales giving a pretty full account of his adventures. At the end of the fourth tale Kian stretches his leg; the son of the King of Lochlann appiies the herbs to it, and it is healed. This brings both the tale and their stay in the island to an end. (*MacInnes.*)

[1] *Coise Céin* is an ungrammatical form used, I presume, for the sake of the rhythm. The correct form is *Cas Chéin*, Kian's foot. (*MacInnes.*)

I am indebted to Mr. Standish Hayes O'Grady for the following information respecting the oldest MS. version of this tale.

"*Leighes coise Chéin, i.e.*, The Leeching of Cian's Leg, copy in Eg. 1781, vellum, fifteenth century. This tale formed part of the Earl of Kildare's library. See *National MSS. of Ireland*, pt. iii, pl. lxiii, where it is called 'The leching of Kene is legg'. The scene lies partly in Ireland, and to a great extent on the Continent. The time of action is that of Brian Boru, who figures in the tale. The language of the text—one of the leading characters is O'Cronagan, a West Munster petty chieftain—in Eg. 1781 (the only one known to me) may be called that of the present day, and the orthography is careless."

A comparison of this text with the current Highland versions could not fail to shed much light upon the nature of the latter. It may be hoped that text and translation will be accessible before long.

The Rev. J. G. Campbell of Tiree has edited and translated a variant text, in *The Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness*, for 1888, pp. 78-100. This I shall quote as *J. G. C.*

Dr. Hyde tells me he has a MS. story, dated 1762, called the *Ceithearnach Caol Riabhach*, or the Slender Grey Kerne, in which the *Ceithearnach* assume different names, one of which is Cian or Céin, and under this name he heals the foot of a wealthy man.

The opening of this story-cycle recalls an incident in the Imtheacht na Tromdaime (**I. na T.**) The Progress of the Importunate Company (of Bards). Seanchan, the head of the bardic company, decides that the first visit of the company shall be paid to Guaire, King of Connaught (*ob.* A.D. 662, according to the *A.F.M.*), famed for his hospitality; but excellent though that might be, said Senchan, it should not be put to the test of entertaining the entire company of bards—"he did not take to Guaire but thrice

fifty of the professors; thrice fifty students; thrice fifty hounds; thrice fifty male attendants; thrice fifty female relatives; and thrice nine of each class of artificers." (*Oss. Soc.*, v, 39.)

The contents of the **I. na T.** are briefly as follows: Dallan Forgaill, to please the King of Brefney (Cavan and Leitrim), satirised the King of Oirgiall (South-Eastern Ulster); thereafter he died; and Senchan is appointed his successor. He and his fellows quarter themselves, as above described, upon Guaire, and proffer all sorts of unreasonable requests, which the King fulfils by the counsel and aid of his brother Marvan, saint and swineherd. But the latter has to slay his favourite boar, and he determines to be revenged upon the importunate bards. He defeats them at their own arts, and finding none capable of reciting the Tain bó Cuailgné, lays them under spells to wander until they learn it. This is finally effected by the raising from the dead of the Ulster Chief, Fergus, uncle to Conchobor, who sided with the Connaught invaders against his nephew and tribe, in revenge for the treacherous murder of the sons of Uisnech.

The *Oss. Soc.* text is from the *Book of Lismore*, a MS. of the fifteenth century, collated with a later MS. The history of this story has been exhaustively examined by Professor Zimmer (*Z.v.S.*, 1887, 426, *et seq.*). He shows that it arose in order to explain the attribution of the Tain bó Cuailgné to Senchan Torpeist, a bard of the early seventh century; that as late as the end of the ninth century, when a quotation from it is found in Cormac's Glossary, it was purely heathen; that by the time **L.L.** was written (1150 A.D.) a partly Christianised version was extant, being mentioned by the scribe as a variant to the heathen version, which he cites, and that this Christianising process is fully carried out in the *Book of Lismore* version. Cormac's quotation is sufficient to show that the older version was in its outlines substantially the same as that of

the *Book of Lismore*, but it is of course impossible to say whether the above-cited passage was in it or not. Professor Zimmer notes that the latest version is anachronistic in so far as it brings St. Ciaran, who died in 548, into contact with the seventh century Guaire. He might have added that there is a further, though less violent anachronism in making the lives of Dallan Forgaill and that of Senchan Torpeist overlap as much as they do.

The point that interests the present inquiry is whether the passage in our story is a reminiscence of the one in **I. na T.** The latter, be it noted, is like many of the Fenian stories in this respect, that whilst the form is literary and purely historical, the matter is largely popular, consisting as it does of a number of tasks which have to be performed by Guaire to avoid Senchan's wrath.[1] It might, therefore, be

[1] This popular nature is well shown in the fragment of the tale preserved by Cormac. The Stokes-O'Donovan translation is such a rare book that I make no apology for quoting at length (135, *et seq.*). Senchan and his comrades, setting forth on a sea journey, are hailed from the land by an ill-visaged youth, who begs to accompany them. "They did not like his look .... rounder than a blackbird's eggs were his two eyes; swifter than a millstone his glance; black as death his face; rounder than a lifting crane his two cheeks; longer than a smith's anvil-snout his nose; like the blowing of bellows melting ore the in and out draw of his breath; swifter he than a swallow or a hare upon a plain; yellower than gold the point of his teeth; greener than holly their butt; two shins, bare, slender, full-speckled, under him; two heels, spiky, yellow, black-spotted, etc." Senchan allows him to come. "Quicker than a cat after a mouse, or a griffin to its nest, or a hawk from a cliff, was the rush that he made till he was in the boat." On nearing land they perceive an old woman, "grey-haired and feeble." She cites them half-verses, which none can cap save the hideous youth, and the outcome is that Senchan, discovering her to be the daughter of Ua Dulsaine, for whom there was searching throughout Ireland and Scotland, puts noble raiment upon her

argued that this particular passage is part of a stock-in-trade common to all reciters, from the *Ollamh* of the Head-King

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and brings her to Ireland. "When they came to Ireland, they saw the aforesaid youth before them; and he was a young hero, kingly radiant; a long eye in his head; his hair golden yellow; fairer than the men of the world was he both in form and dress. Then he goes sunwise round Senchan and his people, *et nusquam apparuit in illo tempore; dubium itaque non est quod ille poematis erat spiritus.*" I think we may fairly draw another conclusion from that of the ninth-century Irish antiquary who has preserved this remarkable story, which in tone and sentiment and colouring is so strikingly like the current Gaelic folk-tales. We have certainly here a variant of the theme found in our No. III—A King of Albainn. We find the hideous youth, who alone can accomplish the quest, and who, when it is accomplished, is released from the enchantment of loathsome transformation; whilst as in some forms of our No. I there is also a maiden to be released (cf. *supra*, 438), though the real significance of the incident is almost lost. I look upon it, then, as fairly certain that already in the tenth century a number of current folk-tales had been fitted into the I. na T. framework, and that in this process their nature had been modified. In the *Oss. Soc.* version of I. na T., which, as Professor Zimmer shows, has been modified in a Christian sense, this incident loses all meaning, and could not possibly have given rise to the modern folk-tale form. The matter then stands thus: The modern folk-tale gives a coherent account of a quest (in search of a princess or otherwise) in which the questers are accompanied and aided by a hideous being who has his own object to serve, as the accomplishment of the quest releases him from spells. By reading the ninth-century story in this light we see that it was originally of the same nature, but has begun to be altered to fit it into a saga. The alteration has proceeded so far in the fourteenth-century version that the incident is absolutely different from the modern folk-tale one. I do not think it would be possible to find a more striking instance of the thesis I maintain, namely, that the modern folk-tale represents the original basis of the older sagas, and not a degradation of them.

of Ireland down to the humblest peasant story-teller, and that its presence here affords no proof whether or no **I. na T.** was known in the Highlands. I do not think this view tenable, the parallel being too close to be fortuitous. It follows that as **I. na T.** in its present form is artificial—a literary working of certain folk-incidents with a view to explain a piece of literary history—our tale has been to some extent influenced by Gaelic literature, though it may be only to the extent of the passage in question. We have, it is true, other indications of what I have called the secondary stage of the Fenian saga in the mention of Brian Boru and his son Murachadh. I cannot do better in this connection than quote from a note kindly communicated to me by Dr. Douglas Hyde: "These two celebrated names have apparently been remembered in the Highlands, and the deeds associated with them being forgotten, the people have taken them as pegs to hang folk-lore stories on. This shows how difficult it is to trust to a name for throwing light upon a story, or rather how often the names and the stories are disconnected." I quite agree. Taken by itself, the mention of Brian Boru's name affords no clue, one way or the other, to the age of the story, save in so far as it shows that the present telling is that of a man who lived later than the tenth century. Taken, however, in conjunction with the **I. na T.** parallel, I think it affords strong ground for referring our story in its present shape to a period not earlier than the twelfth century. No opinion is of course here expressed respecting the age of the incidents grouped together into the cycle—but, as regards the grouping, the framework part, the presumption to my mind is in favour of its being comparatively modern and of literary origin. Let me again say that, in dealing with Gaelic tradition, the word *literary* is not to be directly opposed to *oral*, as is generally the case. The Irish men of letters were, as I have already explained, in complete touch with folk-tradition.

This opening is missing in *J. G. C.*

P. 211. **The Hare Maiden.**—Substantially the same incident as in *Campbell's* xliv, The Widow's Son, save that there the maiden is a deer, and it takes three days to free her entirely from her spells. In *J. G. C.* there is no shooting at the deer, and the meeting is apparently not a chance one. O'Cronicert begs for the queen's lap-dog, and, when he obtains it, starts off with the intention, as it would seem, of hunting the magic deer. Dr. Hyde tells me that he knows nothing like this incident in current Irish folk-lore. This is strange, as I cannot help connecting it with the story of Bran's mother Tuirreann, as found in the Festivities in the House of Conan, printed by the Oss. Soc. from a late eighteenth century MS., and with that of Oisin's mother. Tuirreann marries Iollann, who has a fairy mistress; the latter, jealous of Iollann's wife, turns her into a greyhound. She was pregnant at the time, and in due course she brought forth Bran and Sceolung. Now a story of Kennedy's (235) tells of the loves of Finn and Saav (presumably the Sadhbh of the *Ag. na S.*, who is there described as a daughter of Bodhbh Dearg, son of the Dagda, *i.e.*, a Tuatha Dé princess). Finn, hunting a beautiful fawn, is surprised to find that his two hounds do not attack her; their semi-human nature had enabled them to recognise a bespelled princess. Finn passes several months with her, but, having to absent himself to repel a Lochlann attack, she falls afresh under spells. For seven years he seeks her, and one day he and his hounds overtake a wild, naked, long-haired youth, who ultimately turns out to be Oisin, son of Saav. According to O'Curry (*Lect.*, 304), the word Oisin signifies literally "little fawn", which would seem to show the antiquity of this tale.

In a current Scotch ballad, printed *L. na F.*, 199, the enchanted deer-mother of Oisin is Graidhne, the story in other respects being closely similar to Kennedy's tale. Hyde (47) gives this incident thus from current Irish tradition: "It was Finn himself killed Bran. They went out hunting,

and there was made a fawn of Finn's mother. Bran was pursuing her. 'Oh, young son,' said she (to Finn), 'how shall I escape?' 'Go out between my two legs,' said Finn. She went; Bran followed, and Finn squeezed his two knees on her and killed her." This is apparently a curious inversion of the tradition found elsewhere, but it may possibly be more archaic than that in which Oisin's mother is the heroine of the transformation. As will be seen by a reference to *supra*, p. 406, the chasing of the maiden Aige in deer-guise by the Fenian warrior occurs in **L.U.**, *i.e.*, in the oldest stratum of the Fenian saga. Cf. also *infra*, pp. 478-79.

P. 211. **The Three Conditions**—*J. G. C.* has not got the condition about the wife's being left with only one man; in its place is "that he do not go to a strange house without putting it to her option".

P. 213. **The Magic House.**—*J. G. C.* is very picturesque here: "He was in a bed of gold on wheels of silver, going from end to end of the Tower of Castle Town, the finest eye had seen from the beginning of the universe to the end of eternity."

P. 217. **The Breaking of the First Vow.**—Same in *J. G. C.*

P. 219. **The Feast.**—In *J. G. C.* the king and his men are drinking for seven years, and think it only seven days and seven nights.

P. 221. **O'Kroinikeard's Visit to his Fairy Brother-in-law.**—This very fine incident, to which I know no parallel, is missing in *J. G. C.*

P. 229. **Geur-mac-ul-Uai.**—In another version of this tale this man is called *Cian Mac-ul-Uaimh*. This must be correct, if the narrative is to have consistency, unless we may suppose that he was also called *Geur-mac-ul-uaimh*. A correspondent writes me that *Cian-mac-ul-uaimh* signifies a wearisome person, son of the bald one, or serf, or saint of the cave. *Ul* is a contraction of *maol*, a bald or tonsured

person (*MacInnes*). *J. G. C.* has *Cian mac an Luaimh* (Keyn the Son of Loy).

P. 229. **The Filly-Transformation**—*J. G. C.* has same incident.

Page 234. **The Giant's Adjuration.**—Grammatically incorrect. It should be *Sin thusa 'mach do chas, a Chéin*—Stretch your leg, Kian. (*M.*)

P. 231. **The Departure of the Fairy Wife.**—*J. G. C.* is very picturesque here: "She took with her the Tower of Castle Town as an armful on her shoulders and a light burden on her back, and left him in the old tumble-down black house in a pool of rain-drip."

P. 233. **Cian's Punishment.**—This is wanting in *J. G. C.*, the march of the story being as follows: Murdoch Mac Brian, finding Cian wounded, swears "the earth should make a nest in his sole, and the sky a nest in his head, if he did not find a man to cure Cian's leg." Cian is then taken to the Knight of Innisturk, who carries him off to the most remote isle in the Universe, wherein is a herb which would heal the wound, but he knew not where it was, only that it must be in the island. He therefore tied a rope round Cian's middle and dragged him through every clump of herb he sees. Being unsuccessful, he leaves him, and the Lochlann prince comes to heal Cian, as in our version.

P. 235. *The First Tale of the Lochlann Prince.*—Substantially the same in *J. G. C.*

P. 232. *The Second Tale.*—*J. G. C.* has here the incident of the hero's fight against the fairy hosts, whom he slays in the daytime, but who are quickened at night by the carlin, whom he also slays. I know of no exact parallel to the way in which the hero obtains the help of the giantess.

P. 241. **The Two Doors of the Giant's Cave.**—The original here is *croinn* and *druill*. The *crann* is a small slip bar attached to the side of the door. The *droll* is a strong oak bar drawn across the door, and having its ends inserted in apertures in the wall on each

side of the door. When the door was to be opened, the bar was shot back into one of the apertures. There comes back to my memory a country mansion in a retired glen, the front door of which was at night made fast with a *droll*. (*MacInnes.*)

P. 241. **Short Spear.**—This also occurs in *J. G. C.* as a property of the carlin.

P. 242. **The Infallible Sword.**—The Gaelic here is *Cha d' fhàg i fuigheall a beuma*—It left not a remnant for its stroke. (*MacInnes.*)

This sword, which leaves not the "leavings of a blow", is common in Irish saga. The oldest instance I know is in the 15th century version of the "Death of the Sons of Usnech" (*Irische Texte*, II, ii, 171).

P. 247. *The Third Tale.*—Substantially the same in *J. G. C.*, but the impenetrable red shield is missing.

P. 255. *The Fourth Tale.*—Substantially the same in *J. G. C.*, but the beautiful passage (p. 259) about the saddest look is missing.

P. 261. *The Fifth Tale.*—**The Angling Giant.** Substantially the same in *J. G. C.* This is the Polyphemus incident of which Campbell prints three versions (Nos. v, vi, vii). Our tale differs from these in so far as the relation between the giant and the woman he has captive is concerned. The way in which the giant is killed is exactly the same as in Campbell's No. vi.

P. 272. *Cruitean Ceolar* = Musical Harper.—Cf. *infra*, p. 488.

P. 272. *J. G. C.* does not finish up with the fifth tale. The insatiable Cian still wants to know whether the Lochlann prince went off with his rightful wife or with the maiden of the cave. The narrator evidently knew nothing of this, as he stopped short.

No. VIII.

Lod, the Farmer's Son.

Classification.—Part I belongs to the Jack the Giant Killer type; part II to the Goldenlocks or Perseus type.

Similars.—*Campbell*, No. iv, The Sea Maiden (S. M.) and five variants; *Séb.*, I, xi, Jean sans peur; xviii, Roi des Poissons, for the Andromeda incident only; *Kennedy*, p. 23, Gilla na Chreck an Gour; The Speckled Bull, in Dr. Hyde's MS. collection (part ii only).

Opening.—Unknown to me elsewhere. S. M. opens with promise of child to aged couple, on condition of child being given to the supernatural being who makes the promise. Variants 1 and 3 have the same opening; in var. 3, as in *Séb.*, II, No. xxvi, Petite Baguette, the hero, owes his strength to being allowed to reach fourteen years of age without doing any kind of work, and I look upon this as a more modern and rationalistic explanation of the fourteen years during which the Sea Maiden allows the father his son's company. In the Roi des Poissons the mother of the hero conceives after eating the brain of the king of the fishes.

P. 281. **Threefold Test of the Club.**—This incident reappears in S. M. and in variants 1 and 3; in variants 2 and 4 the fact of the hero's having a club made for him is alone mentioned, also in *Séb.*, Petite Baguette. Cf. *Campbell*, No. 82, How the Een was set up, in which Fionn only regains his sword at the third trial; and No. 84, Manus, in which the hero breaks all swords but the one from his grandsire's days. I have endeavoured to show that an incident of the same nature must have occurred in one of the Celtic lays worked up, in the 12th century, into the Grail romances, in which the hero has to wield a weapon so that it break not in his hand, or to weld it together so that no flaw appears (*Grail*, 188). In the *Mabinogi of Peredur* the incident appears in this shape; Peredur has to cut through an iron

staple with a sword, twice he does it, and the broken pieces reunite, but the third time neither would unite as before.

P. 283. **Lod's Wages.**—Here is a characteristic modern and Scotch touch. These wages would have been wealth untold in mediæval times. Characteristically Scotch also is the persistence with which the hero sticks to his terms.

P. 287. **Fourfold Combat with Giants and their Mother.**—Cf. *infra*, p. 487. In S. M. there are only two giants; in the first variant the incident is as in our tale, the giants being described as *Fuath* with seven heads, seven humps, and seven necks, and the carlin being the wife of the third giant, as is also the case in var. 2; in var. 3 the relationship of the carlin to the giants is not stated; in Kennedy's tale there are two giants. In all of these tales the hero obtains from the slain giants, as well as from the hag, magical objects or treasures, which are of use to him in his subsequent adventures. In all probability this was originally the case in our story. As it is, the treasure won from the hag is only mentioned quite casually at the end of the story.

P. 291. **Lod's Answer.**—I have not met this elsewhere in Celtic tales.

P. 297. **Wrestling Run.**—Cf. p. 486.

P. 299. **Andromeda Incident.**—This occurs in all the similars, as is but natural, seeing that it is one of the most widely spread *märchen*-incidents, as well as one of the oldest, at all events among races of Aryan speech. Our tale presents no unusual form of the incident.

P. 301. **The Red-haired Cook.**—Be the reason what it may, "red" is the characteristic villain's colour in folk-tales of this class. In S. M., var. 2, the villain is likewise "Gille Ruadh", a red-haired lad, and in var. 5 a red-haired cook, as in our tale; in Kennedy, "a wizened basthard of a fellow with a red head". In the Norse and German variants the villain is again "Ritter Red". What is more remarkable still, in the oldest form of the Perceval story, the slayer of Perceval's father is the Red Knight; he is killed by Perceval, who thus avenges, unwittingly, his father's death, and who,

donning his enemy's armour, gets known in his turn as the Red Knight, which designation is transferred to Galahad in the later version of the *Grail Quest*; so that what is the characteristic of the villain in the early version becomes the distinguishing features of the saintly hero in the later story (*Grail*, ch. vi). The Rev. W. H. Jones, in his valuable notes to the collection of Magyar tales translated by himself and Mr. L. Kropf (Folk-Lore Soc. Publications for 1886), has noted the red colour as characteristic of the villain; he quotes (329) from Prof. Ebers to the effect that "red was the colour of Seth and Typhon. The Evil One is named the Red, as, for instance, in the Papyrus-Ebers red-haired men were *typhonic*." He also quotes a Magyar jingle, "A red dog; a red nag; a red man; none is good." Mr. W. G. Black, in his *Folk-Medicine* (London, 1883), has collected a number of instances of the value attached to the colour red in folk-lore, but, curiously enough, these all go to show that red is "obnoxious to evil spirits", and that it is a colour "symbolical of triumph and victory over all enemies".

P. 305. **The Recognition of the Hero.**—The oldest form of this incident, as well as of the Andromeda incident as a whole, with which I am acquainted in Celtic literature, is to be found in the Wooing of Emer by Cuchullain. A fragmentary version is in **L.U.**, *i.e.*, is as old as the early 11th century at the very least, and in all probability is to be referred, with the other stories of the Ulster cycle found in **L.U.** and **L.L.**, to the 7th-9th centuries, in so far as composition of the forms under which they have come down to us is concerned. A complete version is found in Stowe MS. 992 (compiled in 1300 A.D.), from which it has been Englished by Professor Kuno Meyer, *Arch. Review*, vol. i. Our incident occurs in part of the tale missing in the **L.U.** fragment, so that it is impossible to be quite sure that it is as old as those portions of the story for which we have **L.U.** testimony. It is, however, at the latest, as old as the 13th century. Cuchullain, returning from Alba, reaches the house of Ruad, King of the Isles, on Samuin night

(All Hallowe'en). All the leading heroes of the Ulster court are gathered there. There is wailing in the *dun* of the king. To Cuchullain's questioning it is answered the lament is for the daughter of Ruad, taken as a tribute to the Fomori. Cuchullain encounters and slays single-handed three Fomori, the last of whom wounded him at the wrist. The maiden bound up his wound with a strip from her garment, and he departed without making his name known to her. Thereafter many boasted of having slain the Fomori, but the maiden believed them not. The king discovers Cuchullain by the following artifice: he prepares a bath, and brings everyone present to the maiden separately. "Then Cuchulaind came like everybody else, and the maiden recognised him" (*A. R.*, i, 304). He ought of course to have married her, but this would have conflicted with the purpose of the tale in which this incident appears, which is to celebrate the heroic loves of Cuchullain and Emer. Ruad's daughter is therefore married to his companion, "Lugaid of the Red Stripes", and the narrator is at some pains to motivate this. After a year has passed, Derbforgaill (Ruad's daughter) and her handmaid come to Cuchullain in bird-guise. The hero, unknowing, slings at them, and wounds Derbforgaill, who thereupon becomes a woman. "Evil is the deed thou hast done, oh Cuchulaind," says she. "It was to meet thee we came, though thou hast hurt us." Cuchulaind sucked the stone out of her, with its clot of blood round it. "I shall not wed thee now", said he, "for I have drunk thy blood, but I shall give thee to my companion," etc.

It is, I think, impossible to deny that we have here a folk-tale arbitrarily altered in order to be introduced into the Cuchullain saga. In the epithet of Lugaid "of the Red Stripes" I see a reminiscence of the rivalry found in nearly all the folk-tale versions between the hero and the "red-haired villain". Of course, the latter having to marry Derbforgaill instead of her real deliverer, loses his "villain's" character.

The folk-tale now current in both divisions of Gael-land can thus be traced as being current therein certainly in the 12th-13th centuries, probably in the 9th-10th centuries, possibly in the 6th-7th centuries.

The incident is likewise found in the Tristan saga, *i.e.*, it goes back to the twelfth century. Tristan delivers the princess from a dragon; the cook puts in a rival claim, but the truth is made manifest by Tristan's having cut the tongue out of the dragon's mouth. Whilst having little doubt that the Tristan saga, like the remaining North French romances of the Arthurian cycle, is a working-up of Breton lays, which themselves were poetic versions of folk-tales current in these islands and in Brittany, I must admit the force of the contrary opinion championed by Golther (*Sage von Tristan und Isolde*, Munich, 1887), that it contains very little distinctive Celtic elements; for this reason I prefer leaving the Tristan incident out of the question altogether. I would merely point out that it is much closer to the ordinary folk-tale version than is the above-cited Cuchullain story, and that if it be held that the Gaelic folk-tales descend from mediæval literature and that the Tristan story is non-Celtic, it is strange that the descent should be from a foreign cycle instead of from the national saga. I would submit that it is more reasonable to assume that both Cuchullain and Tristan have taken over, and in so doing have modified, the adventures of a nameless hero of a folk-tale.

Another interesting parallel is offered by the lay of *Tyolet*, printed by Mons. Gaston Paris, *Romania*, viii, 40 *et seq.*, from a late thirteenth century MS. It is anonymous, but the eminent editor is inclined to attribute it to Marie de France. In any case it may be looked upon as belonging to the late twelfth or early thirteenth century. It is a most interesting variant, in parts, of the *enfances* of Perceval, the hero of the *Conte du Graal* (cf. *Grail*, ch. ii), but has features all its own. Thus, its hero, like the hero of many variants of our tale, has a magic whistle, given him by a fairy, with which he can summon every beast he wishes. One day,

whilst out in the woods, he follows a stag to a stream, which it crosses; a fawn then comes up, which Tyolet whistles to him and kills, whereupon the stag turns into a knight in full armour, mounted upon a war-horse, who gives him all sorts of good advice. Tyolet then comes to Arthur's court, and whilst there a damsel arrives and offers herself to the knight who should bring the foot of a white stag guarded by seven lions. A knight, Lodoer, starts on the quest, but is ignominiously baffled. Tyolet then sets forth and accomplishes the quest, thanks to his magic whistle, but is nearly killed by the lions and by a felon knight, who, finding him lying wounded on the field of combat, thinks to finish him and claim the damsel. Tyolet, however, tended by Gawain, is healed and confounds his adversary.

It seems impossible not to recognise the presence of at least two folk-tales underlying the twelfth and thirteenth century story. Both, however, are so modified as to be unrecognisable, and one has had all meaning modified out of it. The stag-knight of the first part of the story may be compared to the helping magician of our No. VI, The Ship that went to America (cf. *supra*, 461), or to the Hare-Maiden of Koisha Kayn (cf. *supra*, 470). A significant trait is that the metamorphosis takes place when the stag has passed the water. Does this imply that the stag is a denizen of the Otherworld, who regains his shape when he has crossed the stream dividing that realm from this world? It may be worth while to examine all variants of the incident in the light of this hint. The second part of the story is even more changed, but in the stag which is to have its leg cut off there may possibly lurk the helping stag of the first part of the story. In any case, the incidents of the mediæval romance could not have given rise to the clear and coherent versions of the modern folk-tale; indeed, they only assume meaning upon the hypothesis that they have been taken over from tales similar to the ones now current, and have suffered in the process.

No. IX.

The Two Young Gentlemen.

This tale is a most interesting and instructive one, from its bearing upon certain theories respecting the origin and transmission of folk-tales. Its chief incident is met with in other tales, but accompanied by the supernatural paraphernalia in which most students recognise the distinguishing characteristic of *märchen*. Here these incidents are rationalised down until the whole becomes almost a 19th century novelette. According to the Rev. Dr. Gaster's theory of fairy-tales, this is the form all our *märchen* must have had at no very remote date, and the "animistic" traits that now distinguish them have been foisted into them by the peasantry within the last few centuries.[1]

The first part of the story is briefly this: the hero is invited to a house by a mysterious old woman, and well furnished with food and money. He passes, too, a night with an unknown person, but he remains quiet and asks no question. All is well, and he continues to be liberally treated during the next day. But the second night curiosity overpowers him, and he discovers that his bed-fellow is a woman. He is forthwith driven from the house, but carries off a token.

Now this is substantially the theme of Campbell's Three Soldiers (No. x). The three come to a house in the wilderness, dwelt in by three girls, who keep them company at night, but disappear during the day. They keep their counsel three nights running and receive magic gifts; but, as they are leaving, the youngest must needs ask the girls who they are, whereupon they burst out crying, "they were under charms till they could find three lads who would spend three nights with them without putting a question—

[1] See Dr. Gaster's article, "The Modern Origin of Fairy Tales" (*Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. v).

had he refrained, they were free." In one of Campbell's variants the damsels are swanmaids, and the visitors are bidden "not to think nor order one of us to be with you in lying down or rising up." The following incident is found in Mael Duin's Seafaring, an Irish Sindbad story (as this story-type may be termed), found in **L.U.**, and therefore, at least, as old as the 11th century. Professor Zimmer, in his study on the Brendan Voyage, is inclined to date it back to the eighth or seventh century. Mael Duin and his comrades come to an island, wherein is a fortress approached by a glass bridge. A maiden comes out, and for three days and nights the travellers are soothed to sleep with sweet music. On the fourth day she receives them into the castle, tends and feasts them. His people say to Mael Duin, "Shall we say to her, would she, perchance, sleep with thee?" He assents, and on the morrow they make the proposal. She said she knew not, and had never known what sin was. She left them, but they renewed their proposal on the next day; again she left them, they went to sleep, and when they awoke they were in their boat on a crag, and they saw not the island, nor the fortress, nor the lady, nor the place wherein they had been. (Mr. Whitley Stokes' translation, *R. C.*, ix, 493.) This form of the story, it will be seen, is like Campbell's swanmaid variant, though a moral turn has been given to the prohibition by the, probably clerical, narrator. In the fact that the visitors to the magic castle are punished for their infringement of some rule, in this case the disregard of the maiden nature of the castle-guardian, by the disappearance of the castle and its inmates whilst they sleep, the Mael Duin story is strikingly like several episodes in the Grail romances, which I have brought together and commented upon in ch. vii of my *Grail*. In all these stories, as in The Two Young Gentlemen, the fundamental situation is the same: the hero obtains access to the heroine, but forfeits his privilege by doing that which he should not, or leaving undone that which he should do.

Is it likely, is it conceivable that a tale like ours gave rise

to the episode in Mael Duin's Seafaring, or to Campbell's Three Soldiers? Is it not evident that the very reverse has taken place, that our tale gives the incident as it fashioned itself in the mind of a narrator, either ignorant or contemptuous of such accessories as magic castles, swanmaids, inexhaustible bowls, and the like?

P. 321. The method by which the young lady obtains her father's consent is not known to me elsewhere.

P. 327. The story is very obscure here. Some kind of contrast would seem to be implied between the two young gentlemen, but if so the narrator has not made his point clear. Both are alike in one respect, that their good fortune is entirely undeserved. If the story as a whole has any moral, it apparently is that all man's good luck comes from women.

P. 332. "He could see the gleaming of his sword a mile off." This is surely a genuine *märchen* touch, imbedded in this prosaic narrative like a fossil in alluvium.

Dr. Douglas Hyde informs me that he has no Irish parallel to this story as a whole.

No. X.

Young Manus, Son of the King of Lochlann.

Similar.—Campbell's lxxxiv, like our tale, a fragment, deals apparently with adventures of the same hero.

Abstract of our Tale.—(1) The hero is bespelled by his nurse to find out about herself; (2) on his quest he delivers his uncle from three big giants and their mother, against whom he had been fighting for seven years; (3) he finds (and weds) his nurse, but is spirited away from her by a witch, who turns him into stone; (4) he is delivered by his uncle; (5) he destroys a "big, uncommon beast", with the aid of the witch, who had been turned into a bitch; (6) he is restored to health by his nurse, . . . Here our version, obviously an imperfect one, breaks off.

Abstract of Campbell's Manus.—(1) Manus is married young by a jealous aunt, to get rid of him; (2) he receives magic weapons and promise of aid from a red-vestured man; (3) he is accompanied by lions; (4) he escapes various perils of his aunt's planning; (5) he comes to the land of the son of the King of Light, whom he helps against his father; (6) and whom he brings back to life when slain by fetching the blood of a venomous beast belonging to the King of the World; (7) and by whom he is helped against the Red Gruagach, which personage (apparently the father of Manus's jealous aunt) being slain, and his head stuck on a stake, Manus becomes King of Lochlann.

It will be seen that these tales have no two incidents in common. In commenting upon Campbell's Manus (*Grail*, 190) I emphasised the following features as also occurring in the Grail romances: the sword given to Manus, which will not break, whereas all other swords he breaks at once; the cloth given him likewise—"when thou spreadest it to seek food or drink thou wilt get as thou usest"; finally, the stake, crowned with the head of Manus's enemy, the Red Gruagach.[1] Now our tale also presents close and marked analogies to the Grail romances. Manus is brought up by a mysterious and magically powerful nurse, even as Peredur is brought up by the sorceresses of Gloucester; he is compelled to set forth on his quest by the maiden with the green kirtle, who appears "when the feast is at its height", just as Perceval is compelled to set forth on his quest by the "loathly damsel", who appears whilst the feasting is at its height in Arthur's court; whilst on his quest he delivers his uncle from the carlin and her three sons, just as Perceval does in the portion of the *Conte du Graal* written by Gerbert; he hunts a "big, uncommon beast" with the aid of a bitch, just as Perceval hunts the stag with the aid of the sole dog that can overtake it, presented to him by the Lady of the Chessboard. Finally, incident (3), the witch

[1] Cf. *supra*, 453.

who transforms him into stone is met with in a great number of tales belonging to the Two Brethren type, which, as I have shown (*Grail*, 162), are closely connected with the folk-tales underlying the Grail romances. I cannot but think these facts warrant the following conclusions. Manus was originally the hero of a story akin to that of Perceval—he was driven forth upon adventurous quests by relatives whose enmity he had incurred, or who wished to use him in freeing themselves from spells; he wandered to the Underworld and became possessed of its treasures, the magic sword and spear, the inexhaustible bowl, which Irish mythology ascribed to the Tuatha dé Danann (who throughout Celtic tradition figure as lords in the Otherworld, in Hades); he freed his relatives from magic enemies and released them from spells, and finally he, too, became lord of Hades. The story, a long one, comprising many adventures, and doubtless current in varying forms, has only come down to us in fragments.

If this hypothesis be correct, it enables us to account for the hero's name and for the fact that the story is found tacked on to the Lay of Manus. This latter is summarised by *Campbell*, iii, 363 *et seq.* Gaelic versions are printed *L. na F.*, 71 *et seq.*, English versions in *Miss Brooke* and *Oss. Soc.* The story is briefly as follows: Manus, son of the King of Lochlann, comes to Ireland to carry off Finn's wife and hound; battle ensues, Manus is overcome, but allowed his life. He either returns the second time with a larger force, or sends a treacherous invitation to the Fenians to come and feast with him; whilst at the feast they are attacked by the armed Lochlanners. In either case Manus is again, and finally, overcome. As will be seen, this has no connection with the prose story, save the hero's name. It seems to have been one of the most popular episodes of the epic, describing the struggles of Fenians and Lochlanners; and when the Fenian saga was remodelled in the 12th-13th centuries, the Lochlann prince received the name of the most recent of the Norse invaders of Ireland, Magnus

Barelegs, slain whilst raiding Ulster in 1103. Owing to the popularity of the saga in its new form, Manus seems to have become the stock designation for the son of Lochlann's King, much as, if there were a popular French epic on the wars between England and France, any English prince might be called Black Prince in French folk-lore. But Perceval the Grail-quester has unmistakable connection with the Celtic Hades, the mythic prototype of the "Lochlann" of later Fenian saga. His Gaelic similar, the hero of the prose tales of Manus, must also have been a prince of Lochlann, and originally was doubtless never described otherwise. But as the remodelled Fenian saga became known among the folk and competed with the older, unhistoricised version, the names of its personages won acceptance, and all Lochlann princes, whether or no they appeared in the same connection as in the Lay of Manus, received the name of the hero of that Lay.

Having dealt with Manus as a whole, I will now proceed to notice it in detail.

Opening.—The wonderfully picturesque opening is otherwise unknown to me. The method of strengthening the nurse is, however, the same in the case of the Fair Gruagach transformed into a filly (*Campbell*, ii, 421): "Take with thee three stoups of wine and three wheaten loaves, and thou shalt give me a stoup of wine and a wheaten loaf." There is a certain amount of likeness between Campbell's tale (the Fair Gruagach, son of the King of Eirinn) and ours. In both tales appears the same mysterious woman, "the dame of the fine green kirtle", as Campbell styles her, who bespells the hero to wander forth upon adventures. Campbell's tale ends with the wedding of the hero and the green-kirtled dame, which is only episodic in our story.

P. 343. There is a *naïve* bit of euhemerism here. The rapture of the hero, by the heroine, to the Underworld, to the mysterious land of Youth and Promise, where shinty is played with gold clubs and silver balls, is translated into

the nurse's throwing her charge over the cliff. I can throw no light upon the gardener, who seems to be a wizard opponent of the green-kirtled nurse.

P. 345. **The Combat-Run.**—This is widely spread throughout the Highlands (cf., *e.g.*, Campbell's *Conall Gulbann, passim*), and can be traced, inferentially, up to the fifteenth century in Irish literature. In the fifteenth-century version of the Death of the Son of Usnech, Ilann the Fair, Fergus' son, makes three swift rounds of the hostel, and slays 300 of the attacking Ulstermen.[1] In the *Tochmarc Emer*, when Cuchullain slays 100 men, Emer commends him: "Great is the feat which thou hast done to have slain 100 armed able-bodied men."[2] But in the *Tain bo Cuailgne* larger numbers are frequently mentioned—*e.g.*, Cuchullain slays as many as 500 (*Zimmer*[1], 460), Conchobar 800 (*Zimmer*[1], 472). There is a fine description of Cuchullain's prowess in the **L.L.** account of his death: "The halves of their heads and skulls, and hands and feet, and their red bones were scattered broadcast throughout the plains of Murthemne, in number like unto sand of sea, and stars of heaven, and dewdrops of May, and flakes of snow and hailstones, and leaves of forest," etc. In the same story Cuchullain's steed wreaks the three red routs—"and fifty fell by his teeth, and thirty by each of his hooves."[3]

It seems most likely to me that the stereotyped exaggeration of a hero's prowess is essentially a product of folk-fancy, and that when the elements of popular tradition are worked up into hero-tales by the bards of the race, such "stereotypes" (if I may coin the phrase) are likely to be brought into more or less agreement with actual possibility, according as the rationalising tendency in the individual bard is stronger or weaker.

P. 345. **Wrestling-Run.**—This, again, is a widely-spread run, which I cannot parallel from the older Irish literature.

[1] *Irische Texte*, II, ii, 168. [2] *Arch. Rev.*, i, 305.
[3] Stokes' translation, *R. C.*, iii, 179, 182.

That literature contains numberless examples of single combat, the type of which is the fight of Cuchullain with Ferdiad (Englished, *M. C.*, iii, 417 *et seq.*), but the heroes never come to actual bodily contact. Here, again, the "run" seems more likely to have sprung from the actual facts of folk-experience than to have been invented by a bard familiar with the descriptions of single combat found in the older saga.

P. 347. **The Bespelling-Run** —This is almost exactly similar to the run in Campbell's already quoted Fair Gruagach; but the addition of the clause "that a little fellow," etc., makes sense of the whole. This run, likewise, I cannot exactly parallel from the older literature. The nearest approach is Marvan's *gess* upon the importunate bards, that they "remain not two nights in the same house until they discover the story of the Tain" (*Oss. Soc.*, v, 103).

P. 349. **The Seafaring-Run**.—Cf. *ante*, p. 448.

P. 351. **Test of Swiftness**.—Cf. in vol. i of present series, p. 53.

Dr. Hyde appositely quotes the Latin epigram:—

"Quid levius calamo? Pulvis. Quid pulvere? Ventum.
Quid vento? Meretrix. Quid meretrice? Nihil."

P. 353. The story here is like Fin and the Kingdom of Big Men; when Fin lands, he is greeted with "You are the best maiden I have ever seen; you will make a dwarf for the king, and Bran, a lapdog" (*S. C. R.*, 186).

P. 355. **Manus' Tale-telling**.—The idea is evidently this: Manus's uncle is bespelled until a hero should come and do certain things—in this case tell tales. Our story is thus the direct opposite of many of the tales worked up into the Grail romances, in which the obligation laid upon the hero is that he keep silent (cf. *Grail*, ch. vii).

P. 355. **The Carlin and her Three Sons**.—I have discussed the fight against the Carlin and her three sons, *Grail*, 165 *et seq.* The oldest known form of this incident is that found in the portion of the *Conte du Graal* which goes

under Gerbert's name, which was probably written about 1225, and which is certainly derived from a Celtic story closely akin to Manus. For reference to a similar incident in the Teutonic Hero-saga, see my *Branwen* (*F.-L.R.*, v).

P. 367. **The Carlin.**—As a rule the Carlin is described at great length, and with the utmost luxuriance of depreciatory epithet. What is peculiar in our version is her vulnerable mole. In *Campbell*, No. i, the hero's wizard enemy may likewise only be slain if the mole be stabbed; and in Grant's *Highland Superstitions* a ghost is overcome in the same way.

P. 367. **Musical Harpers.**—In Irish saga music is the special attribute of the Tuatha dé Danann, and the sleep-inspiring power of their music is one of the hardest things the heroes have to contend against. As a rule, in the Fenian saga, the Fenians and the Tuatha Dé are on bad terms, and the former have frequent occasion to experience the unholy skill of their antagonists Cf. *ante*, p. 451, for Finn's device to counteract the effects. I know no parallel to the method Manus employs to get rid of the harpers.

P. 369. The griffin-transformation of Manus s uncle is not known to me otherwise.

P. 369. **The Alluring Witch** —I know no other Celtic parallel to this alluring witch who turns the hero to stone, though in *Campbell's* No. x the Sea Maiden there is a somewhat similar incident. The hero notices a castle, approaches it, is invited to enter by "a little flattering crone", and is struck with a club of druidism. I have quoted, *Grail*, 162, a number of non-Celtic folk-tales in which the incident occurs. As a rule, in these tales, of which Grimm's No. 60, *Die zwei Brüder*, may be taken as type, the witch is a hideous dweller in the woods, who transforms herself into a stag in order to lure the hero into her forest-realm. Only in one Neapolitan variant (*Pentamerone*, i, 7) is the witch young and fair. What is peculiar to our story is that the witch comes and carries off the hero instead of enticing him into her power.

P. 373. **The Swallowing Monster.**—This incident occurs in the Fenian saga, The Hun of Sliabh Truim. Finn is swallowed, but cuts his way out and destroys the monster (*Oss. Soc.*, vi, 119). The version is a modern one, and I cannot parallel the incident from the older literature. It is not in the Book of Lismore *Ag. na S.*

No. XI.

Leomhan Cridheach and Ceudamh.

Leomhan Cridheach seems to mean Hearty Lion (Dr. D. H.). Dr. Hyde tells me that he has collected a long story about one Céatach. He and his friend fall in love with the same woman. Towards the end of the story Finn returns home, and gives Kaytuch's wife the headless body of her husband, who has been slain whilst with him. She takes him into a boat with herself, and eventually gets the head put on again, though not by the same method as in our story.

P. 379. Our story follows somewhat the lines of the Lancelot-Guinevere and Graine-Diarmaid stories, in both of which the proxy wooer is preferred to the suitor he represents. Kaytav's wife is like Graine in taking the initiative and compelling marriage from the man she loves. As I have already pointed out (*Grail*, ch. x), one of the most characteristic features of the early Celtic stories, and one that undoubtedly commended them to the writers and to the society of the twelfth and thirteetnh centuries, when they were worked up into the Arthurain romances, is the position of women. It is quite a comnion thing for the heroine to woo, *e.g.*, Deirdre in the Uisnech saga, Fand in the Cuchullain saga, and the fairy-maiden who carries off Connla of the Golden Hair, as told in a story preserved by **L.U.** Even where the woman is wooed, as in the *Tochmarc Emer*, she makes her own conditions. In this

respect our story thus retains an abiding trait of Celtic tradition.

P. 381. **The Wife's Precedence.**—Precedence, as in all semi-barbarous communities, was a matter of the highest importance to the ancient Celts. One of the most interesting episodes of the Ulster cycle, Fled Bricrend, or Bricriu's Feast, turns upon this point. Bricriu, the evil-tongued mischief-maker of the Ulster court, after first insinuating to the three chief heroes, Loegaire, Conall, and Cuchullain that each one deserves the *curathmir* (hero's meed), then addresses himself to the wives of the champions, and tells each one secretly that she should have the right of first entering the banqueting-hall. The three ladies approach the hall simultaneously, each one hastening her steps as she nears it, until at length they set off running, and produce a noise equal to fifty war-chariots.[1] The remainder of the tale is taken up in deciding which of the three heroes is the best, Cuchullain, of course, carrying off the palm.

P. 383. **Kaytav's Head Dress.**—It would seem that his cook's head-dress concealed his face. I cannot illustrate this head-covering from old Celtic literature. In the elaborate descriptive list of Connaire Mor's household contained in the **L.U.** and **L.L.** *Bruden da Derga*, an apron is the only article of dress mentioned in connection with the cook (*M. C.*, iii, 147). In Mac Conglinny's Vision, an Irish pre-Rabelais Rabelaisian story found in fourteenth century MSS., the cook's dress is "a linen apron about him and a square linen cap upon the summit of his head-top".

P. 385. **The Apple-Cast.**—In the Fenian story of The Clown in the Grey Coat there is a man who knocks the head off another by throwing a lump of blackberries at him, and then, throwing it at him again, replaces the head (D. H.). Slaying by cast of an apple is not infrequent in the older sagas, *e.g.*, Cuchullain slays Con Mac Dalath in this way.[2]

[1] *Zimmer*[1], 624.
[2] *Tain bo Cuailgne*, quoted *Zimmer*[1], 455.

XII.

A Battle fought by the Lochlanners in Dun-Mac-Sneeachain.

The correct name is Dùn-Mac-Uisneachain, the Fort of the Sons of Uisneach, vulgarly called Beregonum. It is pleasantly situated near Leadaig, in Benderloch, and about two miles north of Connel Ferry. The sons of Uisneach, viz., Nathos, Aille, and Ardan, after whom the place is named, fled from Ulster to Loch Etive with beautiful Deirdre, the beloved of Nathos. They settled there with their followers, and became powerful. There are places in the district which still bear their names. In Loch Etive there is an island called *Eeilean Uisneachain*, Uisneach's Island. Near Taynuilt there is a farm called *Coille Nathois*, Nathos' Wood; and opposite Lismore there is a bay called *Camus Nathois*, Nathos' Bay. (*MacInnes.*)

These last two stories will illustrate the way in which heroic saga adapts itself to changed conditions, and gradually loses its character. Originally they were doubtless incidents in the story of man's dealings and feuds with the inhabitants of the Otherworld. Reshaped during the secondary stage of the Fenian saga, they became incidents in the epic of the strife of Fenian and Lochlanner, of Gael and Norseman. But the fact that the Norsemen had for long the chief seat of their power in the Western Isles brings fresh changes into the saga. Mortal and Immortal, Fenian and Lochlanner, transform themselves into islander and mainlander; the kings became clan-chiefs, the epic struggle such a clan-raid as the inhabitants of the Highlands had but too long and close a knowledge of. A few of the older names still survive from the secondary stage of the Fenian saga; in other respects the conditions have adapted themselves to the minds of the present narrators. But this is to be said: the older, purely mythic, features have become almost entirely lost in their passage through the heroic

stage, so that when the story comes back to the folk, and gradually turns again into a folk-tale, it is no longer a mythic (fairy) tale, but a semi-historic anecdote.

Addenda.

To the Similars to Tale I, The Son of the King of Eirin, must be added the County Cork 'Grey Norris from Warland' (*F.-L. J.*, i, 316 *et seq.*). The three tasks are: (1) to find a needle in the litter of the stable (has this been influenced by the proverb, or does the proverb trace back to the tale?); (2) to build a feather bridge across the stream; (3) to cut down a forest and put it in cups and dishes; (4) to halter a bull (who finally comes to the princess's whistle); (5) to tell a tale to Grey Norris's nose, ears, mouth, and different parts (this is managed by plastering him over with cowdung which speaks, during which time the couple escape). The escaping couple take with them the pups of a big old bitch which Grey Norris sends after them; as she nears them they throw her the pups. Grey Norris and his wife then follow. The couple throw a few drops out of a bottle, they become a sea, which Grey Norris empties with his cup. A needle is then thrown over the shoulder and becomes a forest of iron. The third obstacle is forgotten. The conclusion as in our story.

To the Note on "Skilful Companions", p. 53.

The *Mabinogi of Geraint* mention that Glewlwyd Gavaelvawr, Arthur's porter, had seven underlings, two of whom, Drem and Clust, occur in the Kilhwch list, whilst of a third it is noted, "Gwrdnei, with cat's eyes who could see as well by night as day." The qualifications of the others are not mentioned, but I have little doubt this is also a skilful companion list.

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[I use the word "incident" as equivalent to the German *Sagzug*, *i.e.*, as connoting not only the separate parts of an action, but also its pictorial features. The italicised *n* prefixed to certain figures indicates that the reference is to the Notes.]

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The Folk-Lore Society.

THIS Society was established in 1878 for the purpose of collecting and preserving the fast-perishing relics of Folk-Lore. Under this general term is included Folk-tales ; Hero-tales ; Traditional Ballads and Songs ; Place Legends and Traditions ; Goblindom ; Witchcraft ; Leechcraft ; Superstitions connected with material things ; Local Customs ; Festival Customs ; Ceremonial Customs ; Games ; Jingles, Nursery Rhymes, Riddles, etc. ; Proverbs ; Old saws, rhymed and unrhymed ; Nick-names, Place-rhymes and Sayings ; Folk-etymology.

Foreign countries have followed the example of Great Britain, and are steadily collecting and classifying their Folk-lore. It is most gratifying to this Society to observe that one great result of its work has been to draw attention to the subject in all parts of the world ; and it is particularly noticeable that the word "Folk-lore" has been adopted from this Society as the distinguishing title of the subject in foreign countries.

Since the establishment of the Society great impetus has been given to the study and scientific treatment of those crude philosophies which Folk-lore embodies. Hence the place now accorded to it as a science, to be approached in the historic spirit and treated on scientific methods. The scope and interest of this new science enlarges the meaning for a long time given to the term Folk-lore, and the definition which the Society has adopted will illustrate the importance of the new departure. The science of Folk-lore is the comparison and identification of the survivals of archaic beliefs, customs, and traditions in modern ages.

It may be well to point out the essential characteristics of Folk-lore under the terms of this definition. It was found by observation that there exists, or existed, among the least cultured of the inhabitants of all the countries of modern Europe, a vast body of curious beliefs, customs, and story-narratives which are handed down by tradition from generation to gene-

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ration, and the origin of which is unknown. They are not supported or recognised by the prevailing religion, nor by the established law, nor by the recorded history of the several countries. They are essentially the property of the unlearned and least advanced portion of the community.

Then it was noted that wherever any body of individuals, entirely ignorant of the results of science and philosophy to which the advanced portion of the community have attained, habitually believe what their ancestors have taught them, and habitually practise the customs which previous generations have practised, a state of mind exists which is capable of generating fresh beliefs in explanation of newly observed phenomena, and is peculiarly open to receive any fanciful explanations offered by any particular section of the community. Thus, in addition to the traditional belief or custom, there is the acquired belief or custom arising from a mythic interpretation of known historical or natural events.

From these potent influences in the uncultured life of a people—traditional sanctity and pre-scientific mental activity—and from the many modifications produced by their active continuance, it is clear that the subjects which constitute Folk-lore are really the relics of an unrecorded past in man's mental and social history.

It is important to distinguish the study of Folk-lore from other sciences very nearly akin to it. Observing that what is religion or law to one stage of culture is superstition or unmeaning practice to another, the beliefs and customs of all savage peoples are considered and examined by folk-lorists, not because of their prevalence among savage peoples, but because of their accord with the superstitions and customs of the "Folk", or less advanced classes in cultured nations. Anthropology is the science which deals with savage beliefs and customs in *all* their aspects; Folk-lore deals with them in one of their aspects only, namely, as factors in the mental life of man, which, having survived in the highest civilisations, whether of ancient or modern times, are therefore capable of surrendering much of their history to the scientific observer.

Thus it will be seen that the subjects dealt with by the Folk-lorist are very wide in range and of absorbing interest. Customs, beliefs, folk-tales, institutions, and whatever has been

kept alive by the acts of the Folk are Folk-lore. The other studies which illustrate Folk-lore, whether it be archæology, geology, or anthropology, must be brought to bear upon it, so that no item may be left without some attempt to determine its place in man's history. As Edmund Spenser wrote, nearly three hundred years ago, "By these old customes and other like conjecturall circumstances the descents of nations can only be proved where other monuments of writings are not remayning."

The work of the Society is divided into two branches. First, there is the collection of the remains of Folk-lore still extant. Much remains to be done in our own country, especially in the outlying parts of England and Scotland, the mountains of Wales, and the rural parts of Ireland. Mr. Campbell only a few years ago collected orally in the Highlands a very valuable group of stories, the existence of which was quite unsuspected ; and the publications of the Society bear witness to the fact that in all parts of our land the mine has abundant rich ore remaining unworked. In European countries for the most part there are native workers who are busy upon the collection of Folk-lore ; but in India and other states under English dominion, besides savage lands not politically attached to this country, there is an enormous field where the labourers are few. A Handbook will shortly be published to guide all who wish to help in this work, and a scheme for constituting county committees in Great Britain, and local committees in various parts of the world, is being prepared.

Secondly, there is the very important duty of classifying and comparing the various items of Folk-lore as they are gathered from the people and put permanently on record. A Committee has been appointed to take in hand the section of Folk-lore devoted to Folk-tales, and they have prepared a scheme of tabulation which is being extensively used both by workers in the Society and by other students. Another Committee is dealing with customs and manners in the same way. Printed Forms are prepared for those willing to assist in these important labours.

By such means the Society feel convinced they will be able to show how much knowledge of early man has

been lying hidden for centuries in popular traditions and customs, and this object will be quickened by the addition to its roll of all students interested in primitive culture. Those who cannot collect, can help in the work of classification and comparison, and much might be thus accomplished by a few years of hearty co-operation.

The Society is much in need of ample funds to publish its results and its material in hand, as well as to extend the area of its labours.

All the publications of the Society are issued to Members, and those volumes that are priced in the following list may be obtained by non-members of the publisher, Mr. David Nutt, 270, Strand, W.C.

Besides the volumes prepared for the Society, Members receive a copy of the quarterly journal, *Folk-Lore*, published by Mr. Nutt. This journal is the official organ of the Society, in which all necessary notices to Members are published, and to which Members of the Society are invited to contribute all unrecorded items of folk-lore which become known to them from time to time, or any studies on folk-lore or ancillary subjects which they may have prepared for the purpose.

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All communications relating to literary matters, to contributions to the Journal, to the work of collection, to the tabulation of Folk-tales, etc., and to the general aims of the Society, should be made to the Director.

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